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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 29-JULY 6 • 1963 20c

Special report:

A COMMUNIST LATIN AMERICA?

The Red plan for subversion

IN HARD-PRESSED VENEZUELA:
A soldier guards blazing wreckage of oil pipeline blown up by Communists

JARK: Down with sick humor / **CANCER:** A new weapon / **SEX:** Mothers overdo it

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New General Electric "Thinette" bedroom air conditioner. About $149.95

Install it yourself. You need only as much time as it takes to open your double-sash window, adjust the unit in place, pull out the side panels, close the window and install the gaskets. One more step: plug it in. Any adequate 115-volt circuit will do. General Electric's new 4,000 BTU "Thinette" is specifically designed to cool smaller areas, like bedrooms. And because it's made to operate quietly, it goes beautifully with comfortable sleep.

See "Thinette" at your General Electric dealer's today. Pick one up and take it home. It weighs only 68 pounds. (That low price is hardly any load, either.) Then sleep cool tonight and every night in the clean quiet of General Electric air conditioning. Model shown: RP202A.

Americana* 63 range has 2 full ovens, yet is only 30 inches wide. Built-in 2-level exhaust system draws air into hood above upper oven, also through vents above cooktop. Sensi-temp* cooktop unit eliminates pot-watching. And flameless Americana is easy to clean. (Model J-795.)

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By any measure. There is nothing just as good as General Electric

*TRADEMARK OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIV., LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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"I can't get my brother's pants over his shoes!"

The young man had a problem.

He was quite serious about it as he dialed the telephone operator.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nobody's home and I can't get my brother's pants on over his shoes!"

"Why don't you try taking off his shoes and *then* putting on his pants?" the operator gently suggested.

There was a long pause, some heavy breathing, then finally, "Gee, that works swell! Thanks."

* * *

This little story is true. And it tells something of the spirit that thousands of telephone people bring along with them to their work each day.

There are no written rules in the Bell System on how to assist bewildered small boys, or others in need of some neighborly service that falls in our line.

We just try to be helpful. We don't *always* succeed—but we try.

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Your Longines can serve you for an adult lifetime with elegance, excellence and unsurpassed reliability.

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You may own a Longines for as little as $5 a month. Longines prices start as low as $60 and whether you pay cash or prefer a convenient payment plan, a Longines is your thriftiest investment in time. A priceless added value is the knowledge that your world-honored Longines will be noticed and admired by those most important to you. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer jeweler.

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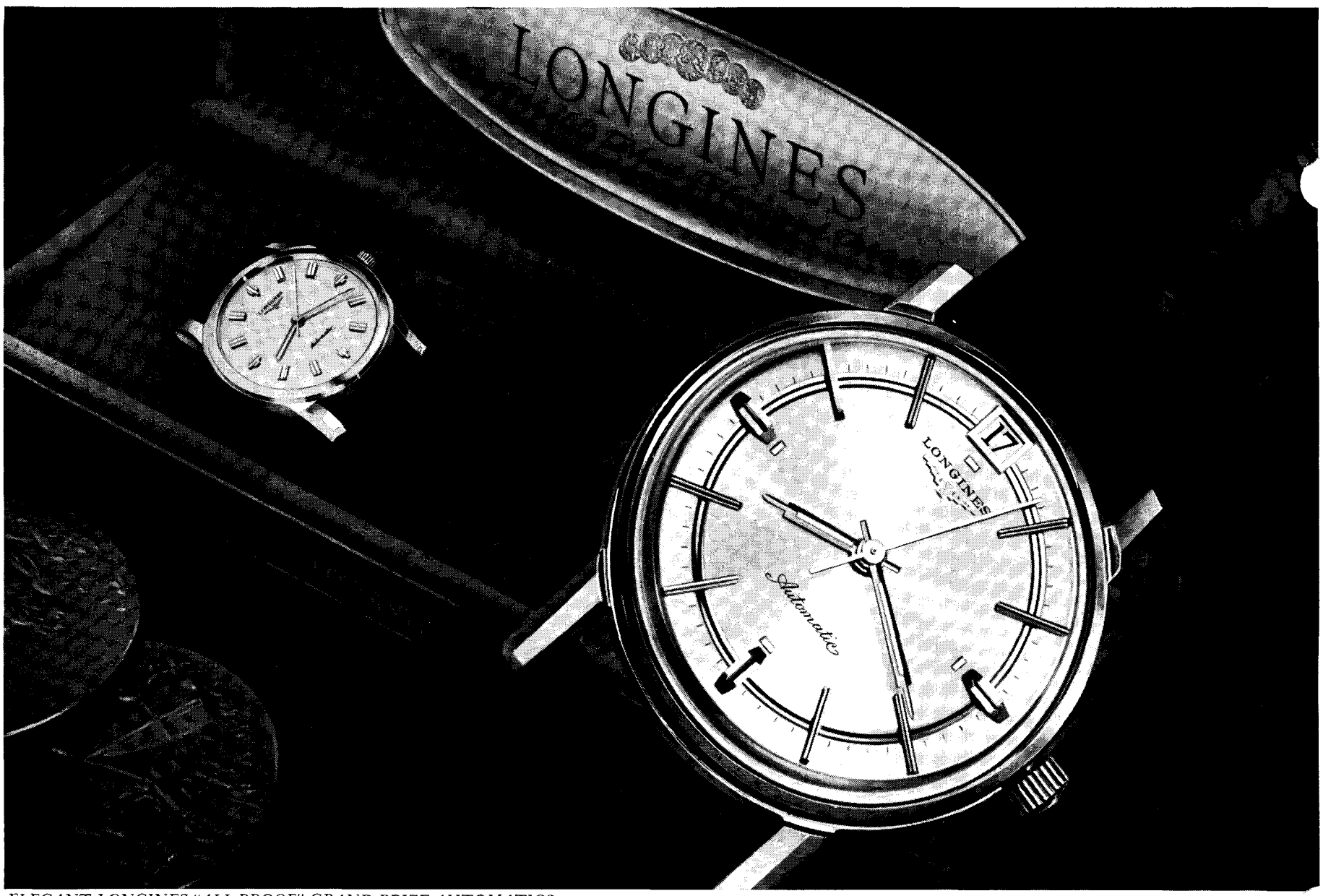

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POST

JUNE 29 – JULY 6, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 25

Articles

Little girls are too sexy too soon (Speaking Out) . *by Cleo Shupp* 12

The Communist plan to win Latin America . . . *by Richard Armstrong* 19

Moving from country to country throughout Latin America, a three-man *Post* team talked with presidents and peasants, revolutionists and reactionaries, in a three-month survey of a continent threatened by the spread of Communism. All told, contributing writers Richard Armstrong and Trevor Armbrister and photographer John Bryson logged 65,000 miles to bring back this week's special report, a significant evaluation of Latin America's disturbing drift to the left.

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The authors. Veteran reporter **Harold Lavine**, whose 30-year career includes experience as a war correspondent and reporter on murder trials, has always approved of capital punishment. Working on this week's story changed his mind. . . . Novelist and historian **Murray Morgan** has himself climbed a couple of Alaskan mountains but prefers to limit his ascents to peaks with bus service. . . . Associate editor **Roger Vaughan** did his climbing on the 690-foot tower of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. He descended by a catwalk, unlike some workmen who come down by sliding along a swooping suspension cable, the world's longest "banister." . . . In three weeks of research on the new "stomach camera," free-lancer **George Jaffe** saw more of the human stomach than most doctors see after 30 years in practice. . . . Contributing writer **Robert Ruark**, who has written extensively about hunting, draws a bead on sick comedians and entertainers who don't entertain. . . . Cloak-and-dagger intrigues opened the way for contributing writer **John Kobler's** interviews with chemist Robert Aries—especially elusive because he was trying to keep several steps ahead of the law. . . . **Roul Tunley** is a POST contributing writer.

The cover photograph by **John Bryson** shows a Venezuelan soldier on the alert in Caracas after Communist saboteurs had blown up an oil pipeline.

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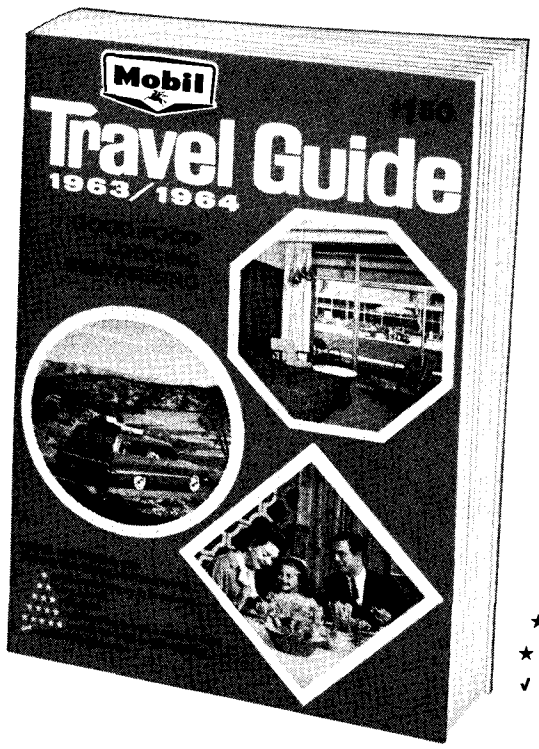

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LETTERS

Cleo and Liz

I would like to congratulate Walter Wanger on his fine article [CLEOPATRA'S TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS, June 1]. If some . . . people would give [Liz Taylor] a chance she would probably prove to be a very nice person. She has made a few mistakes, but doesn't everyone?

CATHERINE SHEPPARD
Eugene, Oreg.

• Your June 1 issue with its indecent pictures and disgusting article landed in our family garbage tin. My husband and I are trying to raise good, clean-living, well-adjusted sons and daughters. I can very easily buy a sexy movie magazine at any store.

MRS. MARY ANN SCHNARR
Kitchener, Ont.

• When the hell are you magazines going to stop selling theater tickets for 20th Century-Fox, producers of the 20th Century Farce . . .?

KENNETH L. JENSEN
Salt Lake City, Utah

• This frank and fair firsthand account of the making of this epic should serve to normalize public opinion and bring it into focus—a focus which was so continually distorted by avid and ruthless press reporters. The public owes Mr. Wanger, his production staff and his stars a debt of gratitude for sticking to their guns under great difficulties.

ALICE M. LANIER
Lansdowne, Pa.

• The next magazine to come out with their faces on the cover will probably be *Sports Afield!*

MRS. MERRILL E. WOOMER
Missoula, Mont.

• Maybe I shouldn't bring this up after all that money was spent, but if Cleopatra entered Rome under the Arch of Constantine it was quite a trick. The arch wasn't built until 300 years after the original Liz had asp trouble. Oh well, I guess that's Hollywood for you.

DON GREGG
East Cleveland, Ohio

That dirty deal

I wholeheartedly disagree with Taylor Caldwell's premise [WOMEN GET A DIRTY DEAL, May 25] and believe her viewpoint was not "in defense of women" at all but made us appear to be a bunch of sniveling, cowed, spineless ninnies, and I don't think American women are. Nor do I believe American men hold their women in the low esteem that Miss Caldwell would make it appear. . . . Miss Caldwell . . . missed home base completely. It's the men who are having the rough time, and it's about time we wives started pampering them a bit, drag out the pipe and slippers, flatter them a little—oh, heck, why not a lot? Save the complaints for the girl friends and give the husband some cheerful news for a change.

VIRGINIA BUCKLEY
New York, N.Y.

Teaching teachers

Dr. James D. Koerner's article TEACHERS GET THE WORST EDUCATION [June 1] is one of the finest I have ever read. The tragedy exposed is being rapidly corrected here in California by imposing new and stronger certification requirements—an example the rest of the nation could well follow. But as a teacher and an official in a teachers' organization dedicated to educational reform, I can say frankly that Doctor Koerner has only scraped the surface of the wasteland known as American education.

GLEN SCHWENDEMANN
American Federation of Teachers
Redondo Beach, Calif.

• Doctor Koerner displayed a very distorted picture. . . . Only 35 percent of our graduates prepare themselves as teachers, but during the past three years they have garnered 60 percent of all academic awards. I am confident . . . our college is not unique.

RUSSELL M. EIDSMOE
Morningside College
Sioux City, Iowa

• After 48 credits in biology I had to take a course (for certification) entitled "Teaching Health and Hygiene in the Secondary Schools." So help me—the first day of class, my instructor said, "Anemia is an overabundance of red blood cells." I politely asked if he didn't mean a deficiency of red blood cells. He stroked his chin and said, "Well, that could very well be—let's discuss thi further."

JAY KREVSKY
Harrisburg, Pa.

• In his unfortunate use of terminology Mr. Koerner submits to the very thing he argues against. Horses are "trained"—teachers are "educated."

DR. ELMER S. CIANCONE
Indiana State College
Terre Haute, Ind.

• I majored in education and can attest to the absurd courses. In one I recall having to describe, in an examination, the duties of the school custodian!

WILLIAM B. CLAWSON
Ogden, Utah

• The average reader of *The Post* is not equipped to judge the validity of a treatise on so specialized a topic as teacher education. . . . How many professions require as much in-service education, as does the education field, and, as a corollary, how many professional workers are paid as poorly and pushed as hard toward advancement as teachers?

Doctor Koerner's special pleading has taken advantage of some unfortunate situations and magnified these as being representative of the national picture.

ROBERT G. HARDING
Palmdale, Calif.

Lyons and Leopold

Leonard Lyons has creatively approached a subject of continual controversy—much of it ill-favored [THE REHABILITATION OF NATHAN LEOPOLD, June 1]. Such unique, sensitive writing

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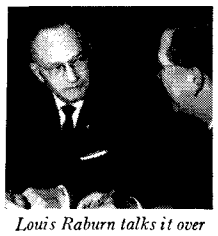
Missile engineer Louis Raburn of Tulsa, photographed with the Thor/Delta at Cape Canaveral

"Life insurance? I've got my G.I. policy!"

"But a MONY man showed me it didn't give my family near enough protection."



Louis Raburn talks it over with Claude Bradshaw

"'I'm worth more dead than alive!', I told MONY man Claude Bradshaw. With my G.I. policy, I figured I'd crossed insurance off my list.

"'$10,000 sounds like a lot,' Claude agreed. 'But how much income would it provide?' He worked out a MONY plan for me that included my G.I. policy, and would give my wife a decent income if I died.

"And when he showed me the program could ... things like help with our boys' education... that really sold me!

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"In fact, I was so impressed with Claude's planning and service, I asked him to set up a MONY Health Insurance Program for us, too. I'm a real booster for Claude...and for MONY."

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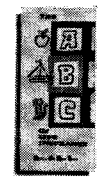

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Heartburn
Gas Pains
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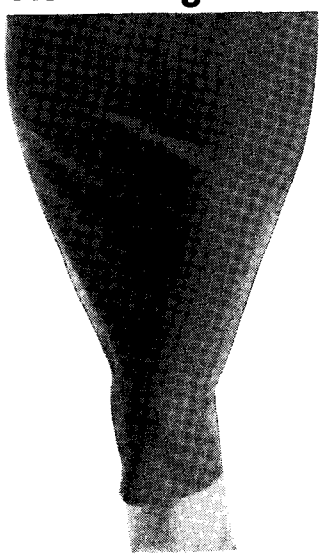
Acid Indigestion



Whether tension-caused or due to over-indulgence in food or drink, Phillips' brings relief from all five stomach troubles — *in seconds!* For the cause of all these stomach troubles *is* excess acidity. And scientific tests show Phillips' starts to neutralize excess acids in seconds! Yet stomach and lower intestinal walls remain completely free to do their digestive work. There's no digestive interference.

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LETTERS

on how Leopold will be spending his parole-free days must touch the heart of every human being who has an ounce of prevention in him. Surely we believe in healing rather than in punishment.

J. AGRANOFF
Hartford, Conn.

• When . . . Leopold . . . is permitted to walk out of his cage, then it's about time we did away with capital punishment and let all the murderers go free.

CECIL VISCUSI
Montreal, Que.

Men's clothes

To comment on WHAT'S WRONG WITH MEN'S CLOTHES by Al Capp [June 1]: I am a teen-ager. I do not think that just because I do not care to wear my father's pants or wear pants like his that I am losing my respect for him. All the generations have had their fads as we do, and they looked just as bad. The only time I lose respect for adults is when they degrade teen-agers as a whole. . . .

JIM KAYE
Eden Prairie, Minn.

Missile death

I was much interested in DEATH OF THE NIKE-ZEUS [by Earl Ubell and Stuart H. Loory, June 1]. It is my opinion, after reporting aviation for many years, that Secretary McNamara is doing a remarkably able and dedicated job. The truth is that within 10 years there will be no place to hide from nuclear destruction no matter *what* we build, either offensive or defensive.

FRANK HARVEY
Hackettstown, N.J.

Khrushchev and art

The only praiseworthy words I have ever read of Mr. Khrushchev's are contained in your report [KHRUSHCHEV'S RETURN TO STALINISM, by Eldon Griffiths, June 1] of his vulgar castigation of an exhibit of abstract expressionism. If today's majority opinion accepts as high art the formless disorder of smearings of varicolored paints on canvas, or a black sheet without design, stretched on a frame, then the new conformity has descended to the depths of abysmal ignorance and bad taste.

LUCY MERRION SHIELS
New York, N.Y.

Grand Prix champion

How come the loose-jointed, misleading story [NERVELESS GRAND PRIX CHAMPION, by Frank Graham Jr., June 1] on Graham Hill? Complimentary in opening paragraphs to a very small extent, the writer gives a terribly mistaken picture of one of the world's greatest sportsmen to a public which probably never will understand racing. The article makes Hill out to be a pompous boob, since the text and its disconnected incidents are such an imperfect backdrop for the British humor so indiscriminately inserted.

ED HALSEY
San Diego, Calif.

COMING...in the next Post

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Sickest capital city

Our phony culture boom

Prisoner in the jungle
An American woman's story

NEO-NAZIS ON THE NILE: NASSER'S MISSILE BUILDERS

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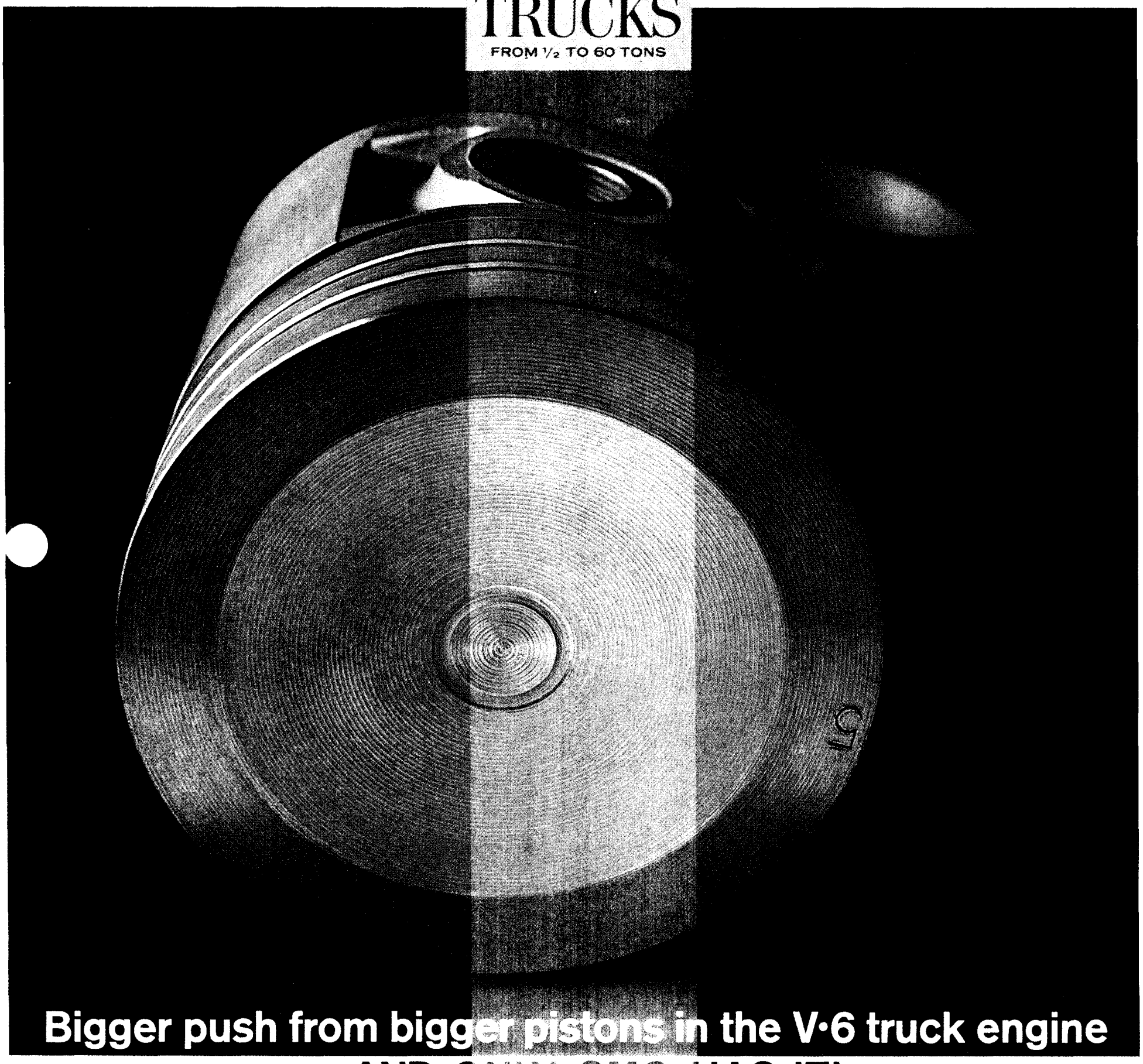

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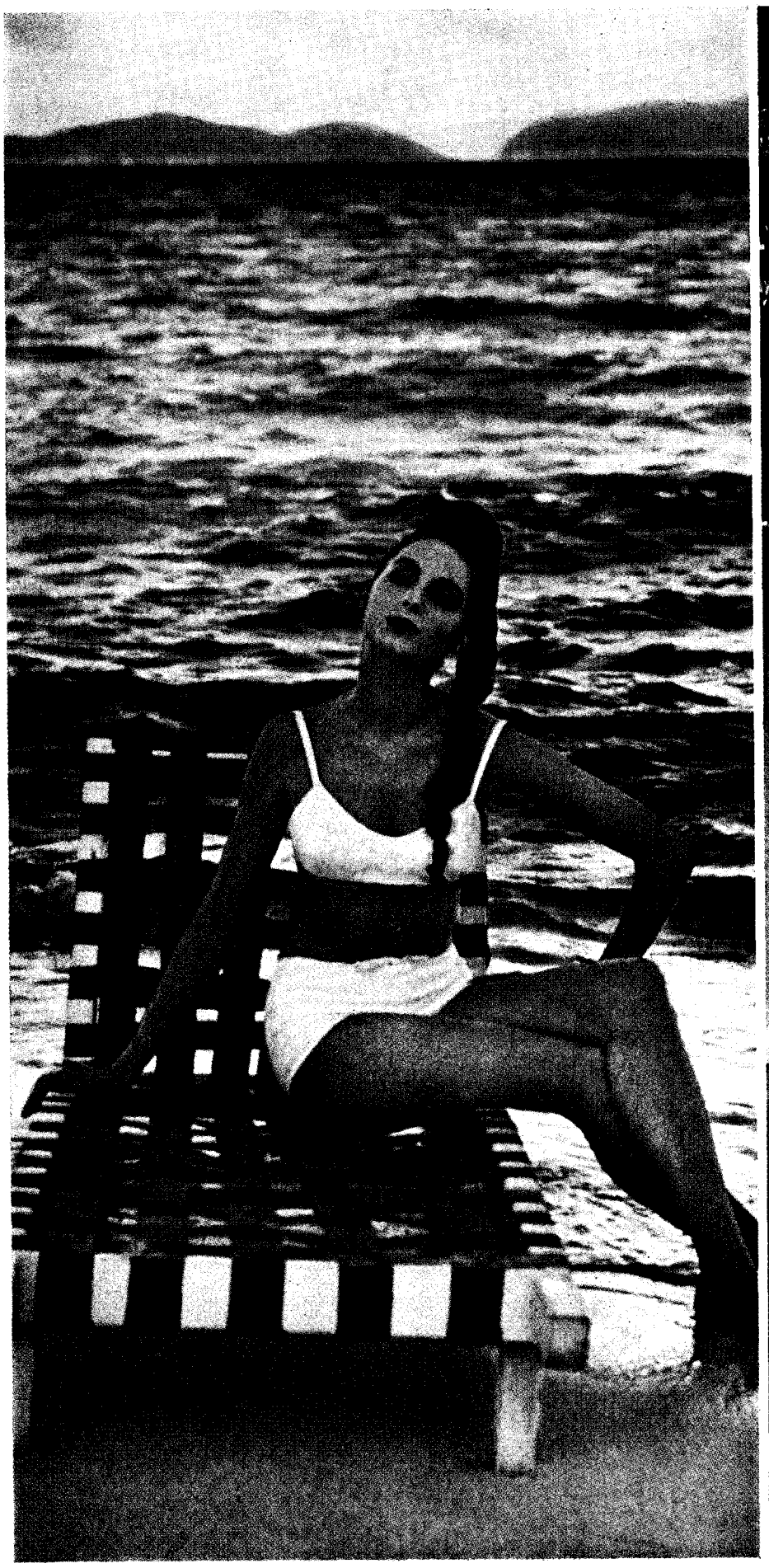
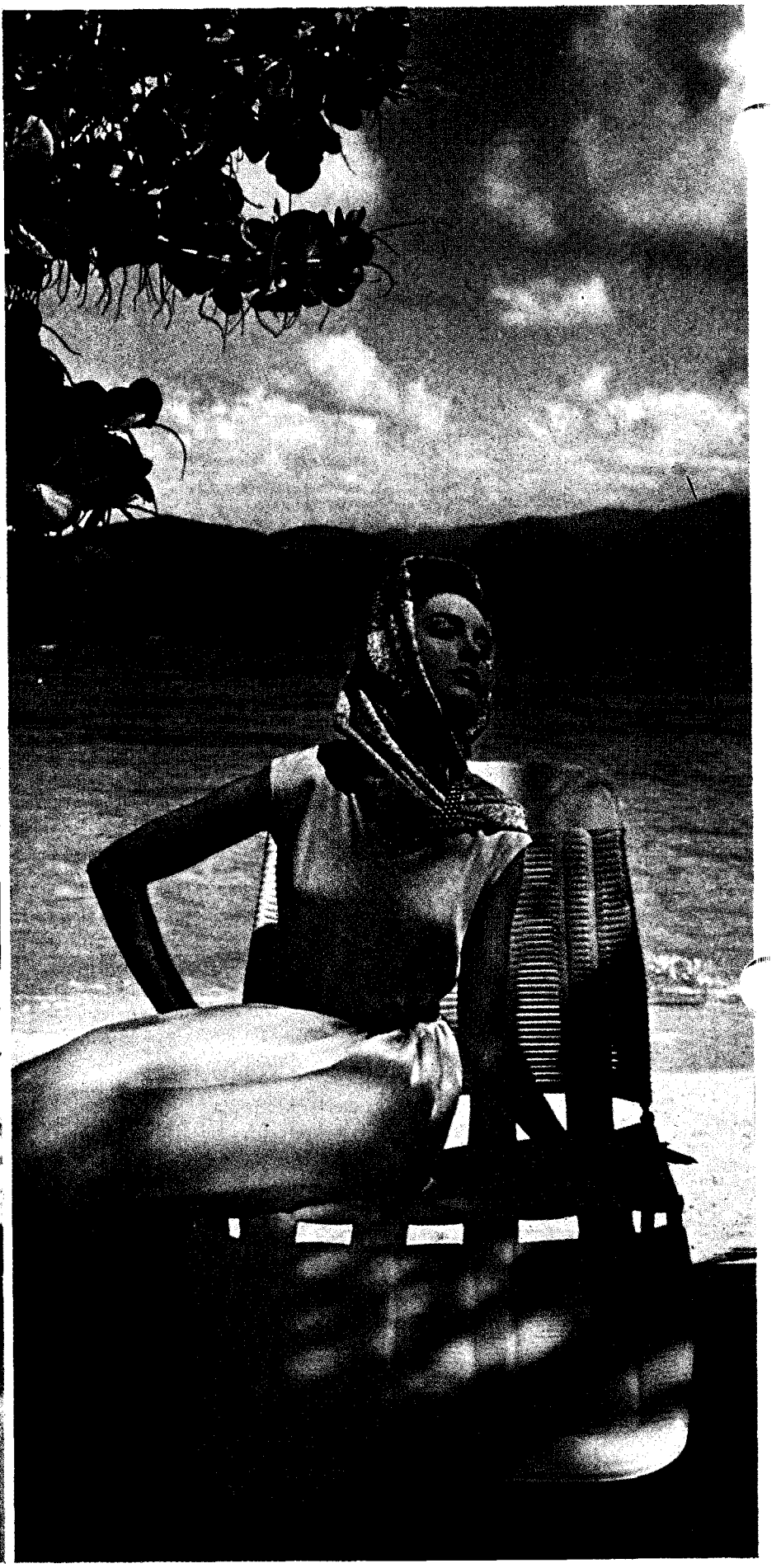


Two-piece white lace swim suit, Cole of California



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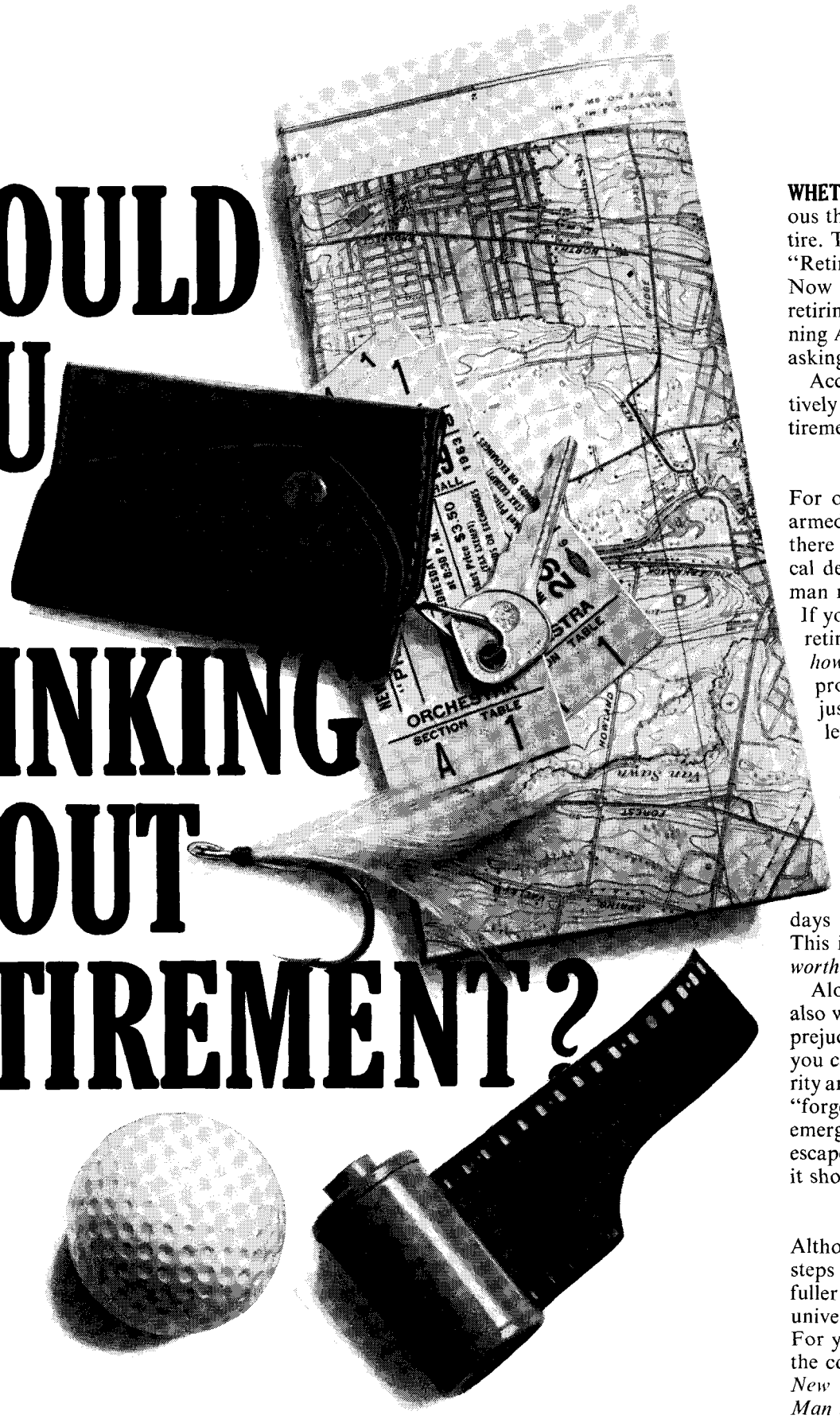
SHOULD YOU BE THINKING ABOUT RETIREMENT?



WHETHER YOU'RE 35 OR 55, it's time you gave serious thought to "R-Day"—the day when you will retire. That's the advice of Gifford R. Hart, author of "Retirement—a New Outlook for the Individual." Now his observations on a long-range approach to retiring have been compiled in a new booklet —"Planning Ahead For Retirement"—which is yours for the asking from New York Life.

According to Mr. Hart (who retired at a comparatively early age), the more planning you put into retirement, the more it will yield in return.

WHY PLAN AHEAD?

For one thing, it's important to be psychologically armed against possible "retirement shock." Though there seems to be no statistical truth in tales of physical deterioration or inevitable sudden death when a man retires, there are emotional factors to consider. If you have thoughtfully mapped out *when* you can retire, *where* you and your wife would like to live, *how* you can spend your newly earned leisure most profitably, you're almost sure to make mental adjustments with greater ease. And Mr. Hart's booklet can help you do this.

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Along with the need for feeling worthwhile, you'll also want the stability of economic security. Without prejudice, Mr. Hart reviews a number of ways that you can start saving now to supplement Social Security and other minimal retirement income. Most of all, "forget the word 'retirement.' . . . Think of your emergence from business as graduation, or rebirth or escape: the long delayed chance to live your life as it should be lived . . ."

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Although each individual's case varies, there are basic steps that all men should be taking to assure a richer, fuller retirement. And so Gifford Hart's program is of universal interest to younger and older people alike. For your *free* copy of this informative booklet, send the coupon, or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

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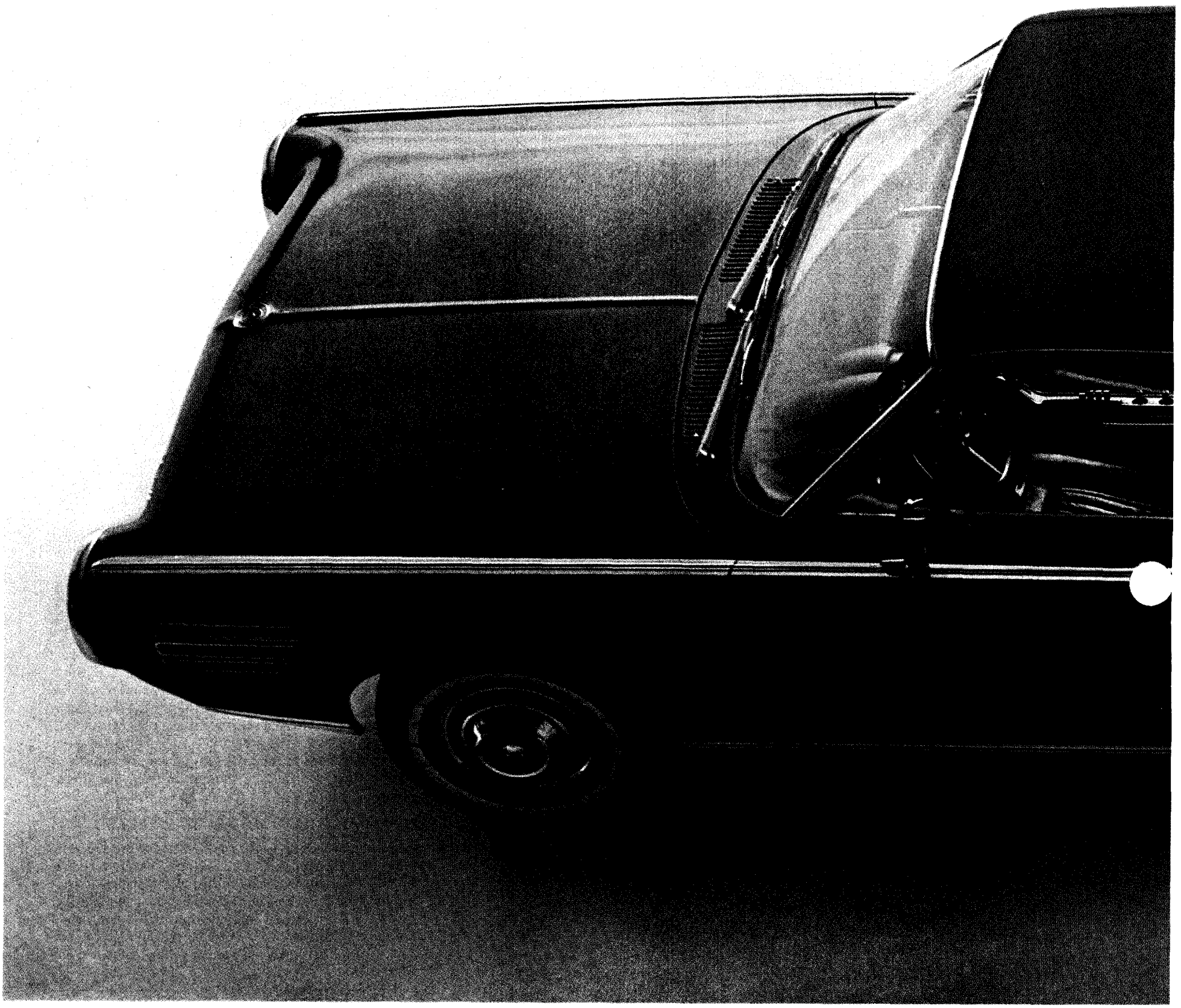

This car has 1 spark plug. No pistons. No valves.

It is one of the Chrysler Corporation Turbine Cars being built for evaluation by a selected group of typical American motorists. Their reaction and continuing research will help to determine the future course of the automotive gas turbine engine.

Just a few years ago, it was questioned whether this stage in turbine car development could ever be reached. Some envisioned a turbine car as half car—half fuel tank, with a prohibitively expensive engine made of exotic materials. The car would be sluggish, bulky, painfully noisy. Its exhaust would melt asphalt.

But Chrysler Corporation engineering proved this wrong.

Chrysler metallurgists developed inexpensive alloys—n of readily available, non-strategic materials—to handle the engine's "hot temper". And Chrysler engineers designed a car that performs as well or better than a conventional car with comparable horsepower—and gets as good mileage on its fuel. It runs equally well on diesel fuel, kerosene, unleaded gasoline,

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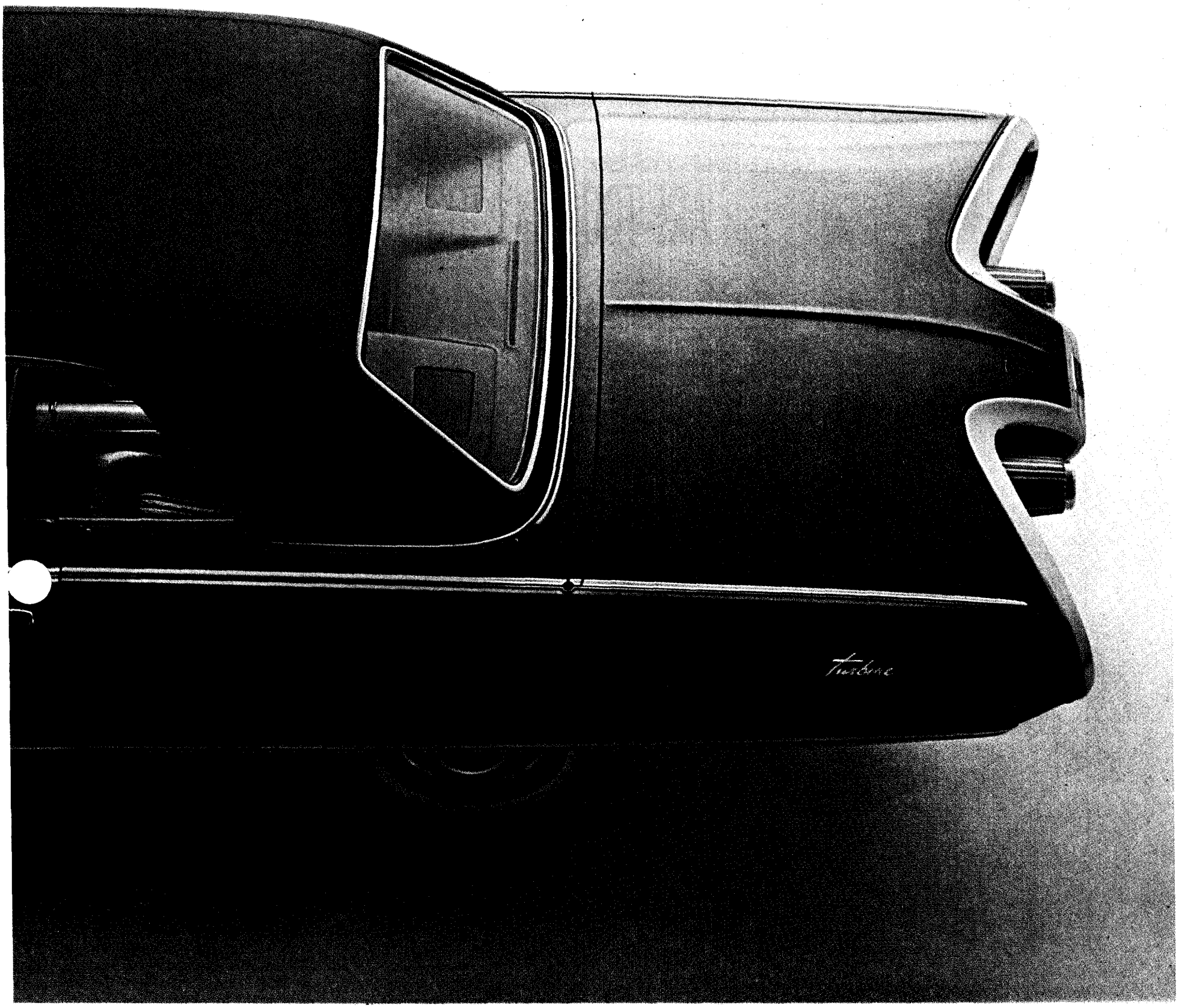

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SPEAKING OUT

Mrs. Shupp, author of many magazine articles and stories for teen-agers, has a five-year-old daughter and two teen-age sons. The wife of an Ohio school superintendent, she has had a long and close look at the changing nature of little-girlhood.

LITTLE GIRLS ARE TOO SEXY TOO SOON

By CLEO SHUPP

Many American mothers are forcing girls as young as eight and nine into premature womanhood.

Little girls today are not little girls at all but full-fledged females, with no time for anything in this life not oriented toward sex.

The 13-year-olds go to the drive-ins with 18-year-old boyfriends or to slumber parties to discuss French kisses and compare notes. The 12-year-olds are badgering to go where the 13's go—and they usually get there—and the 11's are not far behind. And as for 10-year-olds—why shouldn't a 10-year-old want a date to escort her to dancing class? She's all set for one, from her nylon hose to her bare-shouldered dress and drop earrings. Why hold off the goodies here at the last minute when we've been schooling her for them since she was five?

For that is what we are doing. Blind to the consequences, mothers are rushing their daughters into sexuality at an ever earlier age. They are robbing their little girls of natural emotional growth and making girlhood grim.

A mother gives it a slight push the day she buys a size 10 "training" bra for her fifth-grader, because "it's so cute." Or when she gets high heels for her 12-year-old. Or when she allows, if not encourages, the wearing of lipstick in grade school, heavy eye makeup, tight skirts. Her daughter, after all, moves in a competitive market. There are more women than men in this world and she who hesitates is lost. So from the first grade on, unconsciously or deliberately, the pressure is applied. No wonder 10-year-old girls are cynical about mothers.

Does all this sound harsh? My husband is a school superintendent. Youngsters are his business, and in our 18 years of marriage they've also been my main interest and concern. In that time, not just where we live now but in towns across the country, I've watched the trend set in.

First the 15- and 16-year-olds began to look and act like the 18-year-olds. Slowly the change touched lower and lower age groups. By the late 1950's the preteen years were infected. And with the changes in appearance and outward behavior came much more serious changes. A report to the 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth, in discussing the rise in illegitimate births to teen-age girls, specifically points to earlier dating and use of adult dress and makeup. It is a rare school official who does not breathe a sigh of relief when he has managed to get through another school year without any pregnancies among his teen-age pupils.

Even so, the process of sexualizing girlhood often takes place right under the schoolhouse roof, with parents sitting by and smiling. Drop in on a basketball game in the school gymnasium some winter evening. Arrive at half time, about nine o'clock, the time when nine-year-olds used to be tucked into bed. The band parades onto the floor, and with a roll of drums the baton-twirling class marches in.

Little bodies on display

The class is composed of eight- and nine-year-old girls, all cutely costumed by their mothers in sleeveless, low-cut tops and chorus-girl shorts glittering with sequins. The little bodies strut, the little flat chests thrust forward. The faces are grim and determined; the eyes are set; the thin arms, the plump arms, the childish arms move mechanically catching the batons. The applause is thunderous.

How can a little female return to a sandbox after the exhilaration of this spectacle? What effect does it have on a little female—this is not a little girl; this is merely a female—to have her body exposed to public viewing for the purpose of providing entertainment for adults? Is she likely to want to go back to playing with her dolls?

But even dolls have changed. Girls today are spurning the traditional pudgy infant dolls for the very popular new doll which boasts a ripe bosom, long, shapely legs and, of course—for this is the core of the doll's symbolic value—her own boyfriend doll. In fact, the whole variety of girlhood accouterments is shifting to conform to the trend. Do you remember the rainy days and the trunk of old clothes up in the attic that little girls used to dress up? Do you remember the old compacts with broken mirrors, the used tube of lipstick you had to dig out with a hairpin, the old purse with a broken zipper, the scuffed high heels—things discarded by mother and cherished by daughter? Today's little girl wants no truck with mother's discards. The dime store has an excellent selection of little girls' makeup kits and cosmetics, even tiny spike heels for play, all made just for her.

And therein lies a difference. Yesterday's little girl knew that such things were reserved for women; and while she might play with mother's old things, she still knew that it was not for real, that she still was just a little girl and was permitted to play grown-up at her mother's pleasure. In other words, she didn't step out of the little-girl world. She knew she was playing. But today's little female is not playing. It is for real and make no mistake about it. She is entitled to these grown-up things of her own because, after all, are they not made especially for her? Who wants to *pretend* to be grown-up? She *is* grown-up and mother can jolly well throw her junk into the ashcan. The woman's world has been brought right down to her. Why pretend? Live now!

The era of wide-eyed innocence is over. This is the time of the frank answer. When it comes time for the child's first question on sex—anxiously awaited, especially if she hasn't shown

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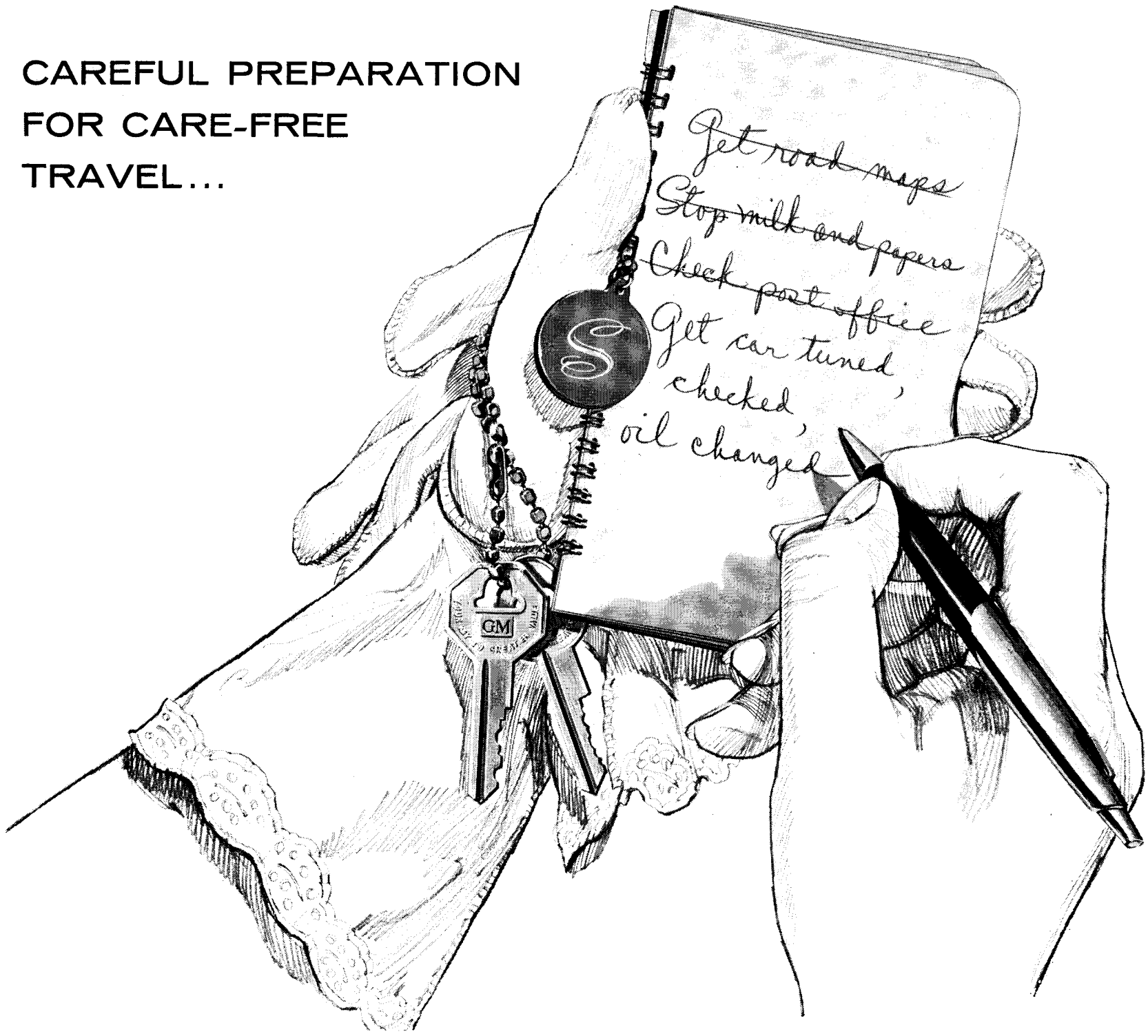

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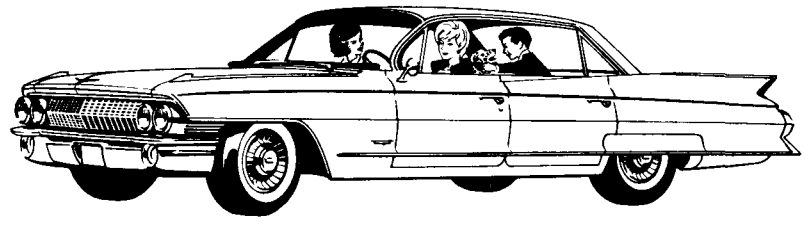

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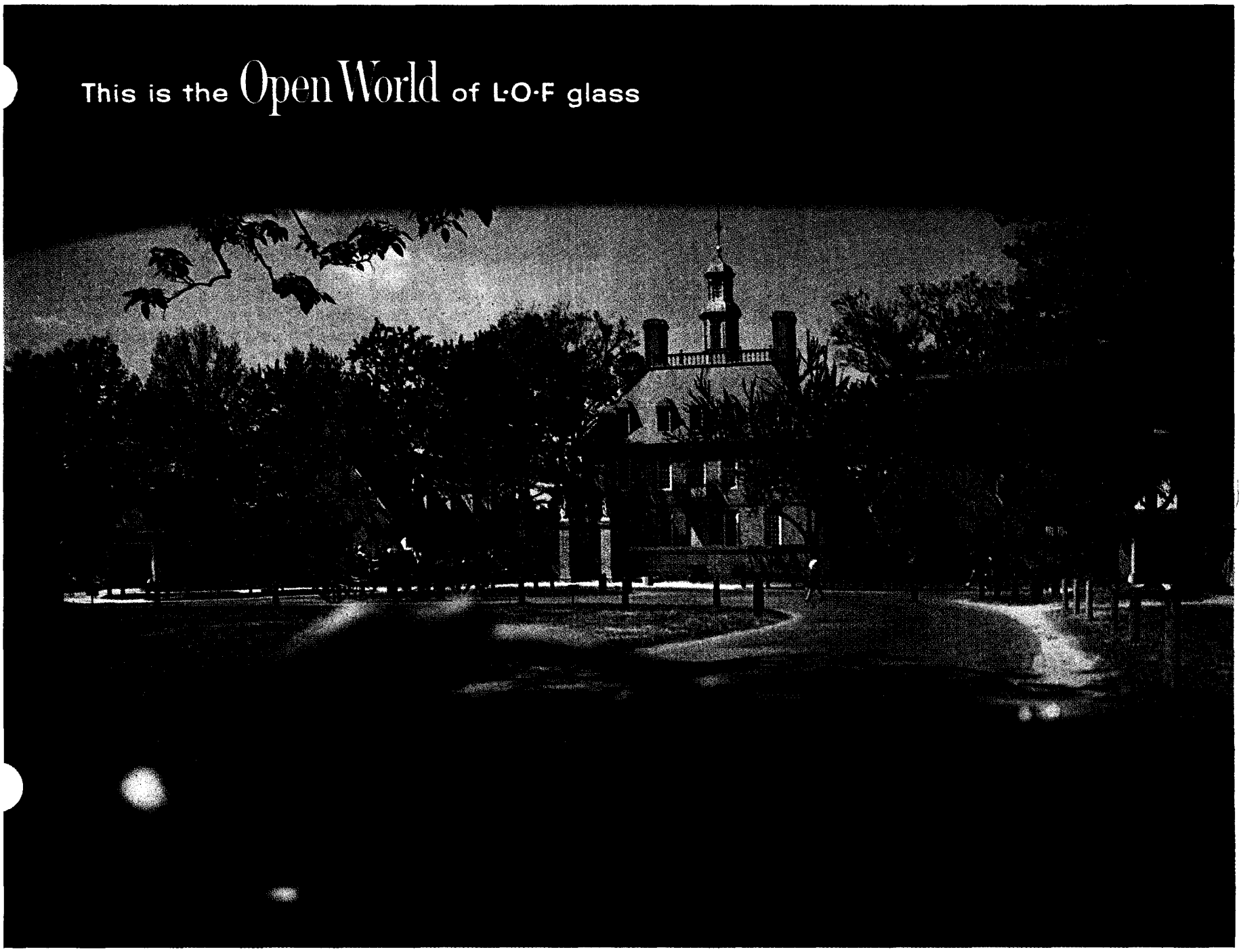

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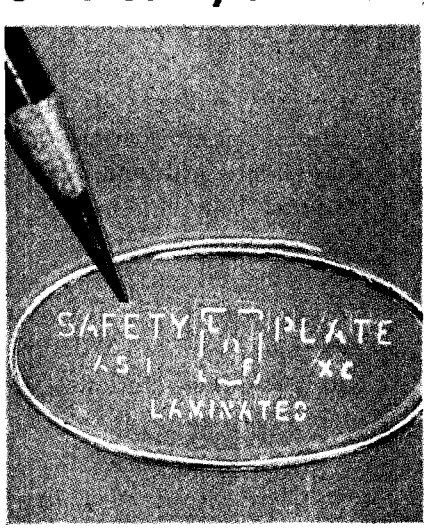

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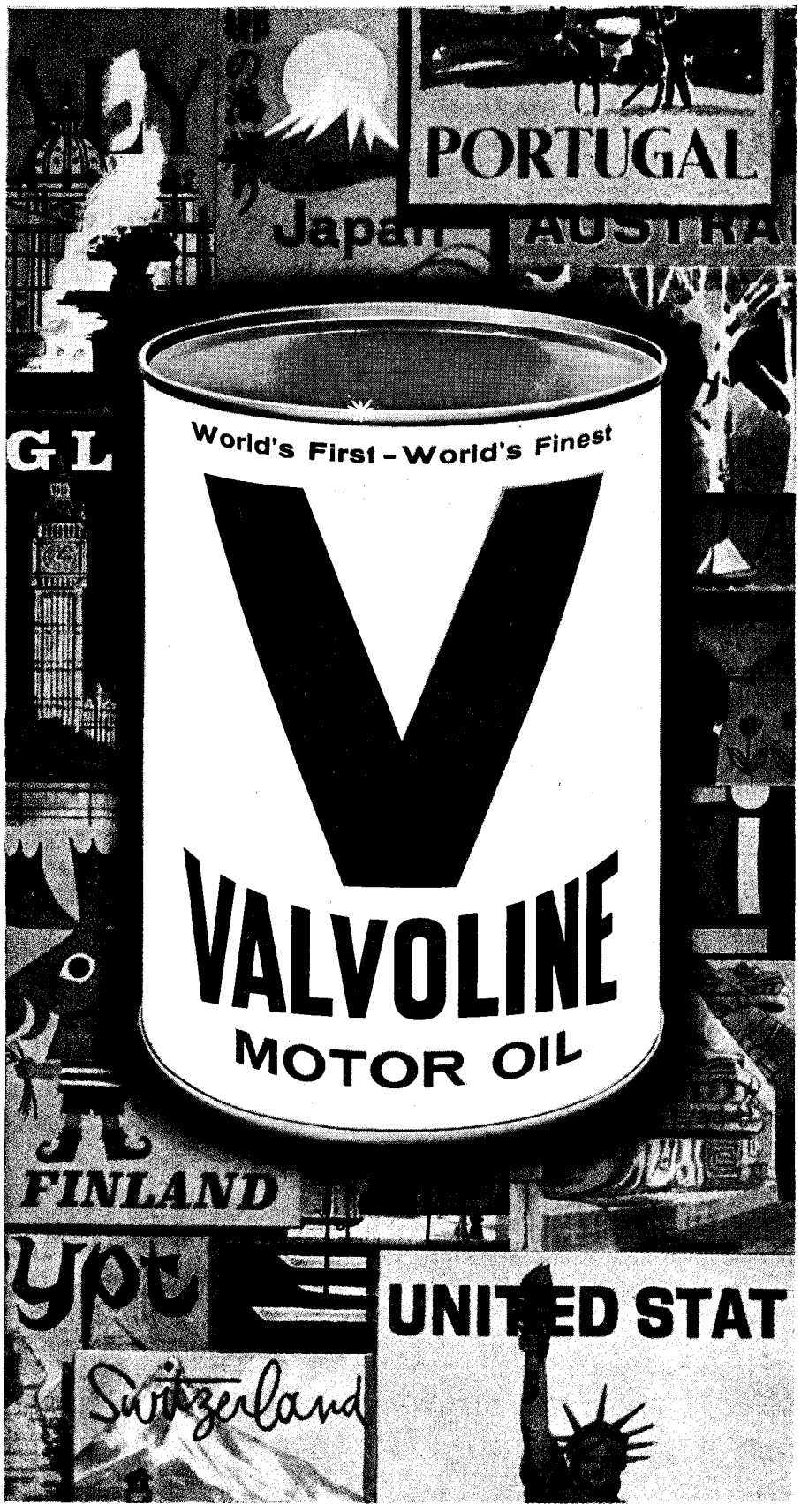

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SPEAKING OUT

much interest by age six—we go overboard with all clinical details. The child is so assaulted with facts that she is overwhelmed. A little girl's questions must be answered truthfully, but can't it be done with a light touch, and sparingly, giving only the amount of information needed at the moment?

No wonder little females are unwholesomely aware of their gender at an early age. We are determined to have our daughters well-informed and sophisticated, but we fail to instill in them the delight and enchantment about being a woman that have nothing to do with facts but are entirely attitude. Where once girls were groomed to be feminine, now girls are groomed to be sexy, and it is to our sorrow that today's young woman does not understand the difference between sex and femininity. A truly feminine woman also has sex. A sexy woman does not necessarily have femininity. Today's young woman simply hasn't learned to be feminine. She is worldly, wise and sophisticated—she thinks. She is really a little old woman. Her knowing eyes tell you that no one is going to put anything over on her. But someone already has. We have denied her the exquisite joy of being a little girl.

There used to be a sharp distinction between the world of childhood and the world of adults. The adults held the reins and put in his place the young one who tried to take over before it was time. Now the children lead, and nowhere is it more evident than in the world of little girls and the relationships of mothers and daughters. We seem to think that it will scar a child to say, "Look, this heavy makeup and these silly hair styles really have no place in a school. Go home and wash your face and comb your hair and then come back and we'll let you in." Who will howl the loudest? Mothers, of course. Mothers are mainly responsible for the loss of little girls.

Many mothers, in fact, urge early dating on their daughters and boast of their child's successes with the opposite sex. Yet they may never realize that this is what they are doing. And when one thing leads to another and they find themselves taking their little girls to the doctor to receive contraceptives—according to the testimony of gynecologists, this frequently happens—the mothers profess to wonder how they failed as parents. Perhaps these women, confused about the role of sex in their own lives, are trying to live vicariously through their daughters. Some authorities say so.

Do we resent the carefree innocence little girls would have if we only left them alone? We cannot keep our hands off childhood, cannot stop pulling and pushing. And the result is not beauty. It is a perverted sense of values, of aims in life, and it is ugly underneath its cute exterior.

We, as grown women, are not true to our own adulthood when we let a child think that she knows better than adults the proper thing to do. Are we so unsure of our own values that we stumble and mumble and give in when our child wants to do something do not approve of? For instance, way girls abuse casual, sloppy dress. Shorts are wonderfully comfortable things. I'm all for them. In the right places. But why does a mother find it so hard to say, "You change into a dress before you go downtown. You aren't going out of this house in your play clothes and those curlers in your hair." Or the matter of dating. A mother says, "Well, all right. I guess you can go," when her 12-year-old *tells* her that everyone, just everyone, in class is going with a date to the dance, and by golly, so is she!

Why do we sit idly by and say nothing while a 13-year-old brags about "my man"? Why don't we inform her that a 13-year-old is barely dry behind the ears and is much too young to talk in that manner? Why don't we realize that the cute five-year-old who is encouraged to do the twist will grow into the not-so-cute 13-year-old who does her version of "bumps and grind" in a dark corner at a school dance? I've seen this happen, and the poor child didn't even seem to be enjoying it. Her face looked miserable.

Perhaps in a few years little girls will become extinct altogether. No little girls to play princess in mother's old blue chenille bathrobe, to trip down the sidewalk in size-seven heels with tissue stuffed in the toes. No batt dolls lined up for company inspec on the living-room couch, no chocolate pies of mud with dried-grass coconut meringue. No childish giggles, no "Goodnight, stars, I love you!" No little girls to cuddle in a rocking chair.

Of course, it does not have to happen. Parents can save childhood anytime they want to, and some even now are taking the first steps. Last month a parent-teacher association council in Connecticut announced itself in favor of abolishing sixth-grade dancing classes. "The children are growing up too fast," the council president said. "There seems to be a general trend these days to bring the social experience down further in the age scale, and we hope to reverse that trend."

It may be that those sixth-graders, especially the girls, were even more relieved than their parents. For, in observing the unhappy look about them, I have had a sneaking suspicion that little females at heart really do want to be little girls, but they are caught up in the rush and don't know what to do about it. Perhaps they really want someone to say, "Look, honey, you're a little girl right now. Go run and play with your dolls and have lots of fun."

I have a little girl. I do not know how much longer I can keep her a little girl. She is in kindergarten. Her c mates are talking about their friends and she wants one, too. . . .

If you have a little girl, fight to keep her that way. The greatest gift you can give her is simply a full share of years in the child's world. She will grow up soon enough. THE END

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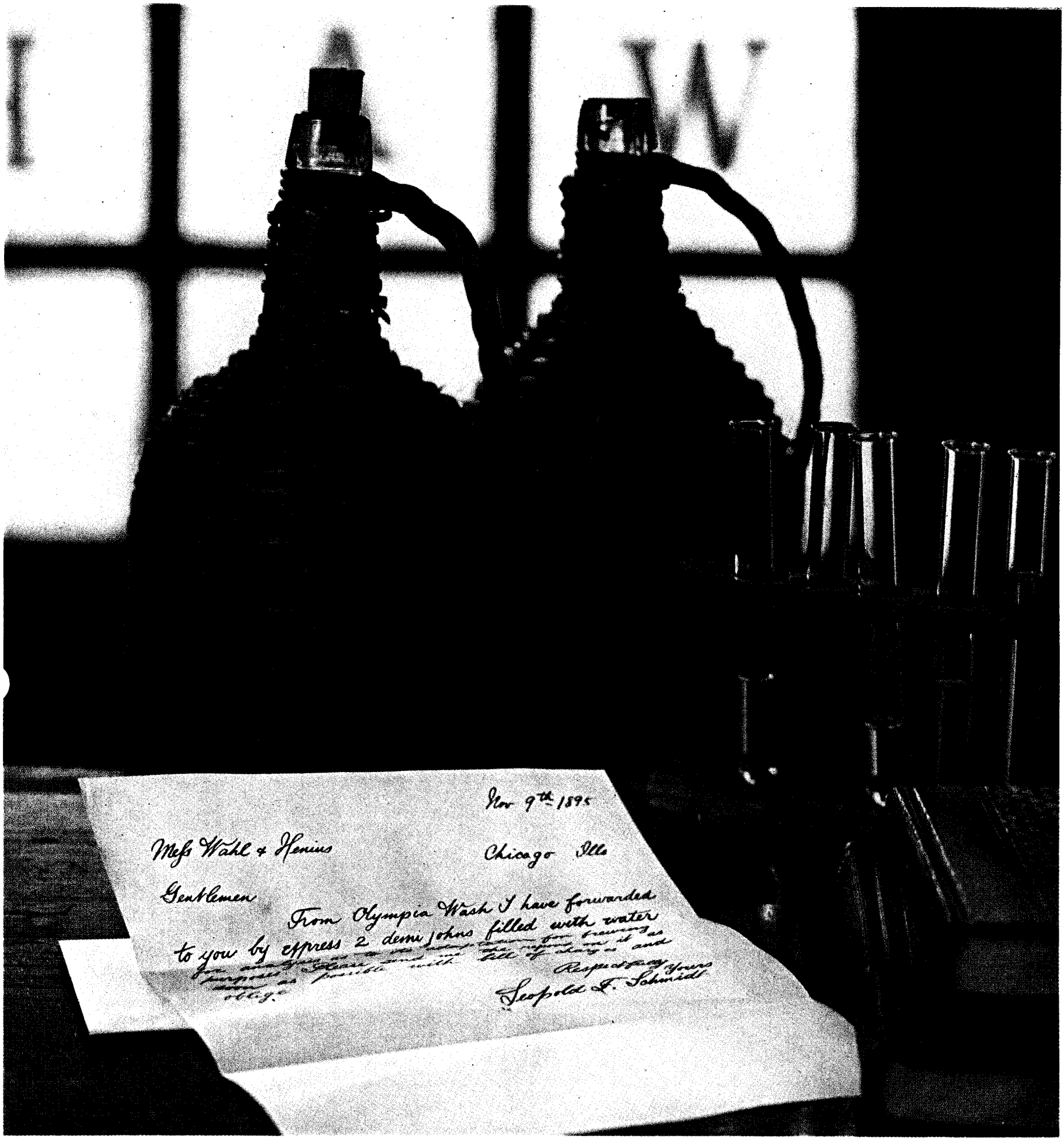

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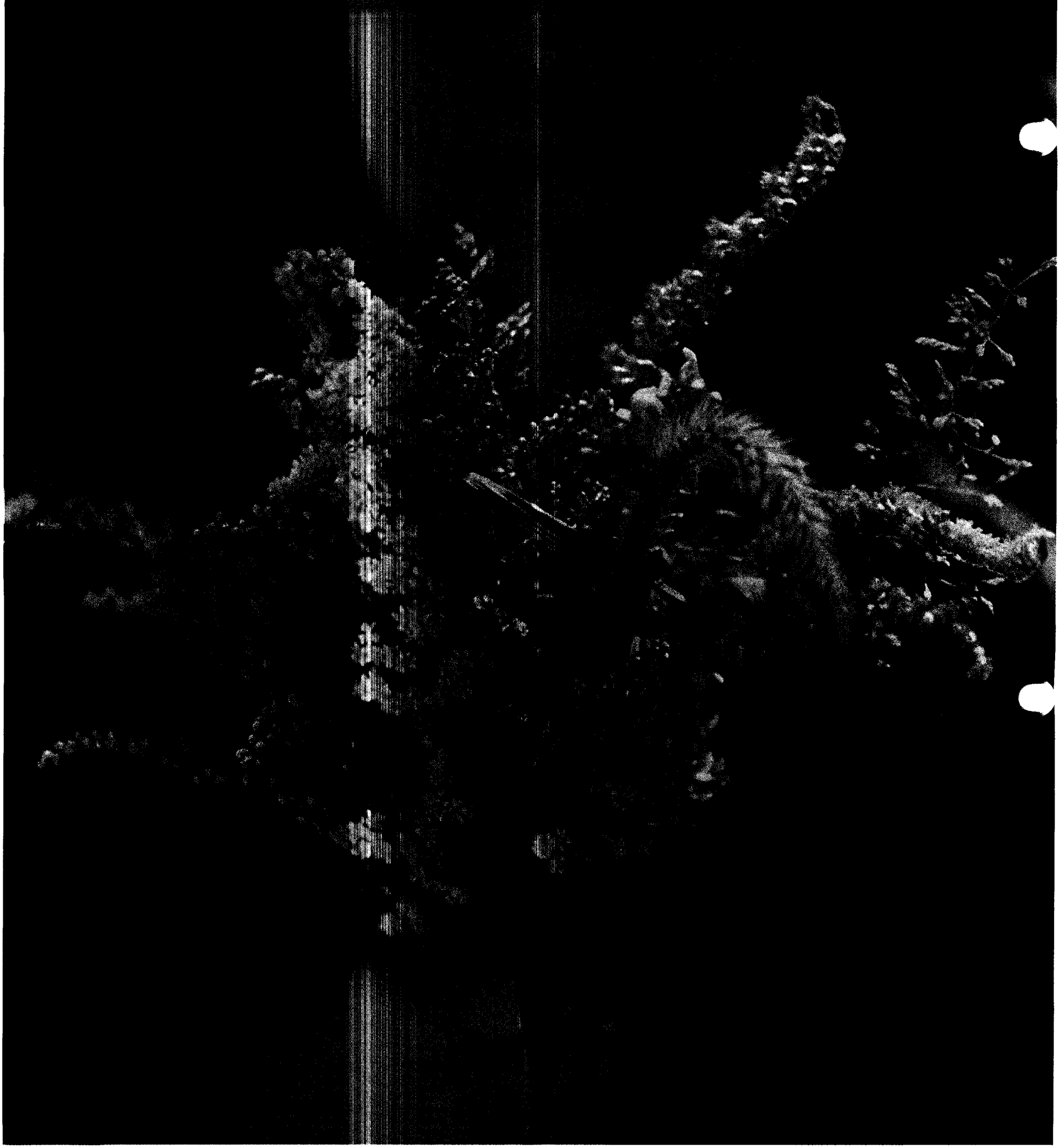

It used to be a posy of allergies

Time was when the start of a new pollen season triggered the first of Mary's violent sneezes. And with it, 11 million men, women and children girded themselves for another siege of hay fever or asthma. Millions of work-hours were lost.

Once there was little anyone could do to relieve the torment of allergy. But now, thanks to rapid advancements in medical science and drug research, we are learning to cope with it. Today your doctor can prescribe antihistamine drugs or administer desensitizing injections to control the sneezing, wheezing and itching that formerly posed such a health problem.

A modest achievement? Not to those who suffer. Nor to the physicians and research scientists in America's medical centers and drug company laboratories, to whom control of allergy at moderate cost is just another step in the quest for new and better ways to relieve human misery.

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting health and reducing the costs of illness.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben Franklin

By Richard Armstrong

In embattled Venezuela, troops unt Red arsonists who wrecked key oil pipeline.

Communism is determined to conquer what President Kennedy has called "the most critical area in the world." Will the Reds win? Are they already winning? A team of Post editors traveled the length of this hungry, angry continent for this special report on the Communist threat.

To prepare this comprehensive report, editor Richard Armstrong, a veteran reporter on Latin-American affairs, spent most of the winter crisscrossing Latin countries to interview politicians and peasants, while associate editor Trevor Armbrister and photographer John Bryson toured the area to obtain closeup coverage of key people.

Photographs by John Bryson

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"The peasants and the city workers will rise simultaneously. Revolution will sweep the land." Luis Valencia, a slim, angry economist who wears big horn-rimmed glasses and deeply admires Fidel Castro, leaned across the white tablecloth in the ballroom of Bogotá's best hotel. He ignored a pretty troop of fan dancers swirling by. "A general strike will probably be the trigger. Progressive elements in the army will join in to escape total destruction. No, I can't tell you the date. We will try to avoid bloodshed, but we will answer blood with blood."

In Caracas, at his office in the National Congress, the silk-shirted Sorbonne graduate who is Venezuela's top Communist clasped his soft hands and sighed. "In Venezuela I fear the revolution will come violently," said Gustavo Machado. The air was warm with the perpetual spring that bathes Caracas. Machado's limp leather briefcase showed the unmistakable outlines of the automatic pistol he habitually carries inside. Across town at Central University, a student partisan of the Communists' underground terrorist apparatus predicted flatly, "The revolution will come in October. November at the latest. I'll send you a wire in New York so you can get here in time."

Up and down Latin America—from the Texas border to the Magellan Strait—Communists have never sung their hopes so high. Fidel Castro predicts that the Andes, the spiny backbone of a continent, will become "the Sierra Maestra of South America." Ernesto (Che) Guevara, his chief deputy, boasts that "the Cuban revolution has shown how small guerrilla bands, well led and located at key points . . . eventually can destroy the armed forces of the class enemy. We say that this can be done in a great number of Latin-American countries."

The men pledged to stop Communism in Latin America agree with the Communists about the size of the threat. President Kennedy calls Latin America "the most critical area in the world today." Both the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs and a special study group of the Organization of American States recently completed exhaustive studies on the extensive Communist penetration of the Americas. Both groups were alarmed.

Latin Americans themselves are deeply concerned about the danger of Communism. Many of them are frightened. "Will there be a revolution in Colombia?" Dr. Orlando Fals Borda, founder and dean of the Faculty of Sociology at the National University in Bogotá, repeated the question and then quickly answered, "Yes. The ruling classes here are committing what I call involuntary hara-kiri. The hour is late, and they simply cannot bring themselves to put through the drastic social and economic reforms that could avert the revolution."

In neighboring Peru a shrewd newspaper editor predicted, "Of course there will be a revolution. Who will lead it? I don't know and they don't. That's their biggest problem. They don't have the leaders yet. Maybe it will be that waiter over there. If they can find a Castro, this country will go up in flames."

In Rio de Janeiro, Carlos Lacerda, the brilliant and articulate governor of Brazil's Guanabara State, concludes, "With the Communist failure in Africa, for the time being, and the relative balance of power in Asia, Latin America has become the immediate target for Soviet expansion, using Cuba as a base." Lacerda adds, "Somehow the contest has gone all wrong when the U.S. spends millions building hospitals and schools, and the Communists win over the doctors who will run the hospitals, and the teachers who will teach in the schools."

Why has Latin America, so long ignored, become so important a battlefield in the Cold War?

The most immediate reason, of course, is Cuba. "The Communists were amazed at their success there," said a former party member. "They had always assumed that you meant what you said and implied—in the Monroe Doctrine, in the Rio treaty of 1947, in the Caracas treaty of 1954—that you would not permit an alien dictatorship in the Western Hemisphere. Then came Cuba."

A prominent U.S. diplomat adds, "The Communists have been working in Latin America for forty years, but they were always sabotaged by a certain lethargy, an inner disbelief in success. Cuba says every day that it *can* happen here."

Encouraged by this success, the Communists have launched their first really comprehensive campaign to capture Latin America. Their spirits and their hopes are high. "Very recently," says Venezuela's leading Fidelista, Domingo Rangel, "I was not sure which course the struggle would take. Now the pattern is coming clear. You North Americans still have a chance in the more-developed countries—Brazil and Chile for example. You are blowing that chance by insisting that they become simon-pure American-style capitalist states—or else you will cut off aid. I do not mind giving you this advice—free of charge—because I know you will not take it. In the less-developed countries, say Bolivia or Ecuador or Colombia or all of Central America, you are already losing the battle."

In their current state of optimism the Communists take far too little account of some very strong forces working against them: an awakening Catholic Church, a belated American aid program, the beleaguered but powerful wealthy classes, a collection of able, reform-minded politicians who belong to the so-called "democratic left." But the Communists are right when they charge, as one of them did in Venezuela, that "you Yankees don't have the common sense to look about and recognize that this continent is no longer an American fief."

Latin America is the last great region of the world fumbling its way into genuine independence. This is a point difficult for North Americans to understand. Latin America, after all, officially won its independence from Spain 140 years ago. But that is only part of the story. The Latin-American fight for independence began as a fight between rival oligarchs—the wealthy Creole sons of the Spanish conquistadors versus the mainland Spaniards who were sent in to rule them. Once the local oligarchs had won their independence, they set out to consolidate their positions of power, to freeze the status quo. They had little interest in developing the land or building industry. But at this same time, toward the end of the last century, the Americans to the North saw the rich lands lying fallow, minerals waiting to be dug, politicians waiting to be bribed. They moved in.

The most effective Cuban propaganda keeps alive the memories of American intervention in Latin America. The United States created Panama so it could build the canal; it invaded several Caribbean nations and subjected them to years of military occupation. Most Americans have never heard of a Marine Corps general named Smedley Butler, who headed U.S. occupation forces through the Caribbean. But *butlerismo* is a dirty word throughout Central America, because the general once bragged, "I helped make Mexico safe for the American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys." And Latin Americans remember that Woodrow Wilson once said, "We must teach the Latin-American republics to elect good men."

When the neon signs light up in any Latin-American city, North Americans feel right at home, blinked at by Goodyear, Sears, Ford, Coca-Cola, Colgate. Latin Americans love the products but resent the companies. "It hits a young Latin American every day—it hits his *macho*, his manliness," says a U.S. diplomat.

Buzzards in the sky

Today, with U.S. influence on the decline, the ingredients of Latin America are still the same—tremendous problems, excessive national pride, enormous disparity between rich and poor. These are the ingredients that the Communists are exploiting. A Yankee visitor remembers a Mercedes-Benz 220S roaring round a curve and through a native market, sending peasant children scattering for their lives, the driver callously unconcerned. Or the city of Manaus, Brazil, 850 miles up the Amazon, which boasts a huge opera house where Pavlova once danced—and where two fat buzzards soar over the city market all morning long, darting down among the customers for scraps of meat. Or a *pisco* sour with a Peruvian oligarch. The Peruvian is in his 50's, a son and grandson of presidents. A few days before, he had made his first tour, in his limousine, of Lima's slums. "I did not know that people could live like that, or even exist." An antique silver bracelet glittered on his wrist as he reached for his drink. "I think that one day they will hang me on that handsome lamppost outside my house. That would be ironic, would it not? The lampposts were built by my ancestors and stand on a street that bears my name." He shrugged.

Life comes cheap in Latin America. In the Brazilian Northeast, when the terrible dry wind sweeps across the land, and the people flee to the South, dying like cattle along the way, the price of a crude funeral drops as low as three cents a head. The Brazilian congress votes billions of cruzeiros for what is now known cynically as the "drought industry," meaning that the politicians pocket most of the money en route. "Listen," says an American newspaperman who covered a drought in the Northeast, "it would shake up anybody who sees it. But the Brazilians you see sunning themselves on Copacabana Beach just don't give a damn."

Life is cheap, and no life is cheaper than the life of a child. A reporter remembers

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the crude white coffin of a child bouncing toward the cemetery on the back of a flatbed truck, a horde of wailing women in black walking the dusty road behind. Just as unforgettable are the hordes of children who survive. In ıracas's main maternity hospital a .by is born every 15 minutes. In the maternity hospitals of Santiago, Chile, the pregnant women often lie two to a bed. A few months ago the United Nations concluded that the Latin-American population growth rate had shot up from 2.5 to 2.9 percent a year, by far the highest in the world.

The 86 million school-age children in Latin America have little to look forward to. Only 26 million of them are now in schools of any kind. Only 4 million will finish primary school, and only 500,000 are in the universities. "When you strip away the veneer at the very top," says an American businessman in Venezuela, "what you find underneath is shocking."

"Why is Communism so popular at the universities here?" asks an American educator in Venezuela. "Why does the Bay of Fundy have the greatest tides in the world? A series of basins, a chain reaction. An admiration for learning and a general lack of it. A rhetorical tradition. In Latin America a boy is praised and rewarded for saying something well, even though the intellectual content of what he says may be fairly low. And that's what Marxism is, isn't it? A sweeping rhetorical answer to the problems of social change. And it is a non-American answer. It comes from Europe, which most Latins consider a vastly superior culture.

"Add to this the fact that Latin America's most famous living painter, David Siqueiros of Mexico; its best living poet, Pablo Neruda of Chile; and its best ar-hitect, Oscar Niemeyer of Brazil, are all mmunists. Then you can understand .y the intellectual problem for a Latin American is not to explain why he is a Marxist but to explain why he is not."

The Communists base their strategy not only on the poverty of Latin America but on this intellectual respectability they enjoy. A journalist in Peru told a story about a professor he esteems. "I knew he was of the left, but he had never come out directly with a Communist Party line. We had been out drinking. The party wound up at his house. I guess I had had more *pisco* sours than the rest, and I passed out on the couch. I woke up next morning, very hung over and wanting a drink of water. I heard voices from the study. I looked in through a crack in the door and listened, and my old friend, the professor, was conducting a meeting of a Communist cell. He had posted portraits of Marx and Lenin on the wall. I wandered back and found my shoes and my coat and then I let myself out and went on home."

Latin America has an estimated 250,-000 Communist Party members, about one out of every 1,000 Latin Americans. But numbers do not tell the story. The largest Communist party in all Latin America is in Argentina, where there are 40,000 members, but the Argentine party has made remarkably little progress. One of the smallest is in Mexico, with 2,500 members, and Communism in Mexico is quite influential. The regular Communist Party leadership in Latin America is late-middle-aged and Moscow-trained. " comes mostly from the oligarchy, the and wealthy families. These men have calluses on their hands. They are the survivors, men who have faithfully followed every twist in Russian policy.

We are ready to fight, proclaim the students

Leftist Campos Lama leads Peruvian university students.

"I do not think it will be necessary to shoot as many people here as Fidel shot in Cuba. We will have to kill only a few—the police and the men who torture us."

This is the calm judgment of a student leader in Peru. He predicts that "there could be an explosion anytime," and adds that "my generation will lead it."

At 33, Juan Alberto Campos Lama is older than most of his classmates at San Marcos University in Lima. He is a thin, balding, sallow-faced man with a bushy moustache and a frank, friendly manner. As president of the 14,600-member San Marcos University Federation he wields tremendous influence. "Campos Lama is the most dangerous student in Peru," says a worried U.S. Embassy official, "perhaps in all of Latin America."

"I am just realistic," Campos Lama replies. He speaks quickly, as if ideas come to him faster than he is able to express them. "All the world is turning left, and I am on the left of that left. But this does not mean I am a Communist. I am a socialist and a Fidelista, yes. Fidel has shown us a practical way to be free from American imperialism. There have been mistakes in Cuba. But we must learn from them. Between the U.S. and China there is a third way, like Algeria. We must try to walk the path of Algeria.

"Peru has many problems. We must have agrarian reform. We must nationalize our industries. The Alliance for Progress will not work because the oligarchs, the bankers and financiers, are making all the plans. I know you Americans mean well, but, as they say, the road to hell is paved with good intentions. You are trying to change, but you are too late.

"I am working only with students now, but in a few months I will go up to the mountains to educate the peasants. They do not yet have a revolutionary conscience. I will give them that. Once I was sentenced to death, but the military junta saved my life. Then they put me in jail twice. That is an old story. They have been putting me in jail ever since 1949—two years, nine months and 11 days I have spent in jail.

"I cannot afford the luxury of personal emotions about this. I must be cold—and patient. Remember, it took the Chinese 26 years to fight and win; it took the Algerians seven years, the Cubans two years. Our time is not far away."

It's easy to say that he is just one fanatic. But there are many like him. In a cluttered office in Rio de Janeiro, a 22-year-old Negro named Carlos Alberto Oliveira dos Santos is discussing American imperialism. As vice president of the National Union of Brazilian Students, Carlos always has an audience. Now as he talks, his bony fingers jabbing away to punctuate each point, other students nod their heads.

"American imperialism is a monster with three heads—economic, political and military. Economically, you take the goods of underdeveloped countries just to satisfy your own wants. Politically, you force other governments into positions they don't want to take. Militarily, you invent alliances. Then you make other countries join them."

"How about Russian imperialism?" a visiting journalist asks.

"We do not think of Russia as an imperialist nation," Carlos replies. "Their economic system is not imperialist. Ford and General Motors are here in Brazil. These are not Russian companies; they're American. The Russian political system is not imperialist either. We didn't like what their army did in Hungary, but wasn't this the same thing as the U.S. invasion of Cuba?"

Three thousand miles to the north, at the architecturally dazzling Central University in Caracas, Venezuela, a handsome, brown-eyed student named Freddy Muñoz hurries to an economics class. At 28, he is general secretary of the student federation, a popular man with a wide, disarming smile. He is also a Communist, and because of this he cannot leave the university, which is immune to police search. The police, waiting outside the gates in unmarked cars, would put him in jail the moment he tried to leave.

"When I first joined the party," he says, "I did not know what Communism really was. It was during the time of the Pérez Jiménez dictatorship, and I fought alongside the Communists. They wanted to fight and they had courage. Later, as I fought and read with them, I became a conscious Communist.

"We want to see a revolution here, but it cannot be the same as in Cuba. Our revolution will be more difficult because the U.S. has learned from the Cuban example. The U.S. may invade, and we must be ready. I am willing and prepared to die. My father is not a Communist, but we have made our peace. My mother suffers because of me, but she is my mother, so she understands. Yet she was hurt when I decided I no longer believed in God.

"The government says that they have isolated us, but they have not. We have a front, and the front grows. Now they are afraid.

"After the revolution I want socialism for my country, then Communism. We want solutions, and the Communists offer the best solutions."

Freddy Muñoz pauses at the door of his classroom in the school of economics (nicknamed "Stalingrad"). "Is it possible," a visitor asks, "that all South America may soon go Communist?"

"I don't know," Freddy replies. "I'm not a prophet. I am a fighter."—TREVOR ARMBRISTER

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"I did not know people could live like that."

Divisions and fratricide have always hampered Communism in Latin America, and still do today. Assistant U.S. Secretary of State Edwin Martin recently pointed to the "factionalism" of Communist movements in Latin America as a most hopeful sign for the West. In Mexico, for example, the man conceded to be the most important Communist in the country, labor leader Lombardo Toledano, has never joined the party. In Brazil eight old-line Communists walked out last year and set up a rival party after they had been kicked off the central committee.

But U.S. intelligence warns against taking these splits too seriously. In Brazil the dissidents carried almost none of the party membership with them. In Venezuela the leader of the soft-line faction is Gustavo Machado, while the leader of the hard-liners is his own brother Eduardo. "They're still brothers and they're still very close," says one Venezuelan official.

The remarkable new development has been the flowering of the Fidelista parties all over Latin America. They have brought some young and dedicated new blood into the Communist apparatus. "What has happened," a Venezuelan expert explains, "is that while Castro lost the mass popular backing he once had in Latin America, he gained a dedicated hard core of followers. As he made the swing all the way over to Marxism-Leninism, this hard core made the swing all the way with him." The hard core has produced some promising new leaders.

In Colombia, for instance, the Fidelista party is F.U.A.R., the United Front for Revolutionary Action. It calls for armed revolution in Colombia. "The conditions for democracy simply do not exist here," says the bespectacled economist who heads it, Luis Valencia. Within the past year, F.U.A.R. has organized cells in all key Colombian cities, and it has surpassed the orthodox Communist Party in size, with more than 10,000 members. Its leader, Valencia, is living proof of the theory that behind every successful man there stands a woman. His Boston-educated wife Gloria, 25, is the cutest little revolutionary in all the Americas. And she is the daughter of Colombia's leading leftist martyr, Jorge Eliécer Gaitán, who would almost certainly have been elected president of Colombia had he not been assassinated on April 9, 1948. Gaitán had spent the morning chatting with a promising young Cuban rebel named Fidel Castro, and after Gaitán was gunned down outside his office, Castro picked up a rifle and joined in the bloody riot that followed.

Fidel is fond of Gloria, and Gloria, who has visited Cuba six times, thinks Fidel is "utterly charming." She and Luis arrived for dinner after a cell meeting, Gloria wearing a handsome green knit dress. Their basement had just been flooded, and with some sort of feminine logic Gloria used the incident to emphasize that "property is unimportant. I own several houses and I would be glad to give them up to the Socialist revolution." She added, "The people want things that are not good for them and that should be denied—cigarettes and liquor, for example. They must be taught to work."

At the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, she was pregnant with her first child—she now has two—and was frankly afraid to go. But Luis insisted. And once in Cuba her fear turned to fury. Gloria stalked through the Havana stadium where the prisoners were on display. "I asked them, 'Why did you come here? What are you trying to prove?' They had no answer. I went to Fidel and I said, 'Why don't you shoot them?'"

The Fidelista party in Venezuela is called M.I.R., for the Movement of the Revolutionary Left. Its leaders are men who a few years ago were leftist democrats and who made the complete swing with Castro to Marxism-Leninism. M.I.R. has 13 members in the Venezuelan Chamber of Deputies and one member in the Senate. The party's leader, Domingo Rangel, an economist with a huge dome and frightening eyes, explained his passage from leftism to revolution. "I was riding around the streets of Lima one night in a taxi. Peru had just emerged from a dictatorship. And then this taxi driver asked me, 'What's this democracy? We talked about democracy for eight years, and now we've got it and what is it for us—worse than in the dictator's time. Can I eat my civil rights?' I saw the light of the process. Conditions for democracy do not exist in Latin America. The wave of so-called 'democratic' revolutions that swept Latin America a few years ago accomplished nothing. The same oligarchs exercised power. Now there will be a new revolution, a socialist one."

Fidelista trademarks

In Brazil, Fidel Castro's chief ally for the past few years has been Francisco Julião, a lawyer with wild hair and an ingratiating smile, who has a mass base of support in his peasant leagues of Brazil's bitterly impoverished Northeast. "The leagues are growing every day," he brags. "Yes, I am a Fidelista, and the way for Latin America is the way of Cuba. In Brazil we cannot think of a Communist revolution. It will be a popular revolution, as in Cuba, led by the leagues, the students, the workers, the progressive elements in the army. There is a place for everyone who is opposed to imperialism and the feudal landlords."

These Fidelista leaders have in common a deep devotion to Castro and his works, a contempt for democracy and a hunger for power. They refer to the Communists as "fraternal allies," work with them on day-to-day tactics and do not disagree with them on any key questions.

If this is the apparatus, how is it fed? By money and propaganda but not, to date, by any real quantity of arms.

"Your expression about coals to Newcastle certainly applies," said a Brazilian politician on a terrace atop Copacabana Beach. "Arms are a glut on the market, almost as bad as the coffee surplus. Would you like to buy a .45 automatic? I can take you right now across the bay to Niterói and buy it—plus a legal permit to carry it—in less than an hour. An M-1 rifle might take a little longer, perhaps until tomorrow morning." Cadets at Castro's guerrilla schools in Cuba are trained to use U.S.-made weapons on the theory that they will be able to buy or steal them when they get back to their homes.

Propaganda moves around by the bale. A recent visitor to Rio's National Student Union, dominated by the Communists, was taken to a back room and shown books and pamphlets stacked to the ceiling. "We get about fifty percent from Cuba," a Student Union official explained proudly, "about twenty percent from Russia, and the rest we print ourselves." Both Che Guevara's and Mao Tse-tung's handbooks on guerrilla warfare circulate all over Latin America.

Money is a bit harder to trace, but some of it gets tagged—$15,000 from Castro to Luis Valencia's F.U.A.R. in Colombia, for example, and a $40,000 advance to the Fidelista student group in Ecuador. A Fidelista from Venezuela, who as a federal deputy enjoyed immunity from arrest, came back from each trip to Cuba bearing a suitcase lined with American greenbacks. In little British Guiana the Communist-run People's Progressive Party denied any financing from Russia—until an opposition politician produced the exact amount of a check, $13,876.50 paid by the Soviet Ministry of Education to the P.P.P. Washington sources estimate the total Communist outlay on subversion in Latin America at $120 million a year.

The Communist threat in Latin America does not come from Russia or Cuba, however. What the Communists are preaching is a series of local revolutions, with most of the arms, money and energy produced at home. Out of the welter of Communist and Communist-front parties, out of the disagreements among the Communists themselves, have grown the broad outlines of a post-Cuba strategy for Latin America. It has four main ingredients, varied according to local conditions: (1) terror in the cities, (2) guerrilla warfare in the backlands, (3) creation of popular fronts designed for the election of Communists or pro-Communists and (4) infiltration of the centers of power.

Terror is the most spectacular Communist weapon in Latin America, but it is also the weapon of last resort, used only when all else has failed. The principal target for terror these days is Venezuela, where the stakes include 17 billion barrels of proven petroleum reserves. One reason why the Communists have resorted to terrorism is that Venezuela has one of the most progressive governments in Latin America, headed by President Rómulo Betancourt, a tough and skillful politician who has been fighting the Communists without quarter. Betancourt's Democratic Action Party has kicked the Communists out of the labor unions, and he has personally fired 720 Communist teachers in the public-school system. And as long as Betancourt pours oil millions into basic change—schools, hospitals, agrarian reform—Communism keeps losing its popular appeal. Sometime last year the Communist Party and its "fraternal ally," the Fidelista M.I.R. decided to go for broke.

The Communist terror apparatus in Venezuela is small but deadly, the most professional in Latin America. Its name is F.A.L.N., for the Armed Forces of National Liberation. According to Communists like Machado, F.A.L.N. totals about 1,500 activists. One branch, he says, commands the terror in the cities, while another works underground within the Venezuelan armed forces.

At one point last year a rebel Marine battalion led by pro-Communist officers, backed up by a contingent of Communist students, seized the Caribbean port town of Carúpano. They held it for almost two days before Betancourt was able to crush the revolution. A month later, another Marine battalion backed by Communist students revolted and seized the city of Puerto Cabello. Betancourt's tanks, with infantrymen following in their tread, had to reduce the town to rubble before the last pockets of Communist snipers were cleared out.

When the Cuban missile crisis broke last October, Radio Havana sent out a frantic signal: "This is a call to terror. Attack U.S. citizens and their properties. Show them the people's will." Hours later a well-dressed woman entered the powder room at Caracas's plush Tamanaco Hotel. A few moments after she left, a bomb blew the walls asunder, shattering the plate-glass windows in the bar and wounding five people.

The American embassy in Caracas has been an armed camp ever since an expertly planted plastic bomb blew up the washroom on the seventh floor. "I had left there not a minute before," said an embassy officer. "Thank God I didn't linger to comb my hair." In this country with which the United States enjoys the friendliest of relations, women's handbags are now searched by Marines at the embassy reception desk, every visitor is conducted to his appointment by a secretary and then is conducted back to the reception desk again. No visitor, even an American, is left alone for a minute.

Venezuela is particularly vulnerable to sabotage, for the country is a network of oil pipelines, carrying Venezuela's riches to waiting tankers. Last October Communist saboteurs placed 88 sticks of dynamite and blew up four transformer stations controlling the flow of oil from Lake Maracaibo to the sea; repairs cost two million dollars. Almost every month another bomb goes off and another pipeline goes up in yellow flames.

The terrorism reaches wide. Harold Horan, director of the American Chamber of Commerce in Venezuela, recalls how Communist underground terrorists stormed into his office and stood him up against the wall at pistol point. "You are a Yankee imperialist, and we are going to kill you," they said. The gang sprayed gasoline, set the place on fire and fled. "Sure I was scared," Horan said. "But they're not going to run me out."

The president of Sears Roebuck in Venezuela, Fred Eaton, keeps on his desk in Caracas a gnarled memento. It is the remains of an electric mixer, reduced to a tortured and surrealistic blob. It is part of the debris of a $2,500,000 fire last February that destroyed the main Sears warehouse in Caracas. Armed Communist arsonists used such advanced incendiary devices that within half an hour th

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Slums outside Rio provide fertile ground for Communist activity. The growth rate in Latin America is 2.9 percent, highest in the world.

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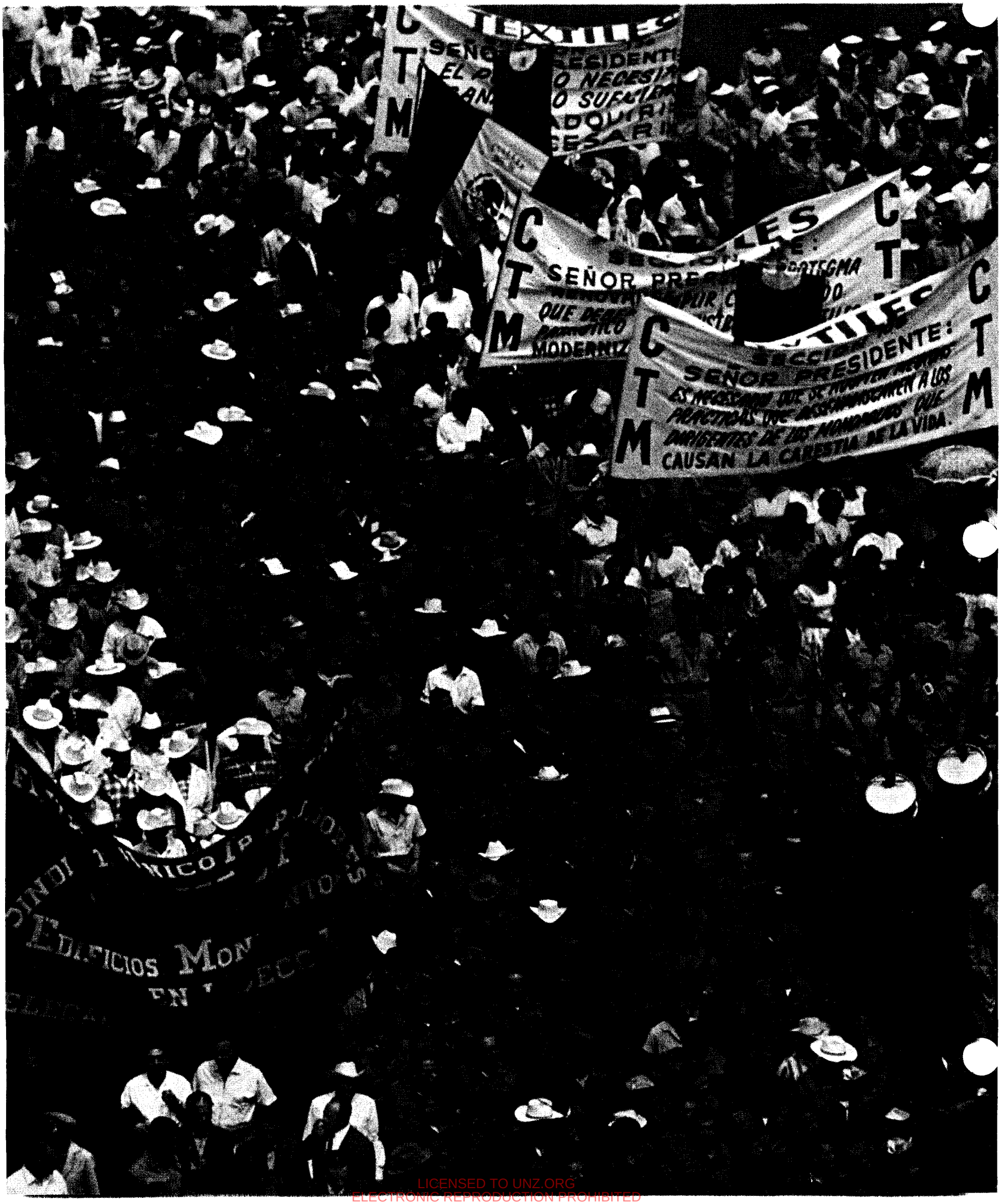
The Reds use every tactic from the election



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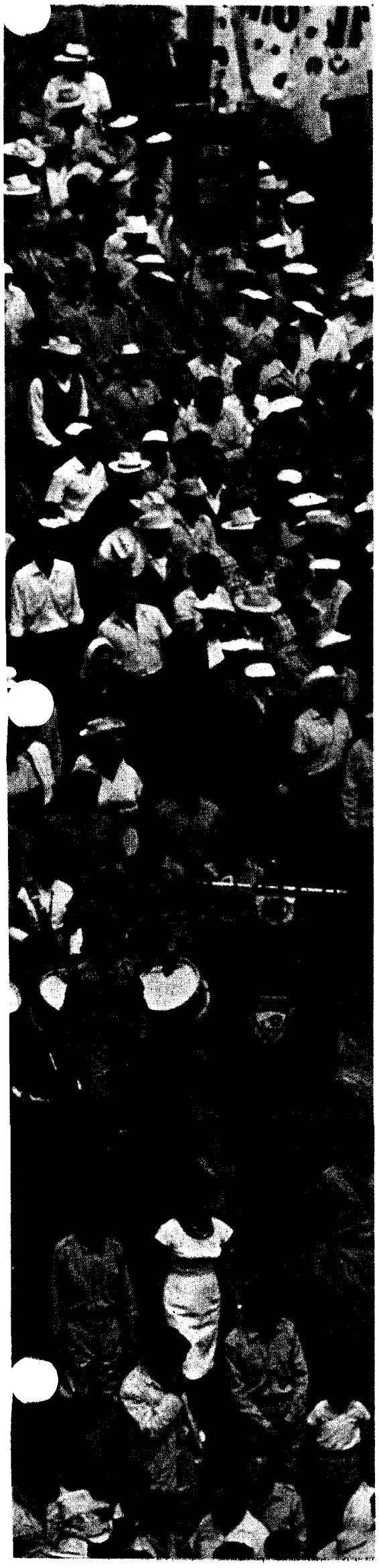
o brutal terror.



Communists burned down this Sears, Roebuck plant in Caracas, a $2.5 million loss.

The Communist strategy for Latin America exploits every opening that exists—hunger, poverty, resentment—and uses every weapon that lies waiting to be seized. Only one Latin American in 1,000 is a party member, but the Communists have achieved huge influence by infiltrating labor unions, political parties, student groups. It shows in demonstrations like the May Day parade in Mexico City, at left, where labor-union marchers carry banners calling for "practical measures to unmask the directors of the monopolies that are causing poverty." But the mark of Communism also shows in the charred wreckage of an arson-ruined factory, in the staged hoopla surrounding a visit by Soviet cosmonauts Andrian Nikolayev and Pavel Popovitch, in the ominous symbol of a hammer and sickle daubed on a wall. In the backlands, one Castro follower informs Americans, "You are already losing the battle."

Two Soviet cosmonauts get a heroes' welcome in Brazil.

Communist slogans exhort Chileans. A Red-dominated coalition might win in next year's elections.

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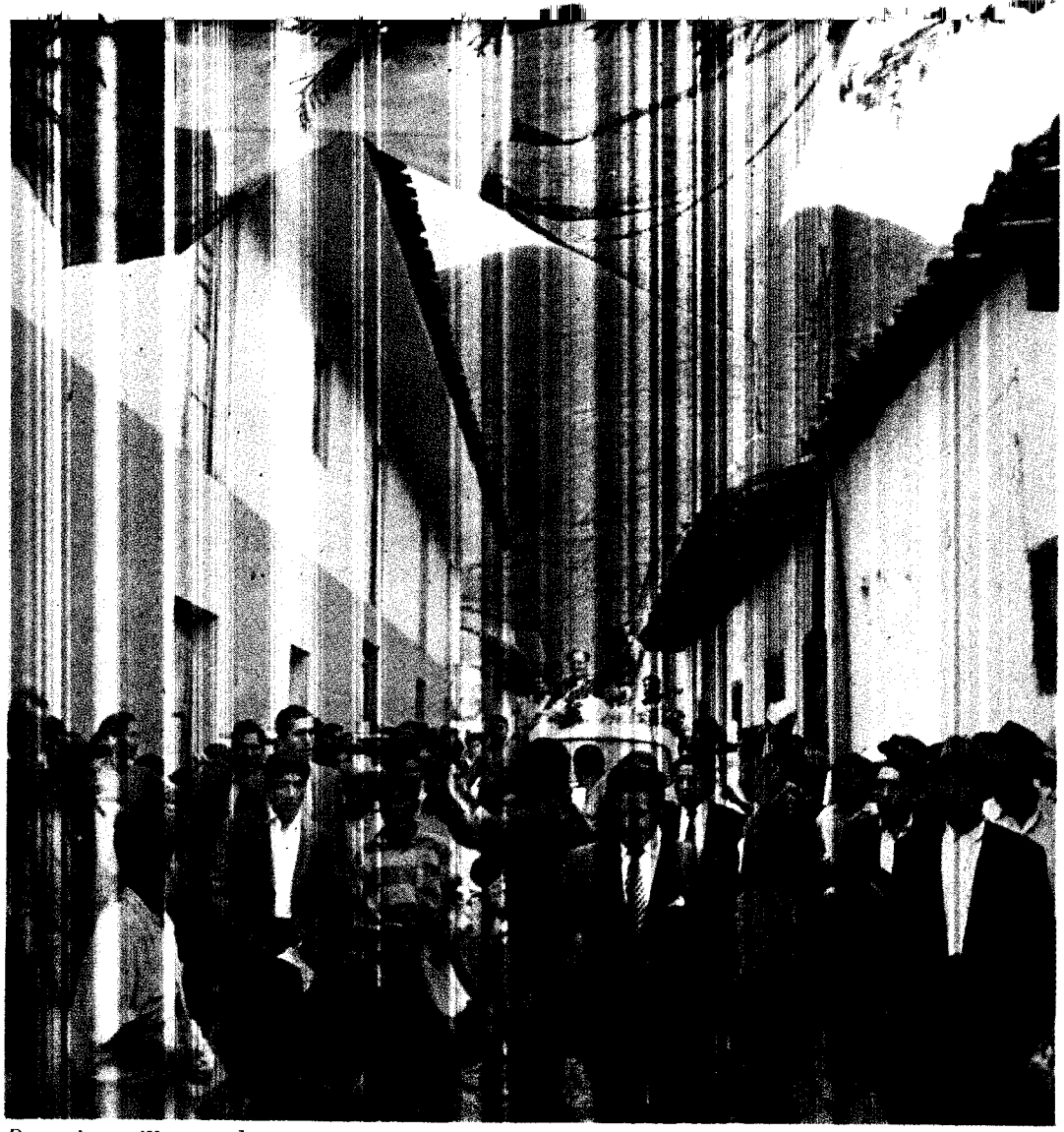

Peruvian villagers hear many campaign pledges, but army often interferes in elections.

Alley serves as barbershop for Peruvian boy.

In the Andes mountains, where this Indian tends flock of llamas, a Castro supporter now is waging guerrilla warfare, attacks police weekly.

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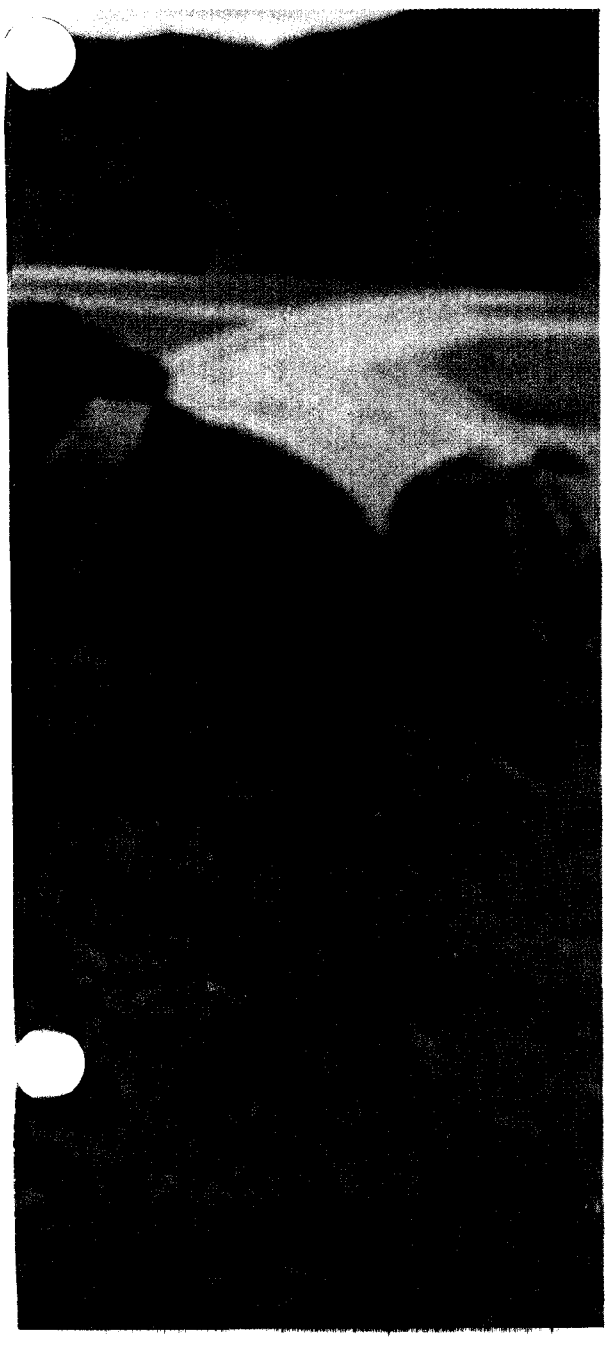
Reds promise help to poor villagers

In the city slums and country villages, off the tourist track, almost any statistic you choose will illustrate why Communism is gaining in Latin America. Of the 86 million children on the continent, only 26 million are in school, only 500,000 will ever reach a university. Disease is widespread. One child in seven dies before reaching the age of five. And even the grimmest statistics can be misleadingly optimistic. Per capita income in Latin America is about $300 a year, roughly one eighth of that in the United States, and the rich get most of it. Many an Indian peasant is lucky to earn $100 a year to support his family—and his family is apt to be large. To these people, the Communists don't preach Marxism; they preach food and medicine and schools and land for every farmer. Such U.S. projects as the Alliance for Progress, the Communists say, help only the rich and the powerful. Many Latin Americans believe them.



On pilgrimage, villagers pose for photographer in front of Mexico's Shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

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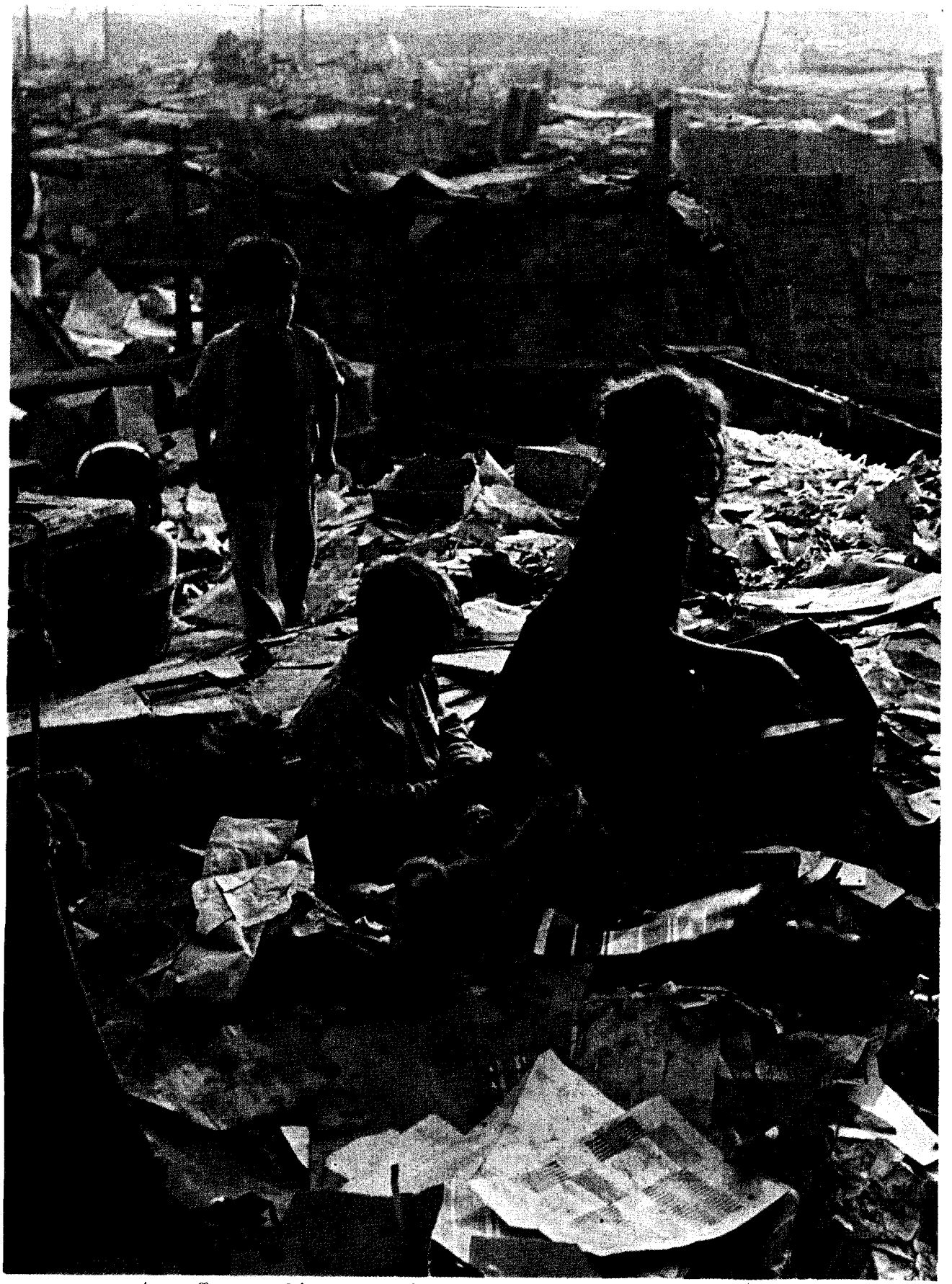
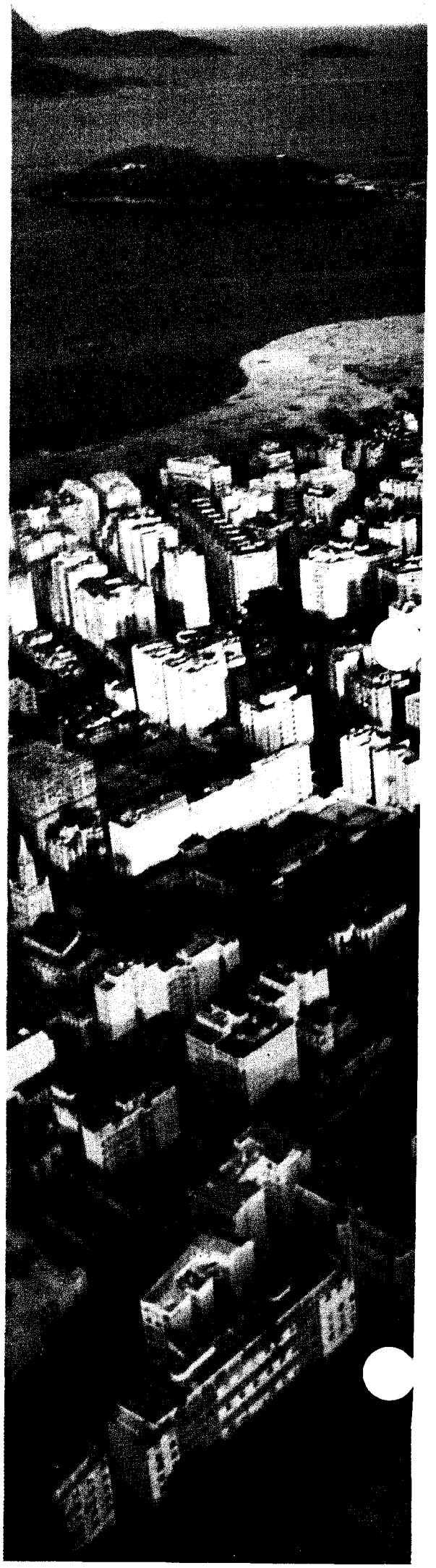
A slum child's life is cheap, but the Latin rich "just don't give a damn."



A scruffy mongrel is small comfort to this girl playing among the squalid shanties of Lima.



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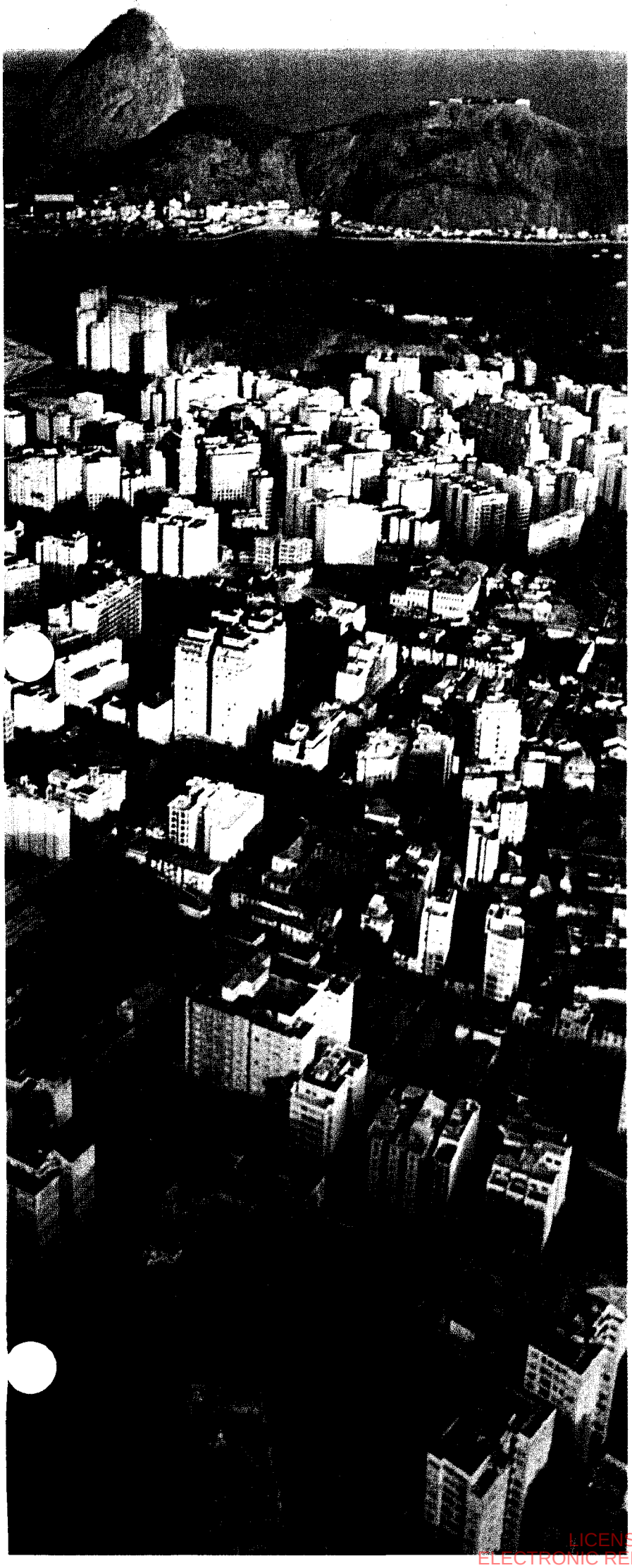

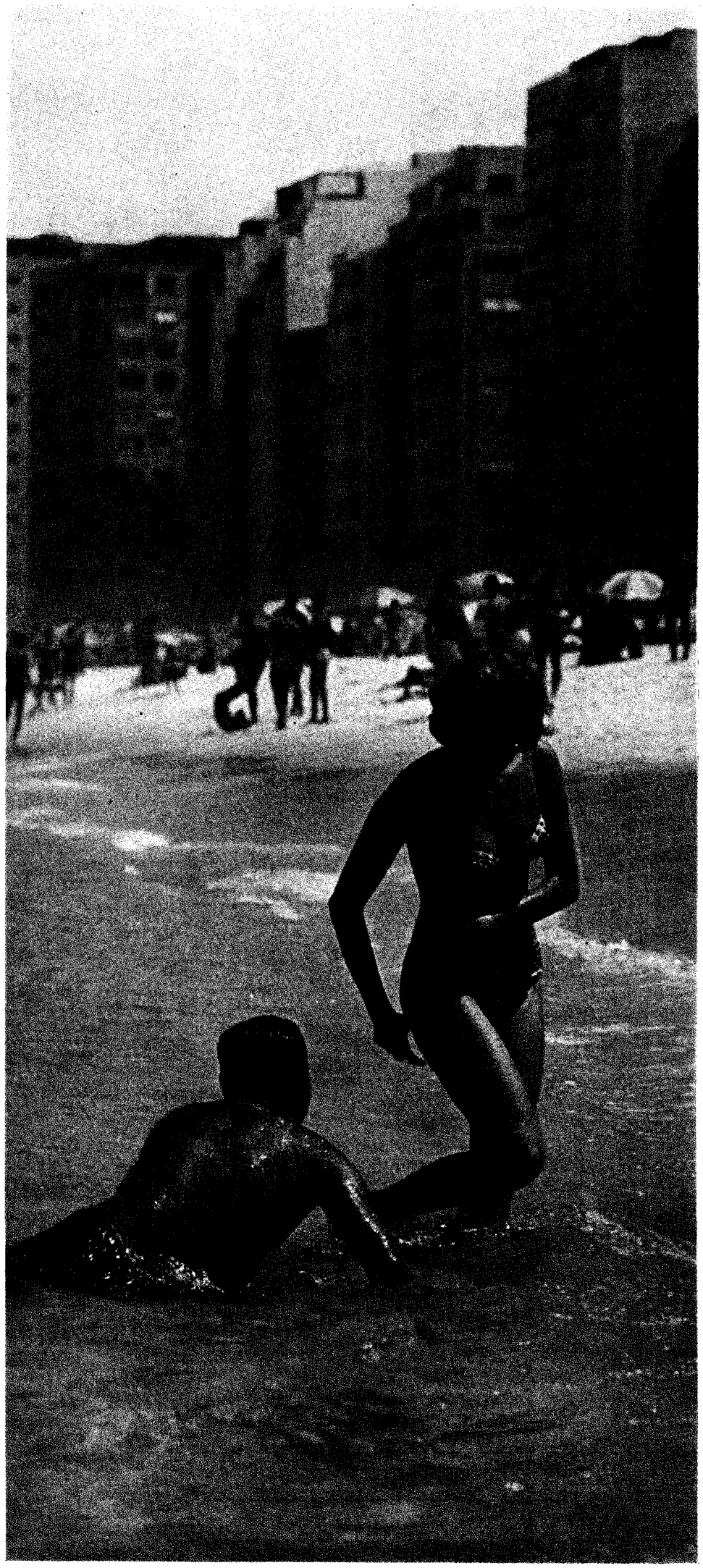

For beautiful girls, and men without cares, the Copacabana is a paradise.

And for glitter and bustle, downtown Rio is unsurpassed.

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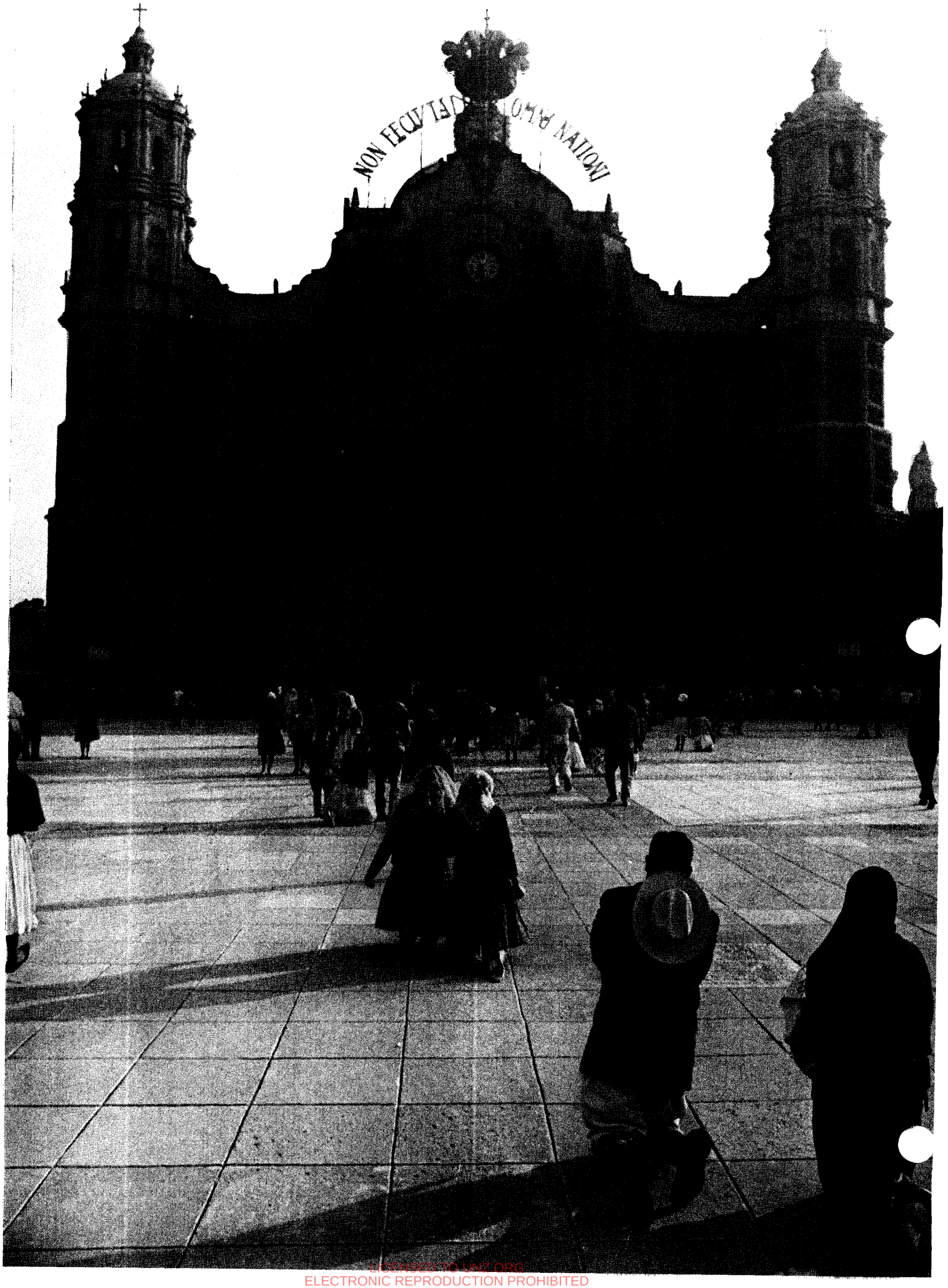

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The church now fights Reds by preaching reform.

enamel on ovens, refrigerators and assorted appliances melted down to lumps. "By our calculations, the heat reached 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit," said Eaton, "and that's a real professional job."

The terrorists have used all kinds of techniques. They have pulled a series of daring daylight bank stickups, hijacked a Venezuelan freighter and sailed it to Brazil, stolen five French-impressionist masterpieces on loan to the University of Caracas from the Louvre. Their aim is to create such an uproar that the elections for the next president of Venezuela will never take place this fall—since a pro-Communist candidate would have no chance of winning. At best, they hope for a revolution led by covert Communists within the military. But they also would be happy to see any kind of military takeover, even an old-fashioned dictatorship, since they think this would drive the Venezuelan moderates into the revolutionary camp, as happened in Cuba. "We have no quarrel with the armed forces," says Machado smoothly. "We hope they will join us in the fight against the antidemocratic government of Betancourt."

The second Communist tactic for takeover is slower but equally violent—guerrilla warfare. This is Fidel Castro's favorite tactic for it worked brilliantly for him, even while the regular Communist apparatus in Cuba dismissed him as a doomed and irresponsible putschist. "In essence," [illegible] John A. McCone, director of the [illegible]. Central Intelligence Agency, "Castro tells revolutionaries from other Latin-American countries, 'Come to Cuba; we will pay your way, we will train you. . . . If you succeed in establishing something effective in the way of a revolutionary movement, then we may consider more concrete forms of assistance.'" As McCone notes, "So far, none of the movements in South America has reached this final stage."

"Poison's" hideaway

The towering Andean peaks and isolated mountain valleys of Colombia already provide a base for Communist guerrillas, however, more than can be found anywhere else in Latin America. On the 12,700-foot plateau of Sumapaz, for example, virtually inaccessible to the outside world, a Colombian Communist *caudillo*, or chieftain, named Juan de la Cruz Varela holds absolute power—he is also a member of the Cundinamarca state assembly. The town of Viotá in Cundinamarca is controlled by a Communist boss. Farther south, in the rolling grasslands, or llanos, of Meta Department, a pro-Communist *caudillo* who goes by the name of "Captain Poison" holds sway. Each of these *caudillos* controls a private army of from 100 to 150 men. And when there is a threat from the outside, whether by government troops or a rival *caudillo*, rifles are snatched from their hiding places, and the entire town is [illegible]kly turned into an armed camp.

But the danger of these Communist pockets must be judged within the context of Colombia's backland banditry, which has claimed more than 200,000 lives since 1948. The *caudillos*, while calling themselves Communists, have no day-to-day ties to international Communism, or even to the world outside their villages. They are ringed by rival chieftains belonging to Colombia's two feuding traditional parties, the Liberals and Conservatives, and if the Communists tried to expand they would probably be slaughtered.

Fidel Castro last year thought he saw a promising situation in the Colombian backlands, and he sent one of his best young agents to exploit it. Castro's man was killed almost immediately, and a few months later government troops happened to catch the man who had done the killing. "He came in here with a lot of wild talk about revolution," the captured bandit explained. "I thought he was some kind of nut and so I shot him."

Colombia is not the only country infested by Communist guerrillas. In neighboring Ecuador last year the army smashed a Fidelista guerrilla ring of 200 young rebels operating in the hills only 50 miles from the capital of Quito.

Brazil, above all, struck Castro as ripe for a peasant revolution. Looking around for a man to lead it, he settled on a lawyer named Clodomir Santos do Morais, a member of the Communist Party central committee in Pernambuco State and a close friend of the peasant-league boss, Francisco Julião. Morais and 11 other Brazilians trained in Havana as the cadre. Castro advanced a total of $500,000, with which Morais bought six farms in remote spots of Brazil to serve as training centers.

The plan ran into trouble almost from the start. For one thing, Clodomir Morais tried to seduce the wife of one of his aides, causing no end of hard feelings. Then his comrades accused him of pocketing substantial profits on the purchase of farms and arms. Brazil's Communist Party leader, Luiz Carlos Prestes, got so furious because Castro had bypassed him in favor of this rump group that he kicked Morais out of the party and refused to speak to the Cuban ambassador. Then a Brazilian army patrol, looking for smugglers, stumbled onto Morais's main training base on a farm near Dianópolis in the central Brazilian highlands. The soldiers captured a few of the conspirators, along with documents that led them to the rest. Fleeing from the law in a station wagon loaded with rifles, Morais had a flat tire on a highway outside Rio. He was ignominiously picked up by the cops.

The most promising Communist guerrilla operation in Latin America today is in Peru—where the contrast between the rich Spaniard and the desperately poor Indian is more shocking than anywhere else on the continent. Late last summer, in a valley called Convención that runs down from the ancient Inca capital of Cuzco in southern Peru, there came rumors that a young Fidelista agronomy student named Hugo Blanco was organizing the Indians for a peasant revolution. His brother, Oscar Blanco, was then captured in Lima and confessed to taking part in a $100,000 bank robbery—the loot had been split 50-50 between professional criminals and Fidelistas raising money for the cause. Next the Convención Valley Peasants Federation announced that it had elected Hugo Blanco as its leader. More than 5,000 Indians marched on Cuzco, shouting *Fidel! Hugo Blanco! Land or death!* They stormed a police station, hurling rocks from crude leather slingshots. By the time the brawl was over, one man had been killed and 100 wounded. Suddenly Peru seemed ready to go up in flames. Communist terrorists burned a million dollars' worth of crops on sugar estates in northern Peru, blew up four million dollars' worth of property at the United States-owned Cerro de Pasco copper mines.

Rebels in the eyebrow

The ruling military junta, which had seized power from a conservative but constitutional government just months before, fought back. It arrested more than 1,000 suspects, including the secretary general of the Peruvian Communist Party, Rául Acosta Salas. But that did not really solve the problem. Hugo Blanco slipped down with his band from Convención Valley to what Peruvians called the *ceja de montaña*, the eyebrow of the mountains, where the Andean foothills run off into the Amazon jungle. Blanco himself was captured last month but his imprisonment will not stop the supply of arms flowing to his supporters across the border from neighboring Bolivia—one of the five Latin-American countries that still have diplomatic relations with Cuba. And those supporters will doubtless continue their raids on police stations, their recruitment of peasants for revolution.

It is the bombs, the street fights, the peasant marches, the budding Castros that get the most attention. But U.S. diplomats are more worried about the possibility that some nation in Latin America may go Communist by the third basic tactic, in the back rooms where party coalitions are formed and positions handed out, or in an open contest at the polls. "It is very nice to know that we have counterinsurgency forces training in Panama," said one American. "But what happens if Chile votes itself Communist in a free and fair election next year? What does counterinsurgency have to do with that? What could we do about it? Not a damn thing."

The next country to go Communist in South America will almost certainly be British Guiana, and it will do it at the polls. British Guiana is an oblong chunk of jungle highlands and coastal swamps. It is almost the size of Great Britain itself but it is inhabited by only 560,000 people, who build their houses on stilts against a rainfall of more than 80 inches a year. Britain is in the mood to get rid of the country and its troubles. "After all," says a British official, "this is more your sphere of influence than ours."

The Communist problem in British Guiana centers around a charming dentist of Indian ancestry named Cheddi Bharat Jagan, and his schoolmarmish-looking wife, Janet Rosenberg Jagan of Chicago. They met in Chicago in the late 1930's when Janet was a Young Communist Leaguer and Cheddi was studying dentistry at Northwestern. After Cheddi took his bride home to British Guiana, he soon began spending more time at political rallies than at the dentist's chair. He founded the People's Progressive Party in 1950, won a fair election in 1953, was booted out of office by the British, but won again in 1957 and again in 1961. Janet is secretary general of the P.P.P., and Cheddi is premier of British Guiana, though still subject to British veto.

"Cheddi is probably not under Communist Party discipline," says one British official, "but is completely influenced by Janet, who probably is." Jagan's minister of agriculture, Brindley Benn, who is president of the P.P.P., says "It is easier to stop tomorrow than to stop Communism." Minister of trade and industry Henry J. M. Hubbard adds, "To call a man a Communist is the greatest compliment one can pay." Jagan's own views got an airing before a British commission of inquiry last year:

Q: Doctor Jagan, are you an admirer of Fidel Castro?

A: I have said so, yes.

Q: Are you an admirer of Nikita Khrushchev?

A: Yes.

Q: Of the policies [of Khrushchev] which you know, is there any that you can think of to which you do not subscribe?

A: I cannot think of any at the moment.

Q: Now do you accept the classical Communist doctrines of Marx and Lenin?

A: I believe in Marxism, yes.

Q: And Lenin?

A: Yes.

Jagan's principal aim right now is full independence from Britain. The British are stalling. One reason is that Jagan's budget last year—including a Cuba-style compulsory savings plan—set off riots that left six dead and a section of downtown Georgetown in smoking ruins. And old anti-imperialist Jagan had to call for Coldstream Guards to put down the riots. A deeper reason is that voting in British Guiana is on racial lines—the East Indians for Jagan, the blacks for one opposition party, the whites for another. Thus Jagan was able to win 20 out of 35 seats in parliament with only 42 percent of the vote. The opposition wants a scheme of proportional representation that would rob Jagan of his parliamentary majority. But a constitutional conference in London ended in deadlock last fall. Another will probably be held late this year or early next spring.

Jagan's ministers, for the most part, are abysmally inefficient. On a sultry afternoon, in his second-floor office in a dilapidated wood-frame building, agriculture minister Brindley Benn ("It is easier to stop tomorrow than to stop Communism") poked about a musty pile of books on his desk and confessed himself unable to answer even the most elementary questions about British Guianese rice or sugar production. Peter d'Aguair, the leader of the white opposition party, predicts glumly, "The day after the British leave, this place will be swarming with Russian and Cuban technicians. Jagan's ministers just do not have the experience or even the basic education to run a country. He needs Coldstream Guards now, but he'll need Russians then."

The Guadalupe shrine in suburban Mexico City symbolizes one major force against Communism. In Latin America, 80 percent Catholic, priests must battle Red influence on students and peasants.

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Devout Peruvians kneel in prayer at candle-lit altar.

A PRIEST FIGHTS REDS BY AIDING THE POOR.

"The Communists try to spread bad things about the church. They say we priests are politicians and allies of the rich."

It is sunset at Población José María Caro, a grimy slum on the outskirts of Santiago, Chile. Hands clasped behind his back, Father Pedro Castex walks along the dirt street. He is a wiry, bespectacled man with large brown eyes and steel-gray hair, receding now at his temples. He wears rough work pants, a jaunty beret and a corduroy jacket. His shoes are caked with mud, and he looks much older than his 42 years.

Impulsively he breaks off his conversation at the gate of a worker's home and picks up a small child. Its mother watches proudly from the doorway. He moves next door, inquires about the health of a pregnant woman lying inside. Soon he resumes his walk. Around him in every direction the walls are splashed in red with hammer-and-sickle emblems.

"When I came here the feeling was more for the Communists than for us. In three years we have changed that. We live with the people. We fight for solutions to their problems. The Communists fight every day. The church cannot fight only on Sundays.

"The people here are Catholic in name, but they are not Catholic in practice. Only 10 percent attend our Mass; only 5 percent take communion. They are Christian by tradition, but they have no living faith. That is our job—to give them that faith. With more priests and more laymen it would be possible."

The church is woefully understaffed. In the United States there is one priest for every 700 Catholics, in Latin America one priest for every 4,800 Catholics. In this slum Father Castex has only his 10 assistant priests, and there are 140,000 Catholics. Money is another problem. "In the beginning," says the priest, "we could not accept contributions at our services because the Communists told the people that all we wanted was money. Now the people are starting to give because they see what the church is doing. But they cannot give very much—only about $50 per month."

One reason Father Castex needs money is that he and 10 volunteers are building a new church called Jesús Obrero. But he also needs money for other programs.

"We have folklore pageants, and we also use our theater for teaching. We fight illiteracy. We try to teach young people that they can develop their community by working together. Sometimes our progress is slow, and I get discouraged. I pray then. I could not stay here even a week without prayer."

Despite occasional setbacks, Father Castex is sure the church is winning its battle in this slum.

"After I had been here about one year," he says, "I made a speech in one of the better residential sections of Santiago. I told about the wonderful progress we had made in the *población*. The Communists heard about the speech, and they told the people I was making fun of them. The people are poor, but they are very proud, and they called a meeting to denounce me. Six hundred came. At first I didn't know how to defend myself. But I got up and talked for one hour. When I finished, a strange thing happened. The people cheered. And I cried for the first time in many years. The Communists have not attacked me directly ever since that day."—T.A.

Relaxing in a long-tailed white shirt at a cocktail party, Jagan answered, "Everybody keeps talking about Cuba. I don't see any Cubans here, do you?" The reply from Jagan's opponents would be, "Not now, but soon."

Will British Guiana be an important new base for Communism in Latin America? The British do not think so. "It is not, after all, a country that weighs very large on the world scale," says one. And though Jagan is lionized by the Communists and Fidelistas wherever he goes in Latin America, Minister Benn observes, "We get these letters from the Latin Americans, man, and none of us speaks Spanish. They usually catch dust for a week or so before we can find anybody to translate." Despite the language barrier, however, a Communist Guiana—and it seems to be coming—would give the Russians another base, while providing another psychological boost to the Latin-American parties.

After backward British Guiana, the gravest Communist challenge at the polls comes in one of the most important South American countries and one of its handful of working democracies, Chile. When Chile's sturdy citizens went to the polls in April to elect their municipal councils, the vote was closely studied as a barometer of Latin America's most important presidential election for 1964. A Communist-dominated coalition called FRAP, for Popular Action Front, polled 580,000 votes for its municipal candidates, or 28 percent of the total. It had hoped to do much better, but this was still by far the biggest Communist showing at the polls in South America.

Communism has always been popular, and respectable, in Chile. The party newspaper, *El Siglo*, is the slickest and most professional Communist daily in the Americas. The Communist leaders are mostly intellectuals from good families, on friendly terms with the ruling groups. Communist Party conventions are held in the *Sala de Honor* of the Chilean Congress. Back in 1946 the Communists helped elect a popular-front president and for a while held three cabinet posts.

But even from this old and solid base, the Communist surge in recent years has been spectacular. FRAP polled 350,000 votes in 1958—missing the presidency by only 35,000 votes—then got 400,000 votes in the 1961 congressional elections and 580,000 this April. FRAP's candidate for president next year is Salvador Allende, a prosperous Santiago pathologist and a Socialist. He is a short, excitable man who wears wide glasses of a light-green tint, giving the effect of a wraparound windshield. He was not happy about the election. "One of the dirtiest campaigns in history!" he said. An effective opposition radio commercial, alluding to Cuba, especially infuriated Allende. "It opened with somebody shouting, 'Attention! Attention!' Then came a *rat-a-tat-tat* of bullets. Then a woman's mournful voice saying, 'Now my son's turn has come at the execution wall.' They also said I was going to give away Chilean territory to Bolivia, give Bolivia a passage to the sea. Lies! All lies!"

Allende got so angry at this point that he stormed from the room. He came back somewhat calmer. "The presidential campaign next year will be just as dirty," he predicted. "The imperialists and the Catholic charities will dispense money to beat me. The international news agencies will tell lies about me. But there will be three candidates in the field, and I will win."

In the anteroom of Allende's offices in the Chilean Senate, a huge copy of Castro's *Second Declaration of Havana* covers most of one wall. Upon election, Allende promises to make Chile the "second free nation in Latin America." By the first he means Cuba. At his Socialist Party headquarters in Santiago, where a portrait of Lenin glowers down, the party's secretary general and chief ideologist, Sen. Rául Ampuero, explains genially enough that FRAP is "irreversibly opposed to the Alliance for Progress, which is only delaying the inevitable revolution." He says that FRAP would probably have to take Chile out of the Organization of American States, "which has become an alliance for the defense of capitalism." FRAP's chairman is Luis Corvalan, who is also secretary general of the Chilean Communist Party.

If it is a three-man field next year, as Allende predicts, he must attract still more new votes to win—but nobody rules out that possibility. "All we can do," says an American diplomat, "is to get American aid really moving here. Impact programs that will pay off at the polls. And hope for the best."

The fourth Communist tactic—infiltration—could be the most important of all. For with this tactic the Communists are making their most massive effort in the most important country of all, Brazil. "It doesn't take much imagination to see the stakes," says a Washington official. "Half the continent in land area, a third of all Latin America in population. Contiguous borders with 10 countries. It's the China of Latin America, and if we lost it, all the rest might follow with surprising speed."

The Communist Party in Brazil is small, with only about 35,000 members. That is quite a decline from the 1940's when the party counted 200,000 card carriers and its candidates polled 700,000 votes. "This is the fascinating question today," says a Western diplomat. "Why so few can have such seeming influence in such an enormous country. I call it parallelism—a lot of lines of thought that run in the same general direction as Communism. And then this country only entered the modern world under Dictator Getulio Vargas. He ran the place from 1930 to 1945, then won a free election in 1950. There was always a strong element of state socialism in the Vargas system."

Still another factor to be considered is Luiz Carlos Prestes, the head of the Communist Party and a figure of legend in Brazil. He is one of the famed *tenientes*, the young army officers who revolted against the right-wing government back in the 1920's. He led his Prestes Column on a fabled long march, which lasted two years and covered more than 22,000 miles while his men fought scores of pitched battles with government troops. The *teniente* element in the army is still strong, and these men still have a warm memory of Prestes's courage.

The Communists needed a political fluke to get to the position of influence that they hold in Brazil today. But that fluke occurred in August of 1961 when the eccentric Jânio Quadros, who had been elected president only a year earlier on a nationalist but non-Communist platform, resigned abruptly and took a ship for Europe, muttering neurotically about "dark forces" aligned against him. This threw the presidency to a wily leftist named João Belchior Marques (Jango) Goulart, who had learned his politics at Vargas's feet. Goulart had served the Vargas government as labor minister and

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had twice been elected as vice-president with ample support from the Communists.

"It is not that Goulart is pro-Communist," says one of his fiercest political opponents. "He is an apprentice *caudillo*, a man without ideas, the kind of man that men with ideas can use. He got where he is today by saying yes to everybody, including the Communists. Now he occupies a post where the most important task is saying no."

Under Goulart the Communists have made steady gains in Brazil. "Going Communist-hunting here is a tricky business," says a political expert. "If you look for open party members, you can find a few at the lower echelons of government. If you cast the net a bit wider—this is a jawbreaker, but let's call them anti-American-pro-Soviet-bloc-state-socialist-authoritarians, people who are for everything the Communists are for and against everything that we are for—the list becomes more impressive. A good many of these people are doubtless covert members of the party. If you are looking for theoretical Marxists, that might include half the people who can read and write."

Dangerous infiltration

The Communist technique of infiltration has achieved some striking results. Jango Goulart's press secretary, Raul Ryff, the Pierre Salinger of Brazil, is a Communist. He does not admit it publicly, but according to U.S. intelligence he has a party record dating back to the 1930's. And his closest friends say that in private neither he nor his wife Beatrix makes any bones about it. "He's a charming fellow and quite efficient too," says an American journalist. "I only wish he were on our side."

There are eight known Communists among the top officials in SUDENE, the vast government agency in charge of developing the Brazilian Northeast. In Pernambuco state in the Brazilian Northeast, Gov. Miguel Arraes was elected on an anti-American platform last year by Goulart's Brazilian Labor Party and the Communists. Arraes's government—and it's worth remembering that all Brazilian state governors have considerable local autonomy—has put no less than six open Communist Party members into key positions.

Moving on to that formidable category—the anti-American-pro-Soviet-bloc-state-socialist-authoritarians—one name that stands out is Leonel Brizola, Goulart's brother-in-law and former governor of Rio Grande do Sul, now a federal deputy from Guanabara state. Brizola denounced the Peace Corps workers as "foreign agents," and he was one of the leading sponsors of the pro-Cuba Solidarity Conference held last March in Rio.

Another big name is Almino Alfonso, Goulart's labor minister. An open Fidelista, he was another top sponsor of the conference and is widely believed to be a covert member of the party. Perhaps the most important name of all—and the biggest enigma—is Gen. Osvino Alves, commander of the First Army, which controls Rio de Janeiro. Alves is known in Brazil as the "people's general." He is an ultranationalist and left-wing Social-ist. Goulart named him to his present ..ey post apparently as a first line of defense against any right-wing coup. "Alves fancies himself the Nasser of Brazil," says one Western diplomat.

There is speculation, and with good cause, about a man named Evandro Lins e Silva, who is head of Goulart's civil household. For years Lins e Silva has been the Communists' top lawyer in Brazil. His sister is married to a man named Valerio Kondor, who is head of the Partisans for Peace, a Communist-front outfit that is a branch of the World Peace Council. What makes the skein even more intriguing is that Valerio's brother, Vitor Kondor, thought to be a party member, is assistant head of the civil household under Evandro Lins e Silva.

What could these few names add up to? One Western diplomat put it this way: "Guanabara state, which includes Rio, is going left in the next election. All the polls show it. And here is Brizola, who last year got more votes for federal deputy than any man in the history of Guanabara state. There is a good chance he could be the next governor of Guanabara. Almino Alfonso might well run and get elected in São Paulo. This would deliver the industrial heart of Brazil to the far left, the pro-Communists if you will. There is already Gov. Arraes in Pernambuco, the key to the Northeast. With Lins e Silva working within the federal bureaucracy and General Alves within the army, the country could swing to the far left and perhaps even elect a pro-Communist president."

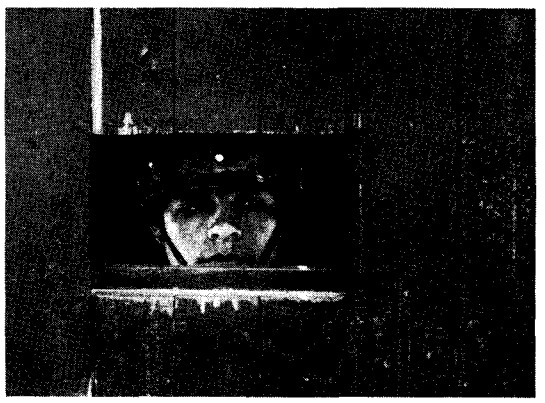
So much for the strategy for complete Communist takeover in Latin America. It is a danger but not a very immediate danger. Yet there is a distinct possibility that the Communists, while failing to win outright control, will be able to tilt the continent out of the Western and into the neutralist bloc. In pursuit of this goal, the Communists are using the great wave of nationalism now sweeping through Latin America.

Latin politicians, however pro-Western their sympathies, find it prudent these days to run on a platform emphasizing their "independent" foreign policy. Probably a majority of all politically active Latin Americans are in favor of diplomatic relations with Communist-bloc countries, including China, and some sort of state socialism at home.

The Communists have been quite effective in heightening these feelings and turning them into anti-capitalism and anti-Americanism. "There is an enormous, unconscious playback from Communist propaganda," says an American diplomat. "For instance, there is the myth that the United States does not really want to see Latin America develop because we would lose our markets here for manufactured goods. Another widely held myth is that private enterprise will never work in Latin America. It has not worked all that well so far, perhaps, but it has worked a hell of a lot better than the state-run enterprises."

In this crucial propaganda struggle Russia argues its cause skillfully while the United States often alienates its friends and pushes them further to the left. When a new aid package for Brazil was up for consideration in Washington last spring, a host of U.S. congressmen rose to attack Brazil's fiscal irresponsibility and leftward drift.

Just when Brazilian tempers were most inflamed at what the Brazilians regarded as "U.S. interference in their affairs," Nikita Khrushchev granted a long interview to a Brazilian journalist. Khrushchev lavishly praised Brazil's art and culture, rambled on about Brazil's future as one of the world's great powers, offered



The army still eyes democracy with suspicion.

AN OFFICER SAYS REDS MUST BE MET WITH FORCE.

"It is not only permissible for us to overthrow the government; it is our moral duty. We *must* take power. How else do you preserve the dignity of the republic? How else do you safeguard the country against the advances of Communism? By words?"

It is well past midnight, and the small café in a Buenos Aires suburb is almost deserted. The revolt against the army-dominated government of President José María Guido has ended in failure. Loyalist tanks rumble through the streets. Infantrymen continue to mop up the insurgents. An official spokesman promises that elections will be held as scheduled.

The rebel colonel, a slender man with a pencil-thin moustache, sits in a corner booth brooding quietly. For him it is an old story: In 12 years as an army intelligence officer he has taken part in 16 revolts and four conspiracies. Many of them were successful. This time he has lost. In a few hours he will flee to exile in Uruguay.

"Peronism! It is driving our country apart," the colonel says, his voice tinged with bitterness. "Look at us. We have the highest literacy rate and the highest standard of living of any country in Latin America. Yet we have had 40 crises in the past five years because we have never solved the problem of Peronism.

"The Blues [forces loyal to President Guido] say you must let the Peronists vote for their own candidates in the elections. They say we must assimilate them; that this is the only way for the nation to survive. But we *Colorados* [rebel forces] believe you cannot let the Peronists participate without inviting a return of totalitarianism. The Communists are riding Peronism like a horse.

"We tried to overthrow President Guido because we have no confidence in his government. He does not see the danger. We must take the situation into our own hands."

Military officers' willingness to take a situation into their own hands is not an Argentine phenomenon; it exists throughout the hemisphere. Although there are fewer countries ruled by generals today than in the past (10 in 1955; five in 1963), the fact remains that in almost every South American nation the army is still the final umpire of the political game.

In Peru an army junta seized power last year after a democratic election produced what the army called "irregularities" in favor of a liberal candidate. In Argentina in 1961 the army removed President Arturo Frondizi, spirited him off to Martín García Island and put in Guido as its choice. In Guatemala this spring an "anti-Communist" coup threw out "Anti-Communist" President Miguel Ydígoras Fuentas and replaced him with an unknown colonel who is presumably still more anti-Communist.

In almost every case these coups set back the cause of democracy and delay programs of social reform and economic progress. Yet the men who lead them insist they have no personal ambitions. They say their only desire is to *preserve* democracy.

"What you Americans may sometimes fail to understand," the rebel colonel adds, "is that in most South American countries you have only a very rich minority and a huge mass of poor. There is nothing in between—no middle class—and this creates a vacuum. When there is a crisis in the government leadership we fill the vacuum. We stabilize the situation. If we don't, who else can?"—T.A.

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Lima's poor live like this. The children seldom find enough to eat.

RED SEEDBED: THE SLUM

Rosa Mostacero is worried and unhappy because the city no longer dumps its garbage near her shack.

"It was a real loss for us," Rosa says. "For years that kept the children alive. Now it is even harder to find food."

Rosa's home is 30 feet long, nine feet wide and five feet high. Its walls are made of straw matting, cardboard and flattened tin cans. It has a dirt floor. Rosa shares it not only with her husband, Antonio, and their five children but also with two other families—six adults and 11 children in all.

This is one of the slums of Lima, among the worst in the world.

The slums abound with pigs and chickens and dogs. The dogs are smooth-haired, hungry and mean. The slums also abound with children. They too are sick and hungry, and their faces are pocked with open sores. But their eyes are filled with hope.

Less than two miles from the presidential palace is the slum called *El Montón* (The Dump). Orange peels, tin cans, scraps of paper and metal clutter the ground. Rising in the center of the slum is a mound of earth 1,800 feet long, 400 feet wide and 80 feet high. This is where city trucks used to dump the garbage. At 4 each morning children, dogs and pigs would battle for scraps. Now Lima has a modern, chemically operated disposal plant. Yet the putrid stench still lingers over the slum. It burns your nose; it even burns your tongue.

This is where the Mostacero family lives. By the door of the rickety shack, built into the side of the dump, stands Pascuala Mostacero. Dressed in black, she is a small, sunken-cheeked woman with a weak voice and reddened eyes. With her husband, Inocente, she came to Lima a few months ago from the village of Contumaza in the northern highlands. "They were getting old," says her daughter, Rosa, "so I sent for them."

At first Pascuala collected rags which she could sell for a few pennies a pound. Then the families on the other side of the dump refused to let her come into their areas. Lately she has been having dizzy spells. During the day Inocente sits in the doorway watching three dogs and 16 chickens scurry about the "yard." A filthy gray bandage covers his swollen right foot. He would like to see a doctor about this and about the pains in his kidney, but there is no money. In Contumaza he was a farmer. He could bring home food. It angers him to know he cannot do this anymore.

Rosa's husband works in a brick factory and earns an average $1.60 a day. One week in April he brought home only $2.40. That week Rosa had to kill two chickens. "Some days we eat," she says. "Other days we don't."

During the day the children play on top of the dump. There is no money to send them to school. Uniforms and books are expensive. Once Rosa almost had enough money to send her eldest son, 15-year-old César Alejandro, to school. But he had no shoes. The principal sent him home again. Each afternoon he goes out looking for a pair of shoes. Rosa wonders if it's worth the trouble now because César has a sickly pallor and a terrible racking cough. Rosa knows that it is bad luck to say the word *tuberculosis*. "Sometimes the boy is faint and dizzy," she explains, sadly. "Maybe it is because we don't have enough food."—T.A.

a rosy vista of future trade—Brazilian coffee for Soviet petroleum, entire new factories on long-term credit, and so on. "He told them exactly what they wanted to hear," said an American reporter. "And, man, was it ever effective."

What many Latin friends of the United States worry about most is the clash of national policies, in which reciprocal insults and suspicions gradually get beyond control. "This is what I think the Communists are really working for and hoping for," says a Brazilian editor. "You Americans cut off aid for a while because you think we're not behaving. In return, we invite Castro or Khrushchev for a visit. We are denounced in the U.S. Congress and press. Before either of us really knows what's happening, the ties are gradually severed. Brazil needs external financing on the order of a billion dollars a year. Every Brazilian is convinced that if the Western world is not willing to provide it, Russia will."

Another danger is that Latin America's nascent democratic institutions will simply not be able to survive the enormous problems of economic development. About a year ago militarism seemed to be dying out in Latin America. Then came the army coups, first in Argentina, then in Peru and Guatemala. "As the economies fall behind the challenge, and pressures mount," says one American expert, "a number of other countries may well come under the rule of 'technocrats'—army officers, businessmen and engineers. There will be a strong temptation on their part to turn to the Communists for some semblance of popular support." And, of course, with suppleness and complete immorality, the Communists will divide their forces—as they did under dictators in Venezuela and Cuba—one branch cooperating with the government for immediate gains, the other going underground to infiltrate the revolutionary forces plotting the dictator's overthrow. In his *Handbook on Guerrilla Warfare*, Che Guevara admits candidly that a guerrilla revolution can succeed only against a dictatorship, not against a popular, democratic regime.

Whose responsibility?

What can the United States do to counter the Communist drive? The fact is that the United States has a somewhat limited power of action and influence these days. It can try to persuade but cannot coerce. The State Department brought all possible diplomatic pressures to bear in an attempt to stop the military takeover of the Peruvian government. These pressures were coolly ignored, and the United States had no choice but to back down and recognize the junta.

The end of U.S. hegemony means that the responsibility for fighting Communism now rests almost entirely with Latin Americans—which is probably where it should rest. "Dulles kicked the Communists out of Guatemala and installed a right-wing dictatorship," an American diplomat mused. "This left a very bad taste all over Latin America." President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress recognized this state of affairs when it called for a massive self-help program, in which U.S. aid would play a vital but secondary role. The Alliance is generally rated a failure in Latin America. Yet despite some bureaucratic delays in Washington, the money has been flowing and the failure is mainly in Latin America, where basic reforms lag considerably behind U.S. spending.

The countries that are moving ahead are doing so because of locally created institutions, and politicians who rose to the top by their own strenuous efforts. Some are members of an informal club generally referred to as the "democratic left," including President Betancourt of Venezuela and President Juan Bosch of the Dominican Republic. In the countries where such men hold sway, the Communists have found it difficult to acquire any mass support. Other native radical movements have never been particularly democratic—such as the monolithic party that runs Mexico, or the Peronistas in Argentina. But they have proved themselves adept at keeping the masses away from the Communists.

Quite late in the game the Catholic Church is emerging as a major anti-Communist force in Latin America. More than 80 percent of all Latin Americans are baptized in the church, but until recently its bishops were the ignored voices of the right wing. The new trend started in the 1950's when the church began to speak out against dictatorial regimes. But it really began to flower after the late Pope John issued his encyclical, *Mater et Magistra*, urging social justice. In the Brazilian Northeast, landowners now denounce Catholic priests as "Communists" because they are preaching agrarian reform. These priests have organized their own peasant leagues and are draining strength away from Castro's follower, Francisco Julião. In Chile, while the Communists picked up thousands of new votes in the April elections, the church-backed Christian Democrats did even better, emerging as the biggest single party in Chile. The Communists angrily and correctly blamed the church for a large role in this dramatic turn of events.

The new church power can also be seen in the universities, long a major area of Communist recruitment and strength. Two years ago a Christian Democratic student group calling themselves "Humanists" wrested control of Latin America's largest single school, the University of Buenos Aires, away from the Communists. In Chile the Christian Democrats defeated the Communists first at the University of Santiago and then at all other universities. A non-Communist coalition won control of the student organization at the University of Mexico.

American policy is to support these progressive movements, whether they are vocally pro-American or not. Says one Washington official, "The patsy governments of the past simply will not work anymore." A great many American diplomats are convinced that the U.S. must learn to accommodate itself gracefully to a Latin-American shift several degrees further to the left.

Certainly there will be setbacks. And the setbacks may be dangerous—say, for a start, a Communist British Guiana, buttressed by Soviet technicians. If the setbacks go on to include a Communist-front victory in Chile and a dizzy leftward swing in Brazil, they might be nearly fatal. And then there are the Andean countries—Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador—superficially pro-Western but profoundly resentful and ready for revolution. Teodoro Moscoso, the U.S. chief of the Alliance for Progress, likes to say that the Europe that was rebuilt by U.S. aid had been ravaged by war, but that Latin America was "ravaged by history." Dealing with a set of ills that old, confronted by a Communist challenge of the present scope, we face an outcome that will be neither simple, quick nor certain. THE END

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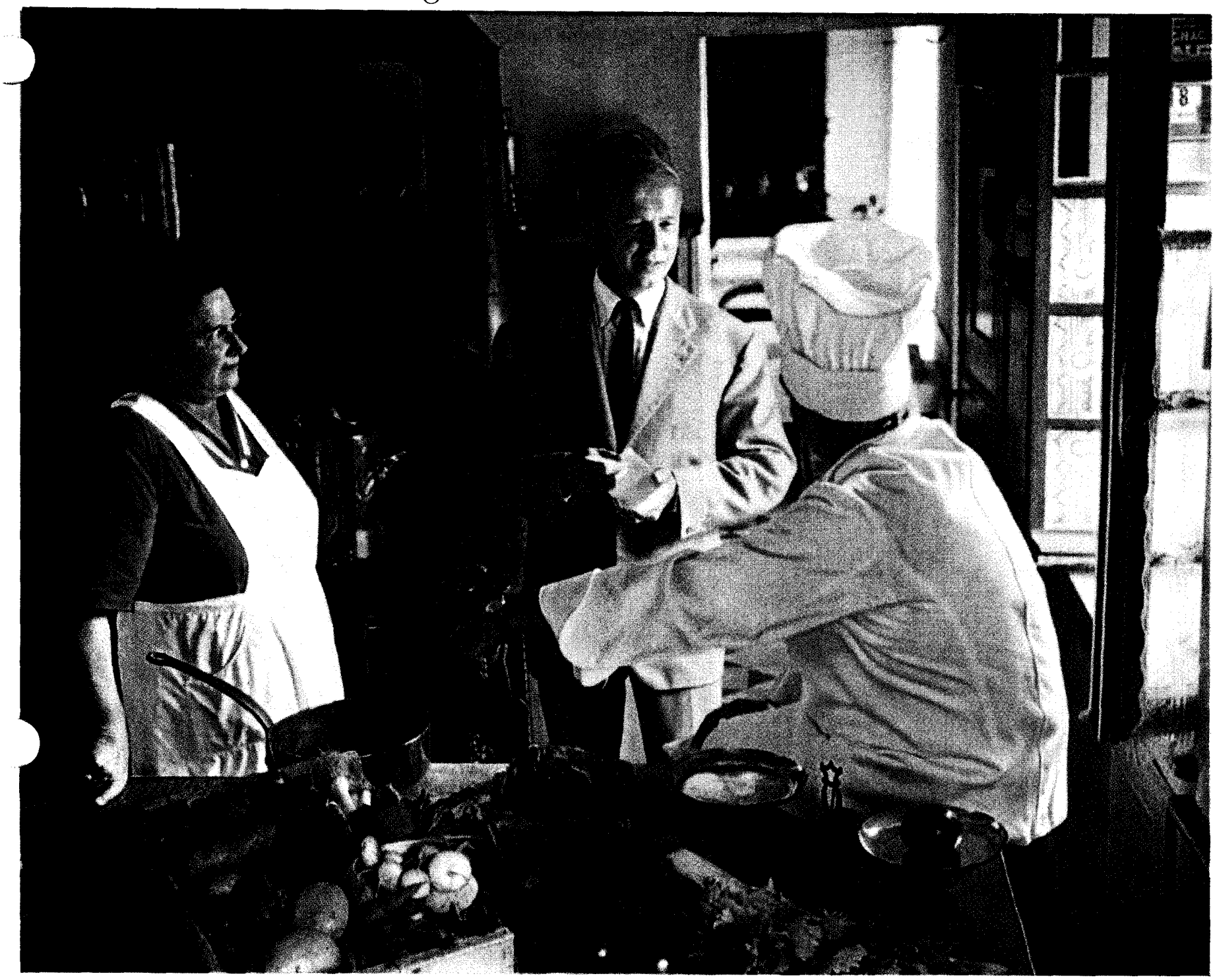
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



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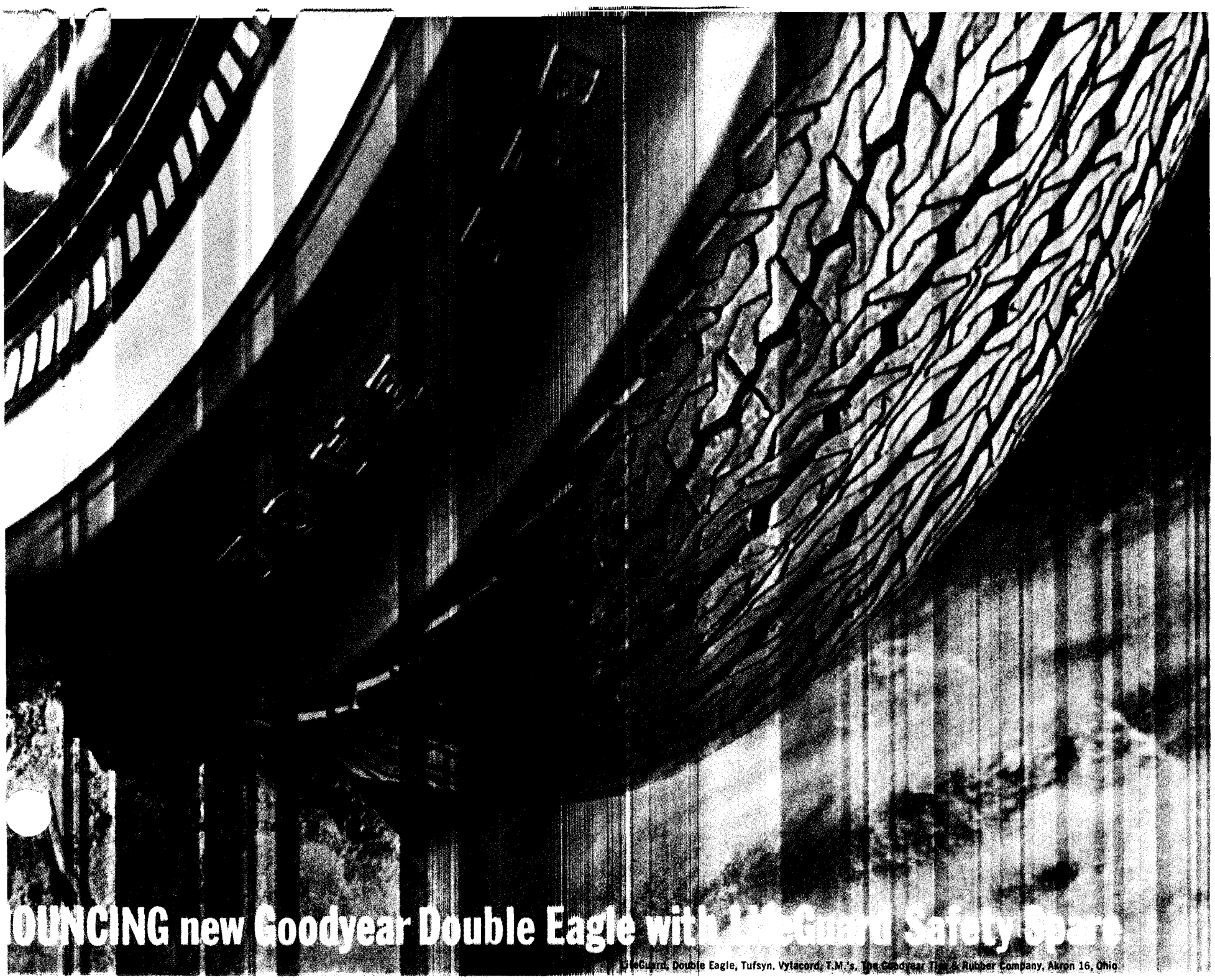

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Let's nix the sickniks

An infuriated observer knocks all the ill ilk, but cheers his own kind of squares.

By Robert Ruark

High priest of the hip set, Lenny Bruce pours out four-letter words during nightclub act.

Sarah Vaughan often breaks Ruark's heart.

In night spots, Frank Sinatra sometimes mutters lyrics, but still his cup overfloweth.

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Down with seamy comics and singers with sloppy manners, cries the author.

The lounge piano had taken a break at a nightclub called the Blue Angel, a sophisticated *boîte* on New York's East Side, and the piano player was flexing his fingers over a quickie at the bar. Inside the smoky cave of the nightclub proper, the lights were briefly up between acts as the waiters brought fresh doubles to the packed postage-stamp tables. In the dressing room, a comedian named Lenny Bruce, a dark, handsome, sideburned exponent of the sick-comedian cult, was revving himself up to give the customers an hour of unleavened four-letter words plus gross assaults on motherhood, the Testaments Old and New, and vivid descriptions of the more basic physical and sexual processes.

Two cops came quietly into the club. They were wired with armpit microphones hooked to a tape recorder.

"We got a complaint on Bruce," one cop said to Curt Weinberg, the press agent for the nightclub. "We'll catch the act." Weinberg hastily scurried back to the dressing room.

"There's fuzz out front," he said to Bruce. "They're taping this show. We can't afford a bust. You promised you'd take it easy. So take it *easy*."

Bruce, profanely uncooperative on most occasions with any suggestion that might interfere with his idea of art, for once was strangely agreeable.

"He went on," Weinberg said later, "and did a solid hour of comedy without using so much as one 'darn.' The customers and the cops saw a fine, funny, antiseptically clean show. But twenty of Lenny's regulars walked out, sore."

"Who were the regulars?" I asked.

"The usual," he replied. "Call girls, their business advisers, the late-night marijuana set with clean collars, some mainlining musicians—you know."

Nat Cole is king in Ruark's book.

"Then he *can* work clean?"

"Sure he can work clean. He worked clean in burlesque and nightclubs for years, and he never did better than $100 a week. For peddling filth he gets $5,000, so filth he peddles."

This seemed to file a sharp point on the somewhat shocking state of some sections of show business these days—the difference between solid comedy and a psycho-neurotic-cesspool state of mind being worth $4,900 a week.

New York City's Blue Angel has possibly hatched more enduring talent than any other single nightclub in that city. It is operated by a little man named Max Gordon, whose thatch of white hair covers a brain particularly attuned to the appreciation of the likes of Harry Belafonte, Carol Burnett, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Shelley Berman, Dorothy Loudon, Dick Gregory and, latterly, one of the hottest commodities in the singing business, Barbra Streisand.

As a nursery for talent, the club has enjoyed an unusual prestige not only among discerning New Yorkers but also with the well-heeled gentleman and his wife from Duluth. This childish faith by the out-of-towner in the Angel was roughly transgressed by Bruce.

Bruce, after promising Gordon to do nothing to jeopardize the nightclub's reputation, went into his usual routine of appalling filth. The effect on the gentleman from Duluth, as described by press-agent Weinberg, was:

1. He was shocked.
2. He felt his faith was violated.
3. He and his wife walked out.
4. He no longer trusted the Blue Angel.

"Five," Weinberg concluded, "Max didn't book Lenny into the Blue Angel anymore, but shot him to his club in Greenwich Village, the Vanguard, where the stomachs are stronger."

As high priest of the sick comedians, as the pinup boy of the hip set, Bruce puts on an act that would gag a goat. But when I caught him at the Village Vanguard, the cellar was packed and the customers hushed except for bursts of applause and loud laughter. I wasn't prepared for the unceasing stream of sewage which appeared to fascinate an audience devoted to Bruce.

Sick humor seems to have been a phenomenon of the '50's. If you will recall, the decade spawned a whole body of psychologically twisted humor such as: "Mommy, why is daddy lying so still?" And the answer: "Shut up and dig."

"Sick" became the catchword of the '50's. You never said anybody was nuts; you said: "Man, you're sick." The alleged humor built itself off that state of inverted mental sickness, and it was only natural that it would descend to the barnyard in its eventual amplification. It was aided considerably by "hip" talk, a sort of secret language known mostly to musicians and marijuana smokers, in which a whole lexicon of careless scatological terminology was added to the punctuation of ordinary conversation. Four-letter words displaced commas, and the profane attack on any established institution, from church to motherhood, became vital to the hipster's jargon. The end product is a man like Lenny Bruce.

Bruce has been arrested in Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago on either narcotics or filthy-material charges, and was booted out of Australia for giving an indecent show. In Chicago he was convicted *in absentia* on a charge of performing a lewd show. He was given a year's sentence and fined $1,000 and is appealing the conviction.

On the evening that I caught him he opened his act by playing a tape of what he proudly called "The last time the cops bust me in Chicago."

This seemed to be a cacophony of smashing furniture, breaking glass, shouts, obscenity, fleeing customers and scraps of the kind of show that would lead even a Chicago cop to break up an act. Bruce loved it. I went back to talk to him after the show, and found him sitting in a corner replaying his tape and sort of crooning to himself. He was in a basement storeroom, surrounded by old beer cartons and whiskey boxes and seemed completely happy. I asked him a few questions and received no coherent answer. He appeared to be completely out of this world.

As far as I can make out, Bruce's stage material fits his personal life. His mother, to whom he generally refers in a decidedly unfilial manner in his show, was a burlesque stripper. He never mentions his father. In recent years his favorite working garb has been a long black alpaca coat that buttons high on his neck. He calls this his "Chinese Rabbi" suit. His off-stage speech differs in no way from his on-stage material.

Although he has been in the big chips for several years, he lives at a fleabag hotel in New York. Just before he comes to New York to play a date, he wires the hotel $50 to repaint his room. He likes it blue, possibly to match his material.

Happily enough, it seems to me, there is a growing revulsion in all the areas of entertainment against the beatnik, the sick, and the sloppy performance which largely marked the '50's. By sloppy I mean the antithesis of the standup singer who sings. By sloppy I mean the singer who spends half of his time making inside jokes with the boys in the band, or who makes a prideful point of forgetting the lyrics, or who plays down to the customer with the attitude of "You wouldn't understand it, anyhow, jerk."

Sloppiness is infectious. Bing Crosby started it, really, when he quit singing straight to make jokes with Bob Hope in the middle of a song. Pearl Bailey was always guilty of climbing in and out of the orchestra pit and discarding the lyrics for hip cracks to the sidemen.

Sinatra, when he's trying, can enthrall a room, but in the last few years he has taken to muttering his live lyrics in his beard and, on TV, making private jokes with his partner. The last time I saw Frank, on a TV special with Dinah Shore, I don't think anybody completed a lyric. It was all neck-nuzzling and cutie-pie quips. On another Shore show, the giggling by-play between Dinah, who used to sing straight, and still does when she sings by herself, and Dean Martin, was so embarrassingly intimate as to suggest they had showed up only to play slap-and-tickle.

When Sarah Vaughan is on, and working, she can break your heart with the most effortless range of any singer I know. But I caught Vaughan one night last year at Basin Street East when she came on an hour late, sang a few bars of something that went "oodly-oodly-oo," and then signed off in favor of some young chick she described as a protégée. The protégée sang five or six long ones before the divine Sarah deigned to come back. The protégée, even though she might be, as Vaughan remarked, "a big girl now," is not a big enough girl to justify the price of Scotch in that barn.

The show-stoppers, the workers, like Nat Cole, seem to be fewer and farther between, but the demand is pressing. Cole has never been more popular in his long life. In the same Australia that scorned Lenny Bruce, I saw Nat fill a stadium three times a day for three weeks. The last time he played the Copa in New York the audience nearly ate him alive, out of sheer gratitude.

I think we are heading back to an era of the square, in music, and I do believe the customer is weary of being drowned in filth and philosophy by the comics.

Both Dorothy Loudon and Carol Burnett have climbed into public attention from a mild beginning at the Blue. Both gals are big-mouthed, stand-up-and-fall-down comediennes, and both, oddly, can sing pretty as well as funny.

The popularity of the Garry Moore TV show, which heaven knows is square in the better sense, is an indication that the audience is ready to be entertained on a professional level, rather than for the privilege of wandering into somebody's dressing or rehearsal room and catching them in their artistic underwear.

And now this new thrush Barbra Streisand, who came from nowhere overnight and promptly found herself famous as the result of one spot song in a musical, *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, is another outstanding example of what a singer can do if she sings. Streisand has a power to invest a song with enough *weltschmerz* to bate the breath of any noisy saloon.

Recently I have noticed some seismic flutterings to the effect that the name band might be coming back, and that some day men and women may even begin to dance together again, instead of separately. This would be almost too much to hope for, after a steady diet of cha-cha-cha, twist and other ring-around-the-rosy minuets such as the new Loop de Loop, which make the act of crossing a dance floor a venture into fear.

Whether these happy days will ever come again is anybody's guess, but I think it's a safe assumption to say that the beat boys, the sick boys and the conversational singers have about had it. San Francisco's *hungry i* saloon started a great deal of this nonsense, and it's possible that one day soon its name will have a quite unintended aptness. The winner in the case will be the hungry *you*—hungry for entertainment that stays out of the barnyard and does not depend on narcotics addiction or an Oedipus complex for an understanding of the delicate nuances of its meaning. THE END

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YANKEE WHO CONQUERED EVEREST

Big Jim Whittaker beat a reputation as a mountain hot-rodder to become the first American on the world's highest peak.

By MURRAY MORGAN

Seattle's Whittaker warms up on nearby Mount Rainier.

One of the worst and one of the best moments in American mountaineering occurred almost exactly four years apart, and both involved the same man, big Jim Whittaker.

In frightful cold, on May 2, 1963, Whittaker became the first American ever to stand among the clouds on the peak of Mount Everest, 29,028 feet above sea level.

That was his triumph. Near-tragedy came on the clear, bitterly cold evening of May 17, 1959. A party of four climbers was hurrying down from the summit of Alaska's 20,320-foot Mount McKinley, the highest peak in North America, which they had ascended in record time. Roped together as a quartet instead of in the customary pairs, they were working down from Denali Pass in a high traverse across dangerous ice, blue and hard.

Whittaker, a six-foot-five, 210-pound professional guide and climber, was leading the quartet. At the far end of the rope

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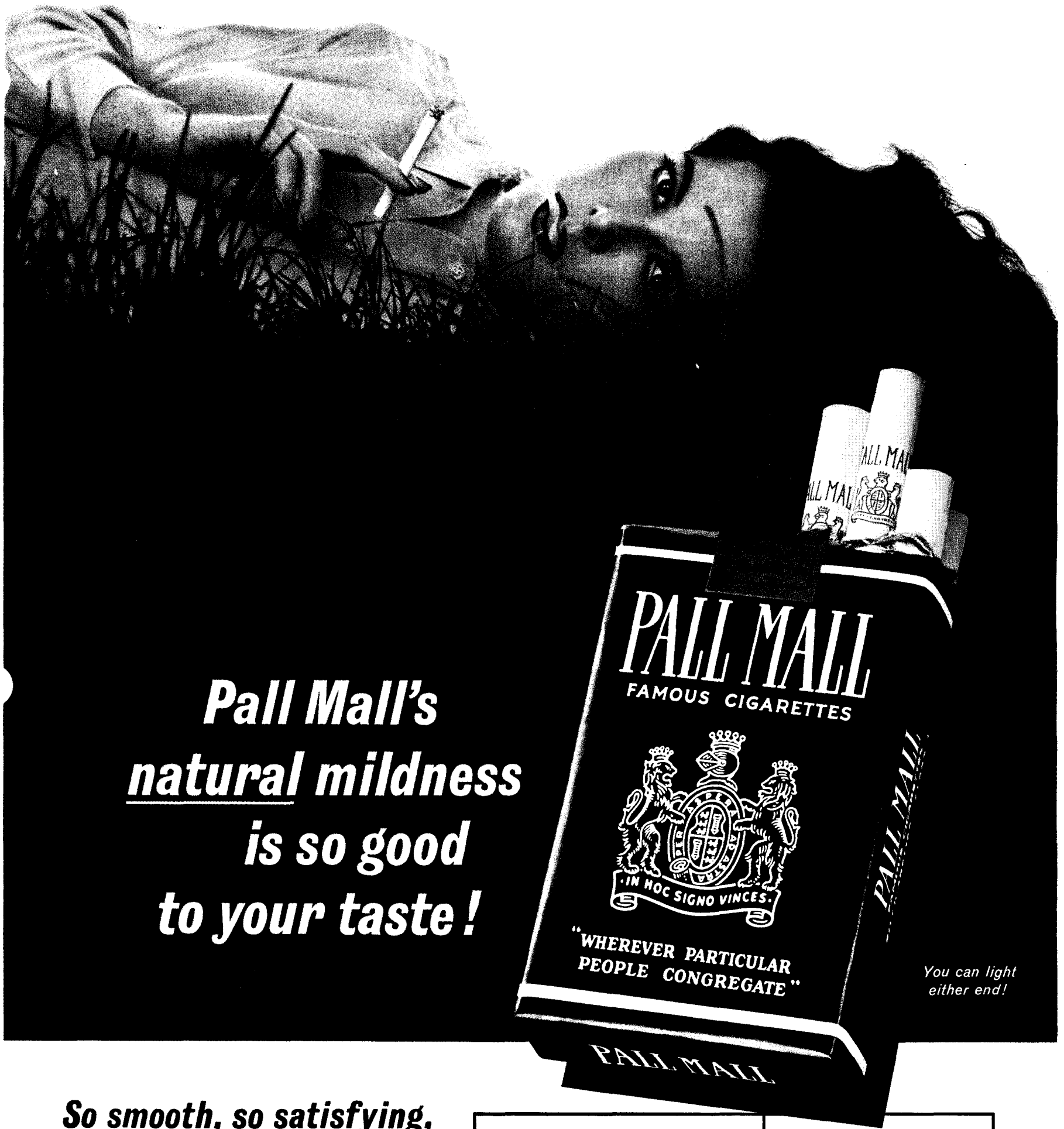

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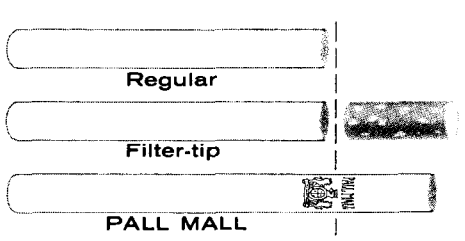

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His day of glory overshadowed his earlier nightmare on Mt. McKinley: Two rescuers died, two hikers were hurt following record-time ascent.

was Jim's identical twin, Lou, just as large but 10 minutes younger. In between were Pete Schoening, a young veteran of the Himalayas, who in 1953 had single-handedly held the rope that kept six men from plunging to their deaths on K-2 mountain in Pakistan, and John Day, a middle-aged Oregon millionaire rancher who got his kicks setting speed records for mountain climbs.

"We got across the hard ice," Jim Whittaker recalled later. "The slope gentled out and things looked real fine. We were almost off everything, and we relaxed and moved out faster because we wanted to get down to our high camp at 16,800 before we were caught by the two hours of darkness that make up the night in that country."

As they came off the blue ice and onto the hard snow, relaxed and incautious, Jim Whittaker slipped and plummeted down the mountainside.

"I saw him go," Lou said, "and Pete saw him go. Then John was pulled off, and I was pulled off, and Pete was pulled off. It was more or less a matter of plink, plink, plink."

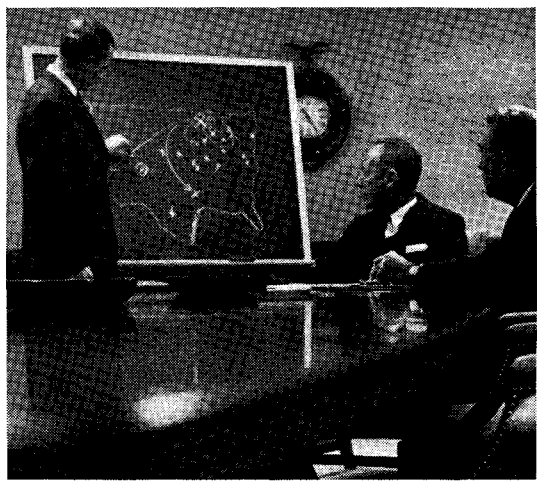
Broken leg, concussion

The four men skidded and bounced some 500 feet down the mountain, unable to check their plunge with ice axes. Then, in Lou's words, "We just slowed and stopped, much to our surprise." John Day had a broken leg, Pete Schoening a concussion; Jim Whittaker was dazed, somewhat deaf and had difficulty keeping his balance. They were at 17,200 feet, more than 3,000 feet higher than any climbing party had previously had an accident on an American mountain. And they were hundreds of miles from the nearest settlement.

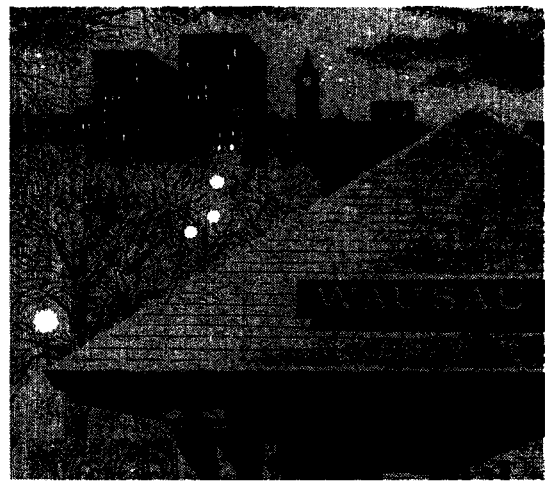
Still, luck was with them. Another climbing party was in sight below, descending the mountain; and someone heard Lou Whittaker's shouts. One member of the group was a doctor, who gave John Day emergency care. Another was a ham-radio operator who had a two-way set on which he sent out distress calls.

Eventually Day and Schoening were lifted off the mountain by helicopter. The Whittaker twins climbed down under their own power. But two rescue fliers pushed their plane too high, and they crashed and died within sight of the Day party on McKinley.

The Alaska press erupted with angry editorials and letters to the editors denouncing the cost of the rescue effort in lives and dollars. Though they had rushed to the rescue of the stranded climbers, many mountaineers in the Pacific Northwest and Alaska shared the sentiments expressed by the editorialists.



IN EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, Packaging Corporation of America Executive V.P., J. N. Andrews (center), gets report from Employers Mutuals' National Account executive on coordinated insurance program of his company's 55 plants and mills.



IN WAUSAU, WISCONSIN, the home office of the "good people to do business with," a unique way of working started fifty-two years ago, and has since spread to Employers Mutuals' 145 offices across the country.

IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA, Employers Mutuals surveyed 89-mile pipeline route before work started, designated areas where risks called for special coverages . . . saved pipeline company estimated $10,000 in insurance.

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Wausau Story, U.S.A.

Fifty-two years ago a group of lumbermen, determined to help each other hold down the number and cost of accidents, founded Employers Mutuals of Wausau. It has since grown into one of the nation's largest insurance companies, particularly in the field of workmen's compensation. Perhaps the prime reason for this growth stems from the fact that this is a *mutual* company with a special point of view toward insurance. To us, policyholders are partners. We measure our success only by their success in the prevention of loss. Each policyholder is a personal concern, receives close, individual attention. It is the Wausau way of doing business, symbolized today all over the country by the nostalgic Wausau railroad station. And it explains our national reputation for being "good people to do business with."

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John Day's exploits, even before McKinley, had aroused little enthusiasm among mountain buffs. Day, with the help of the Whittaker twins, had gone up and down Mount Rainier faster than anyone had made it before. Reaction came from John Simac, a dour, efficient mountain man who, as chairman of the Tacoma Chapter of the Mountain Rescue Council, spends much of his time—not all of it spare—bringing the reckless and unlucky back alive. Simac growled, "A mountain is no place for a middle-aged hot-rodder!"

A woman mountaineer, hearing that Day with the twins' help had achieved his ambition of climbing in one week six major peaks in Washington state—St. Helens, Adams, Rainier, Baker, Glacier and Olympus—likened the exploit to Don Juanism. "He doesn't really love the mountains. He just wants to conquer as many as he can as fast as he can."

Though this criticism was aimed largely at Day, the Whittaker twins stood in the line of fire. In defense they could point out that they were professional guides. If the man who hired them wanted to climb quickly, that was his business, they argued, as long as speed did not involve unnecessary risk. Until McKinley, this was answer enough. Jim's slip on the hard snow below Denali Pass ended the argument. Nobody has claimed a speed record for mountain climbing since.

Actually the Whittaker twins had at least one rescue due them. They had participated in more than a hundred rescue efforts themselves, many involving extreme danger. Perhaps a dozen people are walking and climbing today because of the twins' skill and strength.

Born on February 10, 1929, in Seattle, the boys grew up in sight of the knife-edged Olympics and the great snow cone of Rainier. They were introduced to hiking and camping in the Boy Scouts, and began climbing in 1945 while in an Explorer troop. Their scout leader, Tom Campbell, had not let the loss of an arm during the World War II mountain campaign in Italy keep him off cliff faces. Under Campbell's guidance the twins progressed so swiftly that they were made members of the Mountain Rescue Council and admitted to the National Ski Patrol while still in high school.

Their love for the mountains kept them from taking part in high-school athletics, but the towering twins—one left-handed and the other right-handed—could not escape the notice of basketball coaches. On the strength of their performances on a Y.M.C.A. team, they were offered scholarships to Seattle University, an institution destined soon after to attract national basketball attention as the possessor of the O'Brien twins, John and Eddie, who set national scoring records.

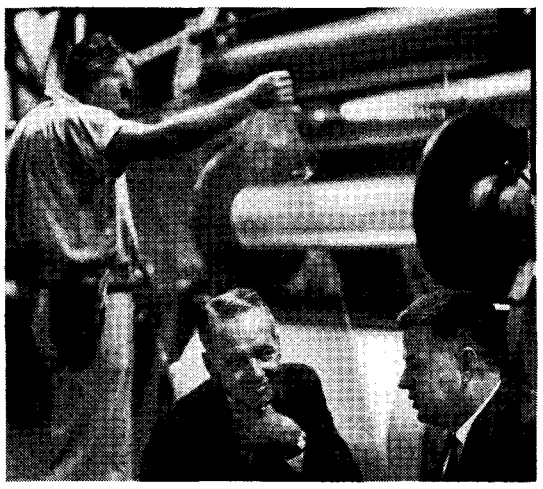
The Whittakers were hardly O'Briens, but Jim, the left-hander, led the Seattle freshmen in scoring in 1949. The next year the boys were starters on the varsity until Jim fell into disfavor for a unique training violation: He sneaked off one Sunday to go skiing. That day, as he was driving down from Stevens Pass in the Cascades, a snowslide knocked a car over a bluff. Jim jumped from his car, raced down the steep hillside in such giant strides that he lost his loosely laced ski boots, and, in stocking feet, pulled the trapped driver from the wreckage and carried him back to the road.

Twins drop basketball

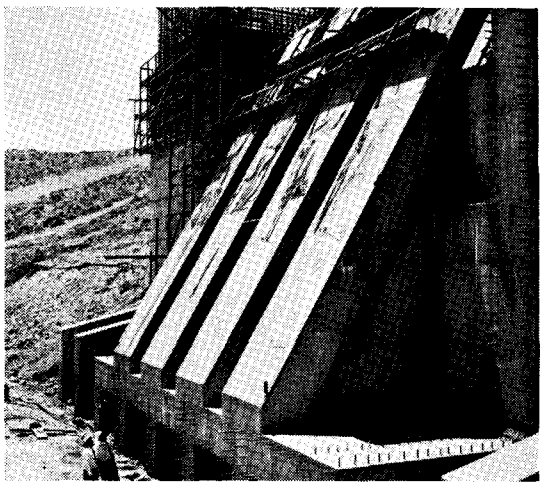
Saving the driver's life won Jim the Purple Merit Star of the National Ski Patrol, favorable headlines in the Seattle papers and the disfavor of his coach, who felt players should get their in-season exercise indoors. Jim played less, and his interest in basketball diminished as his bench time increased. The twins dropped from the squad the following year.

Their athletic scholarships gone, the Whittakers earned their way through Seattle U. by working as guides on Mount Rainier during the summer seasons and teaching skiing during the winter. After graduation they served Army time as members of the Mountain and Cold Weather Training Command in Colorado. Then they came back to the Northwest to take over the guide concession at Rainier National Park.

In the Northwest the Whittakers are remembered for tirelessness and exuberance. A member of one of the first parties



IN NORTH CAROLINA, Alan L. Kling, Director of Loss Prevention at Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, credits Employers Mutuals for "prompt and efficient help our staff needs to save both time and money."



IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, the Del E. Webb Construction Co. built America's biggest rocket engine testing stands, enlisted Employers Mutuals' help and know-how to make this a record-making job in safety, too.

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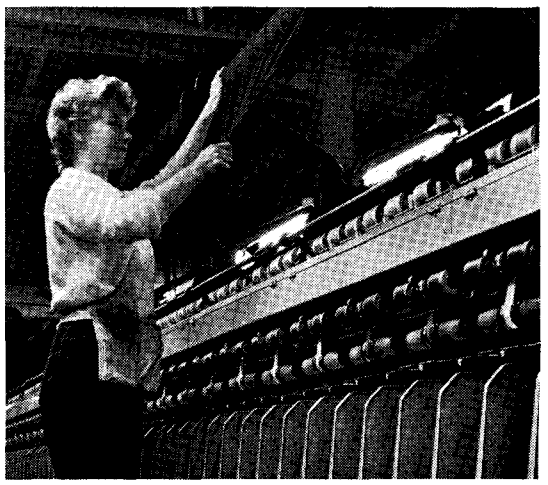

IN PORTLAND, OREGON, Mr. C. M. Bishop, President of Pendleton Woolen Mills, says, "Employers Mutuals helped us set up a long-range safety and insurance program that has proven to be efficient, fair and economical."

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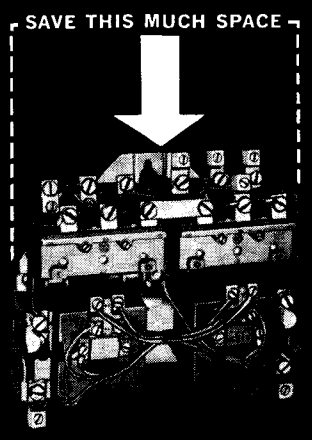
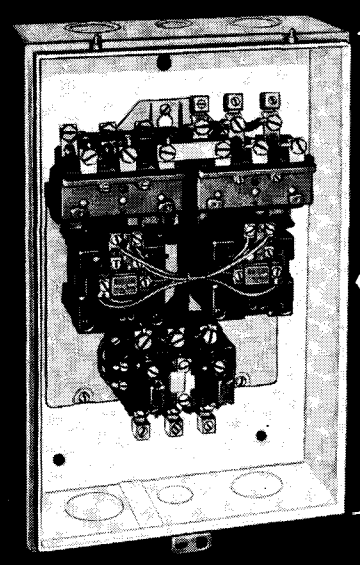


All Bulletin 705 "open" type reversing starters have the overload relays side mounted. Thus, the height is the same as all other A-B Series K starters of the same rating.



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You'll like the attractive, virtually dust-tight Nema 1 enclosures, too. Brooks Stevens, internationally known industrial designer, has given them that extra "eye appeal," which is an asset to every installation.

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YANK ATOP EVEREST

that Jim Whittaker took to Rainier's summit—he has climbed the 14,410-foot volcano more than 70 times—recalls, "We got off late from Paradise Valley, and Jim really hustled us along. It wasn't that he kept shouting at us. He simply went barreling up the mountain at a real fast clip. While the rest of us panted along in his wake, he was singing *The Riff Song* and *Song of the Vagabonds*. Most of us didn't have wind enough to complain that he was off-key, but it salvaged our pride a little bit that one girl was able to join in the choruses."

Everett Lasher, a member of the Mountain Rescue Council, recalls a time when two Canadian missionaries attempted an unauthorized, unguided ascent in the off-season. A massive search was started. The Canadians eventually made it out on their own. Word that they were safe reached Lasher, Whittaker and some other climbers by walkie-talkie when they were on Nisqually Glacier.

"We'd been going up and down for ten or twelve hours when we heard the Canadians were safe," Lasher said recently. "We were bushed. We flopped down to rest. All except Jim. He said, 'There are some parties above who have to know about this, and they don't have communication. I'll see you below.' And he left us lying there and set off up the mountain again at a dead trot."

Such endurance is not happenstance. The twins work at it. They go into the mountains at every opportunity. During most weeks they work out two or three nights with weights, practice running with 100-pound packs and bound eagerly up the longest available flights of stairs. When they can't ski or climb, they skin dive. Both have been down to 200 feet.

They have a weight problem: They are inclined to be skinny. Climbers like to have meat on their bones—high altitudes tend to dehydrate the body. Neither twin smokes, but both drink socially.

Dr. Otto Trott, a fellow climber who is their family physician, says the Whittakers' regimen has resulted in their being "as powerful and as tireless as it is possible for a mountain climber to be, with a sunny temperament, a great interest in everything they see and do—they're tactile, kinesthetic intellectuals—and with a complete incapacity for giving up."

Determination is the quality Dick McGowan, another veteran of the Himalayas, thinks of in connection with the Whittakers. McGowan took over the guidance concession at Rainier National Park from the twins. He has frequently climbed with them for pleasure and on rescue missions, and particularly recalls an attempt to reach a plane that had crashed near the summit of Rainier. The weather was bad and getting worse, but a big party started up the mountain. Groups kept dropping out until only McGowan and the Whittakers were left.

"By this time," McGowan said recently, "the weather was just pure hell. There was a wild blizzard blowing at more than a hundred miles an hour, and we couldn't see five feet. We could have climbed right over the plane without seeing it. But we kept on going, because nobody wanted to be the one to call it quits. We got up around 13,800 feet with the snow flying flat and the wind howling like a jet. It was so silly it was almost funny. Neither of the twins would turn back if the other didn't suggest it, and I was damned if I was going to be the one to say I'd had it. Finally, all together, we just sank down in the snow and got to laughing—not really laughing, but giggling like hysterical schoolgirls. And we went back down without anybody having said to turn around. It was hard to turn back but, as it turned out, there wasn't anything we could have done if we'd found the plane. The men had both died in the crash."

Big, strong, good-humored, experienced, rendered cautious by the mistake on McKinley but still confident and deeply competitive, the twins were obvious candidates for membership in the first American party to try to climb Mount Everest.

Norman Dyhrenfurth, Swiss-born photographer and veteran mountain climber who organized the expedition, invited them both—but Lou couldn't go. He had just opened Whittaker's Chalet, an outdoorsman's supply store near Tacoma, and felt it would be unfair to his business and to his family if he took half a year to go halfway around the world to climb ever-so-tempting a peak.

Jim had the time

Jim, as manager of a similar but well-established store in Seattle, could spare the time. So Jim would have to climb for two. The twins had never before been apart on a major climb.

"I'll give it everything I've got," Jim promised Lou.

"You'll make it," Lou said.

Jim thought so too. When a psychiatrist asked each of the Everest expedition members if he expected to get to the top, most said they'd do their best. Jim said, "Yes, I will."

Everest tests a man in many ways, something Jim Whittaker has emphasized in his letters home.

First, he reported, came the long, slow trek in from Katmandu to base camp, a time when the impatient and the anticipatory crossers of bridges can wear them-

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• *"We're deteriorating fast. I'm just a rib cage and a pair of boots."*

selves out, a time of adjustment to other peoples and other ways. Whittaker became fast friends with a tiny, five-foot-two-inch Nepalese Sherpa, Twang Gombu, a nephew of Tenzing Norkay, who had accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary on the first conquest of Everest in 1953. Gombu turned out to be such an excellent climber that the Americans voted him a full team member, rather than guide or porter, and he became Whittaker's rope mate.

The expedition hiked for days with Everest not even in sight. They were days of grueling work as they labored out of the warm woodlands into the bleak valleys where each tiny hamlet of piled stones was an excitement, and even a yak pasture something to note in letters home.

There were interminable days of lost time when the weather closed in and blizzards strained at the deep orange tents. Whittaker and Gombu kept going in the face of the storm. When the weather lifted, the party found themselves confronting a snow-woman of heroic, but most feminine, proportions.

According to Whittaker, the first point of great danger on Everest comes at the Khumbu Icefall, where the tremendous glacier flowing down the western basin is forced between two precipices and breaks into enormous, precariously balanced blocks that shift and smash down under the pressures of the weight behind them. No matter what precautions are taken, crossing the Khumbu Icefall is a kind of Russian roulette with avalanches of ice. Here, on March 23, John Breitenbach, at 27 one of the youngest members of the party, was crushed by falling ice. His companions were not able to recover his body.

The gloom that settled on the expedition was more threatening than the terrain. Letters indicate it was Whittaker who broke the depression by finding strenuous tasks for everybody and "getting us all too tired to think back."

The climb resumed. Back and forth up the mountain they worked, through the Valley of Silence, where the men felt antlike against the tremendous sweeps of snow and black rock, up into the region above 23,000 feet—the zone of deterioration—where the strain of just existing wears a man down physically and psychologically, where a man may suddenly believe there's a third climber on his rope. It is the Unknown, where no man can be sure in advance how he will react, where a climber's physique and character get an ultimate test.

Whittaker and Gombu acclimatized well. Their strength held and they were chosen to make the first assault. At the last moment the weather closed in, pinning them high on the mountain for days as their energies drained and the strength ebbed. Whittaker used the time to write letters, printing them to save energy.

"The most beautiful mountain in the world," he said of Everest in the moonlight in a letter to his mother.

"I'm down to 180 pounds . . . just a rib cage and a pair of boots. It will be up to you to fatten me back up," he told his wife. He even wrote letters to his two sons' grade-school classes, remarking the absence of abominable snowmen. And, in his last letter before the climb: "We are deteriorating rapidly. If the weather doesn't break tomorrow, we'll have to go down." This was the critical time. Now, in the zone of deterioration, the 16th expedition to assault the greatest of mountains had come to its ultimate crisis. Everything would be decided soon.

The weather bent rather than broke. Gale winds were blowing on May 1 as the giant American and the tiny Nepalese started up along the knifelike ridge. Step after carefully placed step, each move a thoughtful piece in a mosaic of great danger, they climbed to the top of the world. There they stayed for between 20 minutes and half an hour—"I wasn't watching the clock," Whittaker apologized. The wind was so strong they could communicate only with tugs on their climbing rope, or with gestures. They unfurled their countries' flags, looked in vain for mementos of previous expeditions, took pictures and looked down into the awesome valleys. The view was literally breathtaking: They exhausted the oxygen supply for their lightweight, blue masks while on top of Everest.

There was no slip now

On the three-and-a-half-hour climb down they fought not only the wind and the mountain but the thin air. Their strength ebbing with each step, they moved through a dream, but they kept their caution high. There was no slip this time. They made it down, and they helped set the stage for the spectacular climax of May 22, when the expedition put two more teams on the summit, Luther Jersted and Barry Bishop by the south col route, William Unsoeld and Thomas Hornbein by the way of the west col.

What of the twin who stayed home to mind the store? Didn't he wish he had gone along?

"I did exactly the right thing," Lou Whittaker says. "If I'd been along, Jim and I would have had to stop and wrestle at 27,500 to see who'd get to the top first. As it is, I have a sense of identification with that climb. I really feel like I've been there myself. I have some questions, of course. So when Jim finally gets home in July, I know exactly what we'll do. We'll go climb a mountain somewhere—get away from it all—and he'll tell me all about it." THE END

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YOUR HUSBAND LOVES ME! / BY LELAND WEBB

"One of the most persistently haunting, melancholy-amusing, and beautifully written we have come across in many years." These words were used by Robert Cromie, book editor of the Chicago *Tribune,* to describe a Leland Webb story published by Lippincott in a volume titled *New World Writing No. 19. Post* readers are more than likely to pay the same sort of tribute to the story in this issue. Its author lives with his wife and four children near Jacksonville, Florida. A businessman, Webb began writing only a few years ago, but his stories met with almost immediate success. They have appeared in *Redbook, Playboy, Ladies' Home Journal* and other magazines. "Your Husband Loves Me!", an extraordinary tale of modern love, marks Webb's first appearance in *The Post.*

ONE MONTH DURING THE SUMMER / BY WALT GROVE

Walt Grove, who is currently touring the country in search of new fiction ideas ("without a dog," he says), began writing in earnest during World War II when he was in the Air Corps stationed at Gander, Newfoundland. There was little work when winter storms socked in the base, and to stave off boredom Grove resumed the writing he had begun at college. His early fiction was published in *Story, Cosmopolitan, Collier's* and *Mademoiselle.* Born in Dallas, he attended the University of Oklahoma, Southern Methodist, and the New School in New York City. After the war he worked briefly as an editor of *Collier's.* He has published half a dozen books as well as stories in *The Post* and other magazines.

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YOUR HUSBAND LOVES ME!

By Leland Webb

A sudden phone call, a strange voice. Madness? Or was her marriage over?

Just before sunset she drove into the enormous parking lot of the South Gate Shopping Center and parked near the telephone booth closest to the highway. She sat sideways in the seat, resting her cheek on her arm, and watched the street that ran from the new Rivermere suburb into the highway. Waiting, she wore her daytime face and thought her daytime thoughts.

She saw *him*, as *he* drew up to the highway and glanced quickly to *his* left, and then *he* drove down the highway and passed the shopping center, *his* eyes straight ahead. She kept her head on her arm, willing herself slack, but feeling the tension mount deep within as her purpose gathered itself.

Five minutes, she thought; *let five minutes go by, and then I will or I won't, but wait five minutes, please wait five minutes, just five minutes, only five*. . . . She fixed her attention on her watch and waited while the second hand swung slowly down and slowly up, and she did not stir until the fifth ascent had been completed.

She got out of the car. She entered the telephone booth and closed the door behind her. She took a dime from her purse and dropped it into the slot. She dialed the numbers, taking great care that each spin was complete before she began the next. When the telephone rang at the other end, she licked her lips and cleared her throat.

"Hello." Hearing the cool, assured voice, she felt a giggle shape and heap itself within her, wild, enormous and absurd, and she knew for the first time that she was really going to do what she had planned for weeks to do.

"Mrs. Blackwell?" *No, no, no*, she thought. *You cannot, you must not giggle, not now*. She bit her lip and fought it.

"Yes, speaking. Who is it? Who's calling, please?"

"Mrs. Blackwell, I know you won't believe me, but I am a friend of yours, or I wish to be. But Mrs. Blackwell, I love your husband and he loves me, and you must let him go."

It was so easy, once begun. The words came out exactly as she had rehearsed them, with just the right blend of sympathy and assurance. And most important, not once did she slip back into her normal voice.

She talked for nearly three minutes and then stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence and stared at the telephone in bewilderment before she hung up. Then she went back to her car and waited. It was almost an hour before she saw *him* drive back down the highway and turn left. She counted carefully to 100 before she backed her car out and followed.

She drove past *his* house without looking at it. At the end of the long street she turned and drove back slowly, with the headlights off. When she was a half block from *him*, she turned into the driveway of one of the darkened, still-vacant houses.

She kept the motor running. She sat facing toward where the lighted houses began. She felt very tired and very sad, and she cried a little while she watched and waited.

Tracy Blackwell had soft, clear gray eyes; he walked with a very slight limp because of a piece of shrapnel imbedded in one leg; there emanated from him the faint, pleasant aroma of the five expensive cigars he allowed himself each day.

He came home from the neighborhood library that evening a placidly contented married man. More so than most, for his wife and three-year-old son had returned that morning from a week-long visit with her mother. In the bedroom he put the books he had been carrying on the night table and saw that Della was standing at the window with her back to him.

"Got a Maigret, a Perry Mason, and a Mr. and Mrs. North," he said. "That ought to hold you. As for me, please address all communications to the planet Aldegor. All hell has broken loose and I'm off with the Intergalactic Patrol to see what's up."

And he shut up, quickly. Della was crying, and he could tell that she had been crying for some time. He moved toward her, to hold her and hush her tears. "Sugar, sugar, what on earth is wrong?" he asked, and then stood appalled, when she turned, by the look on her face.

"Nothing," she said and pushed him away. "Just nothing at all. Just leave me alone." She walked past him out of the room, leaving him to stare after her, no longer a placid, contented married man.

"Sex," he said aloud, and his face became sullen. Because Della had been away for a whole week, he had planned that tonight, after Tim was asleep, they would go to bed and read for a while, and then he would turn off the light, and then Mr. Blackwell would declare war on Mrs. Blackwell, and they would live happily ever after. Or at least sleep and wake up to another day.

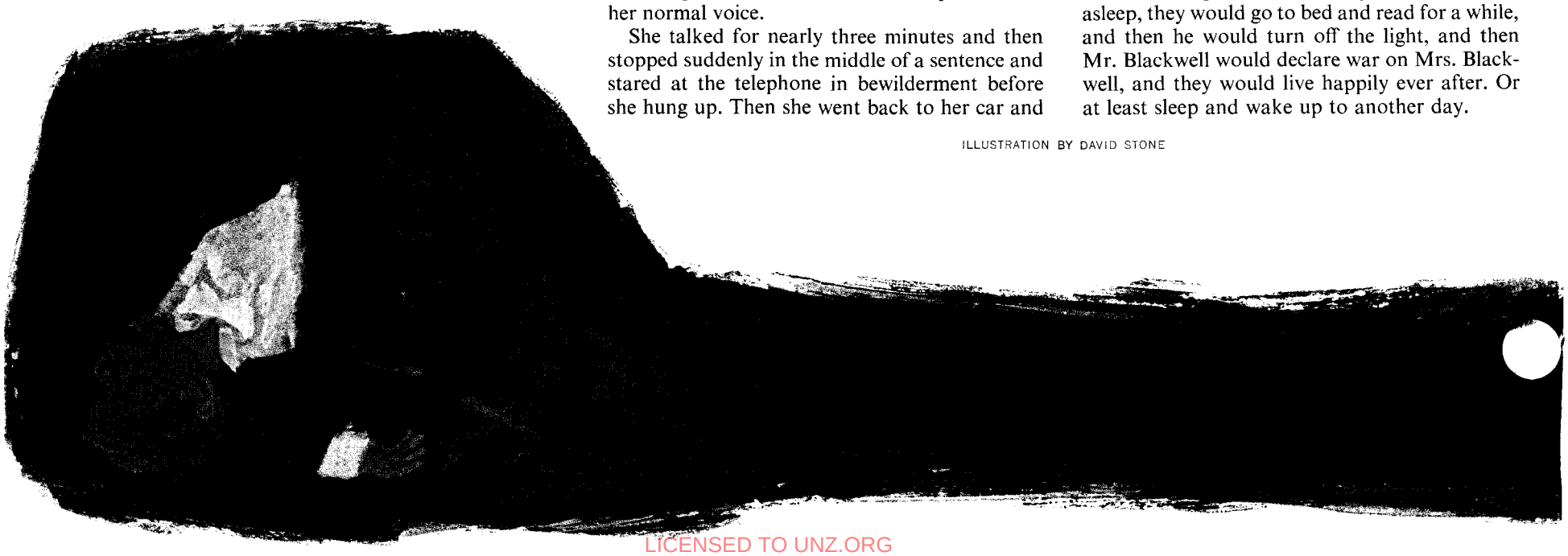

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID STONE

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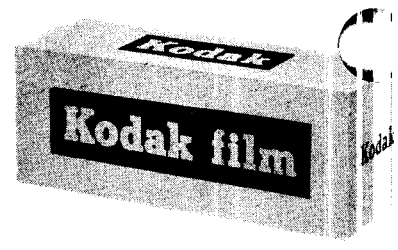

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But, he thought, *why do I have this sick flutter in my gut?* When her father died, Della had cried from grief, and she sometimes cried from a peculiar mixture of vexation and exhaustion. In the early days of their marriage, he remembered wistfully, she had touched and confounded him often by crying from a sudden excess of happiness. But these tears made him want to cut and run. He felt he had to do something, anything rather than stay in the bedroom feeling as though he had been cursed.

"Ho, Tim," he shouted. "Time for bath, bed and Bimbo." He moved into the bathroom behind the frolicking Tim, confused, uneasy and very much aware of Della standing silently now in the living room.

For the next half hour he had no problems save keeping a firm grip on a slick eel of a three-year-old boy. Then he dressed Tim and popped him into bed, and while the boy lay with his hands clasped behind his head, he embarked on another Bimbo adventure.

Tracy had invented Bimbo when Tim was two, and for a year now he had been improvising, with increasing desperation, one ridiculous story after another about a little boy with the happy gift of changing into a horse or a dog or a bumblebee, or whatever he chose. Sometimes he wished that Tim would get as tired of Bimbo as he was, although he knew he would be hurt when it happened.

"And so Bimbo said, 'Stick, Stack, Stimbo,' and once again, he was no longer a blackjack squirrel but a stumbling, bumbling, butt-headed, bowlegged little boy," he concluded. "And now to sleep with you, old Tim Blackwell."

At the door he looked back. Tim was already asleep, and he moved without haste down the hall and entered the living room. Della sat with her gaze fixed on the opposite wall. He sat down on the sofa, facing her, and lighted a cigar.

"Whenever I ask what's wrong," he said, "and you say, 'Nothing,' it turns out to be something I've done. So, what is this 'nothing' that makes you cry?"

Della said in a flat, dead voice, "Tracy, have you been unfaithful to me?"

Her face persuaded him to take it seriously. "Son of a gun," he said. "Della, that's not a question to ask me. If I have been, I'd say no, and if I haven't, I'd say no, but how could I prove it?" The reply pleased him and he gave her a look of triumph.

She looked back at him as though she felt sorry for him. "Who was it that said whenever a man and a woman reach a perfect understanding, one of them is lying?"

"I don't know," Tracy said. "Probably one of those jugheaded detectives in one of those detective novels you read. It sounds like it. What's this all about?"

Like a child reciting a dull lesson, she said, "While you were at the library, a woman called me. She said she was in love with you. She said that you were in love with her. She said that she and you had a wonderful week together while I was at mother's. So much better, she said, than the hour or two you've been able to steal before. That's what this is all about."

"This woman," Tracy said carefully, "what did she say her name was?"

"She didn't say. I suppose she would have, but I got so upset I hung up. And," Della added sadly, "she said she wanted to be a friend to me. And I guess she was."

He thought with a sudden clarity that if he *were* guilty, he could probably stare her down. But now he could only look sullenly at the floor.

"You believed her? Just like that you believed her? You couldn't even wait to talk to me? You try me, convict me and sentence me, just like that?" Anger made him look at her. "I've heard you say you love me, Della," he said. "Not often, but a few times, these past five years. Now you make me wonder what you meant."

"You can ease up," Della said.

She put her hand in her dress pocket and fished out a man's handkerchief. She held it up and then let it float down to the floor.

"And what do you call this?" she asked.

Tracy rose slowly. He picked up the handkerchief and looked at the monogram.

"I call it a handkerchief," he said. "What do you call it?"

"I call it exhibit A," she said. "You will note, Mr. Blackwell, the lipstick on it. She—my friend—said I'd probably find a handkerchief like this in the laundry. I'll anticipate your next question, Mr. Blackwell. No, it is not a shade of lipstick I have ever used."

Although the handkerchief could not be his, it *was*. And if Della said it wasn't her lipstick, then even though it had to be, it *wasn't*. Nothing could be explained. He wished suddenly that he were Bimbo and could turn into a rat or a roach or a measle germ and get out of that room, where there was nothing to do but stand, still and dumb.

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"The prosecution rests." Della stared with cold, empty eyes at the far wall.

"I don't have a story about the handkerchief," Tracy said. "Or about this woman, whoever she is, or whatever she said." He looked about the room as though he had never seen it before. "How in the hell did I wind up here?" he said and walked out.

She heard him in the bedroom, opening and shutting drawers. She heard him begin to curse aloud, which frightened her. And then, because he was so disturbed, she became uneasy and no longer sure. She held out her shaking hands and watched them tremble until her raging hurt steadied them. When he came back down the hall minutes later, carrying an overnight bag, she was still sitting there, small, huddled and implacable.

"I'll come for the rest of my stuff tomorrow night," he said.

"Tracy, where are you going?" she asked.

"You can reach me at the office," he said. "Anytime between nine and five."

"But where will you sleep?" she cried. "Where will you eat? Who'll look after you?"

"Oh, for God's sake," he said, "I took care of myself for a long time before I ever saw you. I'll manage somehow."

"Tracy Blackwell, if you walk out that door, you know I can only think one thing?" she said.

He moved to the door. "That's why I'm leaving, so you *can* think about it, Della," he said. "Get my stuff together. I'll come for it between six and seven tomorrow."

She heard with dull disbelief the car backing down the driveway. She went on thinking nothing and feeling nothing, long after the sound of the motor died away, until Tim cried out in a dream. He was quiet by the time she got to him, and after fussing with his blankets she came back to the living room and put out the lights. She went to the door and stood looking through the screen at nothing in particular.

She heard another car and saw its black shape move out of a carport down the street. She thought it curious that its lights were not on. It picked up speed as it approached her house. As it sped by, the horn blared three times, raucous and hateful.

"Oh, I am a fool!" Della Blackwell cried. She darted out on the stoop. "You! You!" she said under her breath to the disappearing car.

She sat down on the stoop. The cold stone seemed to steady her, and she began to sort out her feelings, one by one. Deep within her bones she knew that she could not forgive an unfaithful husband, that she would hug this hurt to her forever. But she would not, she decided, cry for the moon.

As her mother *had* cried for the moon she thought, and for a single such error had divorced her father. She saw her mother suddenly, for the first time, as a spoiled, fretful woman. And with a swift rush of pity and understanding, she thought of her father, remembering his shabby funeral a year ago. Her mother had not been there.

Tracy was gone. Tracy must come back. No matter what it cost her. She would not relive her mother's life, nor could she send Tracy to relive her father's life. And never, never, never, she thought fiercely must Tim become a stranger, or even worse, a mere acquaintance of his father.

She stood up and shook her fist in the direction the car without lights had taken, and went back in the house and locked the door.

In bed she reached over and pulled Tracy's pillow into the crook of her arm and lay there holding onto the pillow looking into the dark.

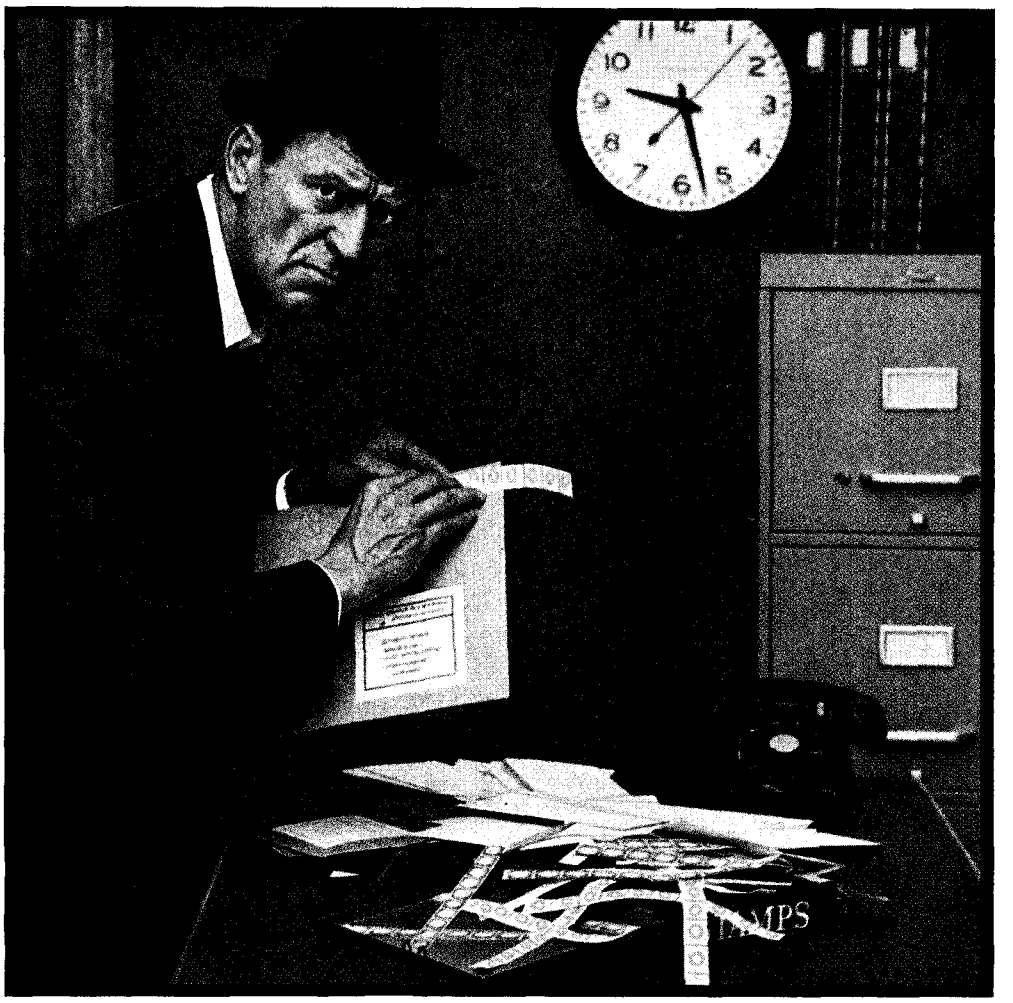
Who is my enemy? she thought. *And why?* The memory of the woman's voice came back to her, and she was filled not with anger but with an unaccountable sadness. She pondered the strange business of the horn blowing. Still mulling over these matters, she fell asleep.

After she passed *his* house, she turned the headlights on. She drove across town and parked behind a run-down apartment house. Through a rear door she entered an apartment on the ground floor. She crossed a dark room and pulled down the shades before she lighted a lamp. "Well, my dearest darlings," she murmured, "did you miss your sugar lump while she was gone?"

In a large chair, facing the window, a male figure sat with a smaller male figure on his knee. Neither spoke or stirred. She stood behind the chair, her hands lightly carressing the backs of their heads.

"A cup of tea, Tracy, my sweetikins? You'd rather have sherry? I hear my lord, and his slave hastens to obey. And for you, Tim, my lambikins, a nice, hot cup of Postum."

She went into a small alcove and turned on the gas under the kettle. Her foot touched something soft and, bending, she picked up a cheese sandwich. She looked at it, perplexed, and then put it on the drainboard.



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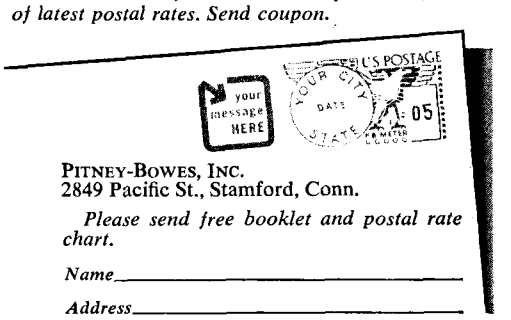

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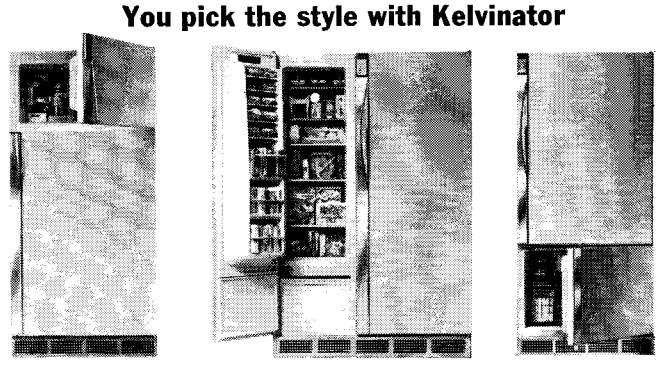

freezer at the top | freezer at the side | freezer at the bottom

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HUSBAND

"Sherry," she said and opened the cupboard. She found a bottle labeled PURE CIDER VINEGAR and filled a glass halfway. The kettle began to whistle. She spooned Postum into a cup and added hot water.

She carried the cup of Postum and the glass of vinegar back across the room and set them on the table by the big chair. She sat down on the floor before the two figures and began to talk, quickly and urgently. Her voice was low, murmuring, and she never paused for a reply. She leaned forward often and patted the still hand of the larger figure with timid little pats, as though she feared reproof.

"I told her," she said. "She wouldn't believe me at first, and then she became very angry, but she let you go. I knew she would understand that you belonged to me, if I explained it."

She talked this way for almost two hours, and then she subsided. Presently she rose and turned off the lamp. She undressed in the dark, letting her dress and undergarments stay where they fell. She took a man's shirt from the closet and put it on. She picked up the smaller figure and paced the room, rocking it to and fro in the cradle of her arms. Very softly she sang:

"Go to sleep, my little baby
Before the boogey man gets you.
When you wake, you shall have cake,
So ride on, Prince Charlie."

She paced and rocked and sang the one song for a long time, and then stopped abruptly. She threw the smaller figure back into the closet. Returning to the chair, she picked up the larger figure and sat down with it on her lap. Gently, her fingers stroked the figure's hair.

In the closet the Charlie McCarthy doll lay where it had landed, legs bent, head flung back. A chink of light came through the window shade and was reflected by the monocle in the doll's right eye.

She sat with the store-window dummy on the chair, caressing its cold cheeks until sleep came over her, and then she left it and got into the bed in the corner of the room. She lay back in the bed, her face as blank as the face of the figure in the chair.

Tracy Blackwell sat at his big desk at the end of the long office, studying the employee called Wilhelmina Forth, who sat directly in his line of vision. There were two paper coffee cups on Miss Forth's desk—both cold, he guessed—one half-gnawed candy bar and one half-empty package of cheese crackers. For the past half hour the rollers of her chair had been going back and forth over a tuna sandwich that had fallen or been brushed from her desk.

"She can't keep house like that," he said to Molly Grimes, Miss Forth's supervisor.

"I have news for you, Tracy," Molly said. "I went by to see her once. She keeps house *exactly* like that. She only washes dishes once a week, and I think she prepares a lot of things she never eats."

"There's no hope for her, is there?" he asked. "You know I don't like to fire anybody."

"Her work is messy," Molly said, "and she's messy, and she tries so damned hard to be liked that the other girls can't stand her. So you may as well scuttle her. And not next week. Today, Tracy."

He winced as the chair wheel gouged the tuna sandwich again. "All right," he said. "Send her over in a few minutes and I'll do the dirty deed."

Today, he thought, *any problem that can be handled is welcome.* Della had called him shortly after he reached his desk that morning.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm the sweet old lady from down the hall—May I borrow a cup of gin?"

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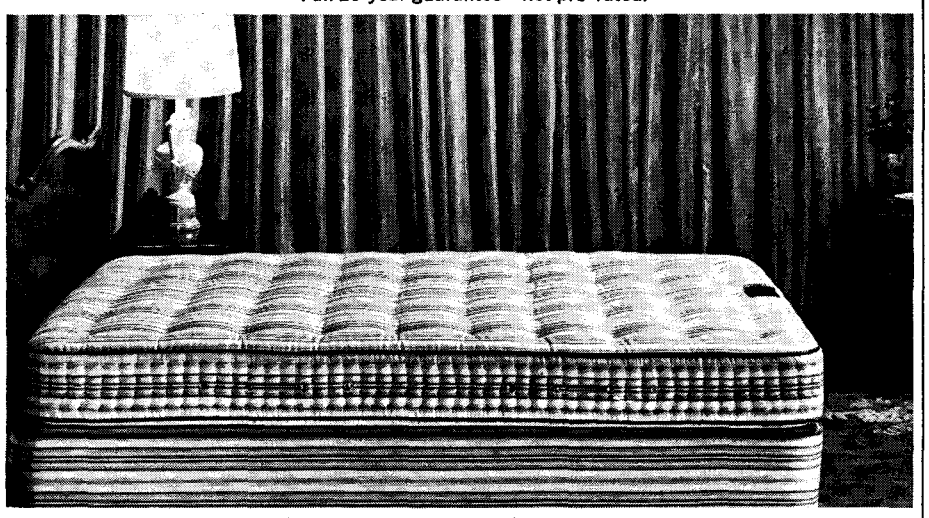

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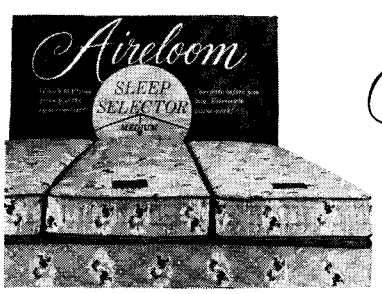

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HUSBAND

"Mr. Blackwell, your wife," she had said. "When you come this evening to get your things, Tim will be over at Nell's. I want you to bring my rival with you. I want to talk to both of you."

She had hung up before he could speak, flinging him back into the unreasoning rage he had mastered during the long, sleepless night. Before Della's call he had made up his mind simply to return that afternoon and sue for peace. The telephone call from the unknown woman was probably a misguided practical joke; the explanation, if one ever came, would be as simple as that.

But after Della's call, no ma'am. Not Tracy Blackwell. He had not looked at another woman since the day of his marriage. He had been a good husband to his wife and a good father to his son, and he had worked like a Turk to make a living for them. If Della needed proof of his innocence, then their marriage was a mockery. She could go straight to the devil.

He began to fill out the multitude of forms required to discharge an employee, and a moment later he saw Miss Forth get up and come toward him with her peculiar, graceless stride. As she drew closer, he noted the ardent, hopeful expression on her face. He felt vaguely sorry for her, as he would for any misfit, but she did not meet the company's standards and must be rejected.

As traffic manager for Flamingo Airlines, he was in charge of the three dozen women who answered the constantly ringing phones. He did not think of them as women; he thought of them as the company did, as agents—good, average and borderline. Scrupulously he kept his distance from them and praised, admonished, promoted and discharged, in strict accordance with the circumstances and company policy. And, above all, he never thought of them between five P.M. and nine A.M.

When Miss Forth sat down by him, he plunged ahead. "I've been reviewing your record, Miss Forth," he said, "and frankly, your work is not up to our standards." He was suddenly uncomfortable beneath the steadiness of her gaze. "Not up to our standards at all. I'm afraid that I'll have to let you go."

It's like a play, she thought. How serious *he* was! She must play her part too! Oh, *he* would laugh soon over her cleverness with the handkerchief, how she had whisked it away when he left *his* jacket hanging on the chair, and marked it with her lips, and returned it deftly, secretly! No one had seen her then, and she would not fail *him* now!

"Of course," she said. "I understand why you have to fire me. It's only natural." She leaned forward. "Do I look concerned enough?"

He said, "What? Well, fired is a pretty rough word, Miss Forth. It's just that I think you ought to be doing something more—ah—suited to your particular qualifications. Flamingo Airlines just isn't the place for you."

She nodded. How deliciously formal *he* was! "When do you think I can settle down in my new position?" she asked.

How many times, he thought, *have I put off firing a girl only to find that she takes it more calmly than I do?*

"With your spirit, very soon, Miss Forth," he said. "I admire the way you're facing up to this. You make it much easier for me."

"Do you think I might assume my new duties today?" she asked.

He knew he was staring at her.

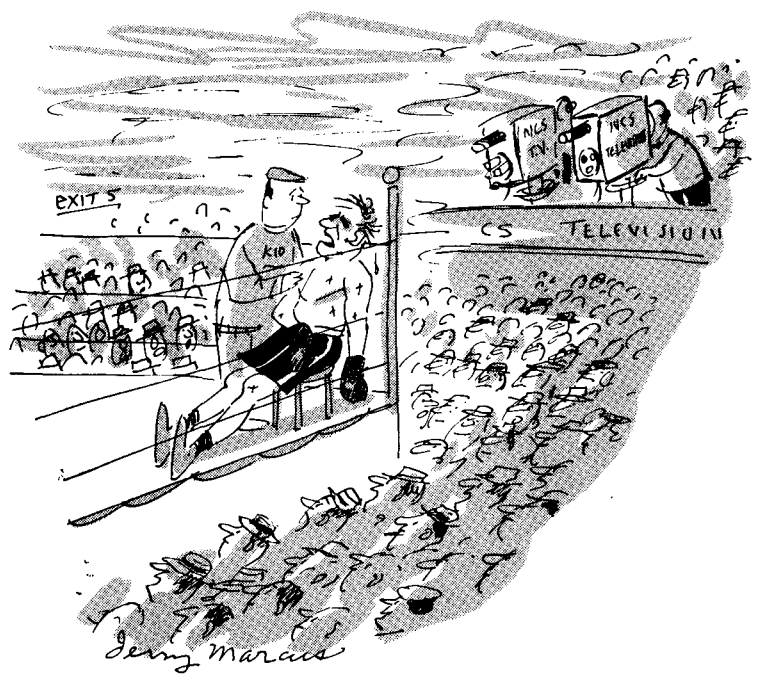
"I should think you'd like to take time out today and take stock of yourself," he said. "But if you really feel up to it and look around, I suppose it's quite possible you'll place yourself before the sun goes down." He felt a wave of guilt about his insincerity. "And I hope your new boss will appreciate you and that you'll be very happy with your next job, Miss Forth."

She nodded. "Should I make a scene or something? Or should I just walk out now, quietly and with dignity?"

He was caught up in a whirl of shapeless thoughts and feelings. Things ha gone lopsided and wrong; something grave was happening. Then, remembering the desolation he had felt as he stood in his living room looking at a handkerchief with lipstick on it, he rejected Miss Forth and whatever problems *she* might have.

"I hadn't really thought about it, Miss Forth," he said, "but I should imagine quiet dignity would be more in keeping with your character."

Deep down at the bottom of the well, where it had always been so very dark, a



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They're right—there's too much violence on television!"

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bright, warm light pulsed and flowed upward through her veins. She smiled warmly at *him*; surely that much was permissible. Now, she must pretend to bid *him* farewell and go to ready the apartment for *his* arrival. *He* had not said so, but she knew from the tenderness in *his* gray eyes that it would be tonight.

"Mr. Blackwell"—she rose and put out her hand—"I've enjoyed working for you, and I am very sorry my work was not good enough. I promise you that I will perform my new duties in a more satisfactory manner."

She pressed *his* hand; *he* returned the pressure—nervously because *he* was so shy. She turned, never more proud of herself than now, and walked away from *him*.

Tracy Blackwell watched her pick up her belongings. The girl at the next desk said something to her, and he heard her laugh, high and free. She walked to the door, and there she turned slightly, toward him, and gave him a careless wave of her hand as she went out.

He half rose in his chair, feeling that he should follow her, and then he sat down again and stared across the office for a long time. Later he stirred himself and called the janitor and told him to get the tuna sandwich off the floor.

Miss Forth drove straight through a red light onto the highway. The screech of brakes and the white face of the man whose car she missed only by inches were exhilarating. She turned the radio volume up as high as it would go, and just in time; the giggling had begun to shake her so that she could no longer drive. She pulled off the road, stalling the engine, and lay back.

After a while she turned the radio down. "I am disgusted," she said. "Simply sick and disgusted with you, Wilhelmina Forth. We will have no more of this nonsense, thank you."

She drove on into the city, to the bank, and drew out all her money. It came to $307.81, but she paid no attention to the amount as she stuffed it into her purse.

She drove to a grocery store across town from where she lived. There she bought hams and roasts and steaks and chops; fish and shrimps, oysters, lobsters and scallops; apples and oranges and figs and grapes; eggs, bacon and sausage; cheese, pickles, olives and anchovies; cookies and cakes and pie; ice cream and candy; and one large watermelon.

The grocery bill came to $176.60, and she tipped the boys who lugged everything out to her car one dollar each.

She drove to still another part of the city and stopped at a liquor store. There she bought whiskey, rum, brandy, gin and vodka, and twelve bottles of various brands of sherry. She had four dollars and one penny left after she paid the man at the liquor store, which was a disappointment to her, but there was nothing else she wished to buy.

When she got back to her apartment, she carried in her purchases, a bag at a time, making several trips. She piled everything in the middle of the room and arranged it all in a high pyramid. A bottle of sherry broke, but she paid no attention.

Finished, she felt suddenly almost ill with exhaustion. She lay down on the unmade bed but did not allow herself to cross more than halfway over the threshold of sleep. From the secret, twilight places of her mind came memories of things once dear to her.

Once she had a canary. It sang for a day or two, but she kept forgetting to feed it, and it died. And there had been a mouse that lived in the walls some place where she lived, and it would creep out into the pantry at night, and she would listen to its furtive rustling. But it had stopped coming—she never knew why—and she had missed it very much and would wake crying in the night.

She also remembered a song (But where? But when?) that someone had sung to a little girl as she was being rocked to sleep, the same song always, over and over and over.

Go to sleep my little baby,
Before the boogeyman gets you.
When you wake, you shall have cake,
So ride on, Prince Charlie.

She remembered the song and the singing, but she could not remember the singer; it did not seem likely that *she* could have been that little girl, but if not, why did she remember it?

Down the hall a door slammed; voices were raised in angry dispute. She sat upright in bed. The twilight was gone, and soon *he* would be coming. Her first thought was clear, and she spoke it aloud. "It is you, Wilhelmina Forth, who has everything now. That woman has nothing."

She had never seen Della Blackwell, and she imagined a magazine illustration, a woman with a pearl choker and a fur coat, with a look of glossy self-assurance, a woman accustomed to the unflagging devotion of countless men.

"I have been . . . thoughtless," she said. She considered what to do about this unfortunate Della Blackwell. She left the apartment. There was a telephone in the hall, but she never used that one.

She ran to the booth at the corner. (Hadn't the canary died? Hadn't the mouse gone away? She had so little time.) She had five dimes, and she put all of them into the slot and dialed the number as swiftly as she could.

"Oh, Mrs. Blackwell," she said. "This is your friend, Wilhelmina Forth."

And, because she was not too late, she began to giggle with relief.

Della Blackwell stood by the bedroom window. "You *will* look around and see if I've left anything out?" she asked.

"No," Tracy said. "Whatever's not here, you can throw away."

His suitcases lay open on the bed. There had been little conversation between them since he arrived. Imprisoned by self-pity in separate cells, they were aware of the electric clock on the night table as it hummed away, serenely, the minutes of their lives. They felt at the mercy of some monstrous reality from which there was no escape.

She had packed the suitcases as an opening bluff in an encounter with her husband and his paramour. But Tracy had come home alone, and she had been left without a role to play. All she could do now was look out the window.

The sight of the suitcases when he came home had swept away the last vestige of Tracy's intention to let sleeping dogs lie. He would think about Tim later; Tim needed more than bedtime stories from him. Their marriage had become no more than the reading, by chance acquaintances, of different books in bed. Sheer lack of happenstance had kept the Blackwells together, so from sheer lack of desire the Blackwells would bust up—and here his line of reasoning failed him, for a life without Della could not be imagined or believed.

He had shut the last bag when the telephone rang. Della answered it on the bedroom extension.

He heard her say, "Who *are* you? What kind of woman are you, to do this awful thing, and then call me to laugh about it—to laugh at me?"

They looked at each other, his sudden fear and her quick rage meeting across the double bed. He made a little gesture

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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to her and went down the hall to the living room and picked up the telephone receiver.

He knew immediately who it was. He listened to the voice climb dizzyingly upward and plunge helplessly downward and collapse finally into sick, gleeful laughter. Filled with terror, he thought, *So I am guilty after all.* The thought was too quick for understanding. He spoke quietly into the telephone.

"Miss Forth, this is Tracy Blackwell," he said. "Just what in hell do you think you're up to, calling my wife?" His terror was so strong that only rage could check it.

The giggling stopped. "Mr. Blackwell? Tracy? You're there?" The voice was a child's, waking in a strange house, puzzled, hesitant.

"Miss Forth, you could be arrested for this," he said. "If you call my house again, I'm going to notify the police. Do you understand me, Miss Forth?"

The child was awake now, the night was dark, the house empty. "I have everything. Food, wine, everything. And love too. I have love too. And you aren't coming?" The last words trailed off.

Della said, "My dear, is something wrong? Are you in trouble? Are you not well?"

But the line went dead; there was only the whirring rasp of the dial tone. Della came down the hall. Tracy stood in the living room with the receiver still in his hand. They stared at each other.

"I'm a fool," Della said. "So are you. She's sick. She's very sick, and I'm afraid for her, and for you, and for me. Where does she live?" She cried out suddenly. "Find out where she lives! I'm afraid!"

He felt stupid, thick-blooded. He hung up and then dialed his office, and when he got the address he wrote it down on the pad by the telephone.

"It's a half-hour from here," he said. "What shall we do when we get there?"

"Whatever we have to," she said. "We don't have time to stand and talk."

He followed her outside. She did not wait for him to open the car door for her, and she slid under the wheel to the other side. He backed out of the driveway, and by the time he reached the highway he was driving at full speed.

She returned the receiver to the hook—very carefully, as it might break. She left the booth and walked back to the apartment house. She kept her head down and took pains not to step on any cracks in the sidewalk, thus averting the hooded calamity which hovered over her, ready to strike her down if she gave any sign of having relaxed her attention.

In her room she leaned against the door and said, in high, mincing disdain, "Martha Wilhelmina Forth. You have been such a foolish, such a wicked—oh—such a very awful girl! And you have gone too far now. Really, much too far!"

She walked around the pyramided grocery purchases to the closet. She opened the door a crack, peeped in, then opened it wide and took the small male figure and held it by one leg, upside down.

"I know you, little man," she said. "You're not little old Tim Blackwell; you're little old Charlie McCarthy. My, you used to make me laugh."

She threw the doll across the room. It landed on top of the grocery pyramid and she clapped her hands when she saw that it was securely lodged. From the trunk at the foot of the bed she dragged the larger male figure. She sat him up on the trunk.

"And you, big mister, you've been found out," she said. "You're not Mr. Tracy Blackwell. You're just a smart-alec window dummy, and I just picked you up and walked out of the store with you, and nobody stopped me, because who would steal a window dummy, except a crazy person?"

She went to the window and threw up the shade, and turned on all the lights. She kicked off her shoes, removed her coat and dress, and put them neatly away in the closet. She made up the bed, propping both pillows on her side.

She took two blankets out of the trunk and stuffed them around the door. She tore an old dress to rags and stuffed them in the cracks of the windowsill. She went into the alcove and turned on the jets beneath the hot-water heater and beneath each of the three burners of the stove, and she opened the oven door wide. Then she cocked her head to one side and breathed with a light daintiness.

"There are things that smell worse," she said.

She got into bed. She pulled the covers up to her hips and half-sat, half-lay against the pillows. She composed her face into a most serious, most thoughtful expression. The dingy smell of gas began to fill the room, and she felt her body sliding into an easy voluptuousness. She said drowsily, "Rock me. Sing to me."

Tracy Blackwell came back into the hospital room after he had talked to the

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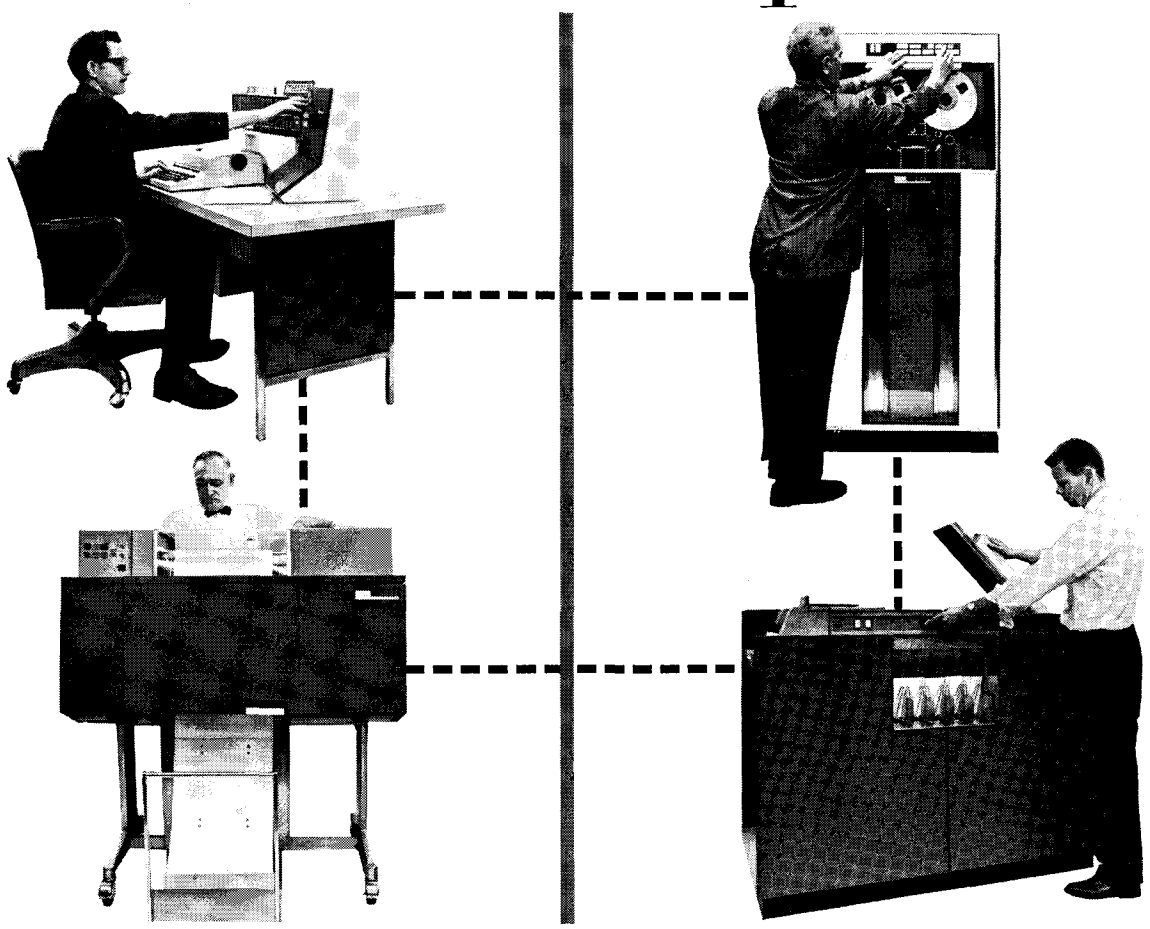

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policeman. Della sat by the head of the bed, looking very small in the dim night light. He glanced at the woman in the bed and, too weary to check it, thought, *Because of this, I won't sleep tonight.* The ignoble thought made him weakly angry.

"She can't be left alone," he said. "The police handle attempted suicide as if it were murder. So it's me or a policeman. You go on home."

Della shook her head. "She came to, about an hour ago," she whispered. "The doctor gave her a sedative. He said she'd sleep through the night. I'll stay."

"All right," he said. He drew a chair up by Della's and sat down. He felt spent, hard used, grateful for a breathing space.

The door had been hard to open. The blankets had jammed it. But he had gotten a whiff of the gas and put his full weight against the door and crashed through into the room. Holding his coat over his face, he had blundered into a huge pile of stuff in the center of the floor. When he fell, his knees were cut by broken glass.

His hand had closed on a man's leg, which paralyzed him briefly before he realized it was some sort of huge doll and flung it away. He had gotten, somehow, across the room. Throwing up the window, he leaned out to suck in fresh air. He could not remember how or when he turned and got the woman off the bed and out of the apartment into the hall.

"Is she dead?" Della had asked.

He had put his coat under the woman's head. "I don't know. Find a phone and call the fire department. Tell them to bring oxygen. Move!"

He had straddled her and, remembering things from some half-forgotten first-aid course, began artificial respiration. She was breathing when the firemen came with oxygen. The firemen were quickly followed by an ambulance and—what he had not expected—a policeman.

When Miss Forth was settled at last in a hospital bed, the policeman asked his questions. He had answered all of them, including the last, which came as no surprise.

"I guess you put her in this jam," the policeman had said. "Are you going to stay by her until she comes out of it?"

"I'll be here," Tracy said. "As long as need be."

And now Miss Forth slept, and he sat all wrapped up in his own kindness and nobility and decency. But when she woke up, what then?

"I remember one time," he said, and Della started. "I came home late at night, driving through the Cherry Hill section, and I saw this woman. She was sort of staggering down the street, and I thought she was drunk. And then, driving past her I saw she was hurt. There was blood on her face. I thought of stopping to see if I could do something for her. But instead I stepped on the gas and got the hell out of the Cherry Hill section."

"You never told me about that," Della said, but he gave no sign of having heard.

"Do you remember that time two, three years ago, when I had jury duty?" he said. "They made this man stand up in the courtroom right in front of two hundred people, and they read off what he had done. It was a very bad thing—molesting a child, that sort of thing—and he stood there with everybody looking at him, and he had to say, 'Guilty.' And you know, I thought, *I am kin to that man*, and then the next thought I had was, *I must deny it to the last breath.* Now, isn't that a crazy thing?"

He looked at Della. She sat with her head bowed and her eyes closed, but her face seemed watchful.

"What's going to happen?" he said. "Do you know?"

"I don't know," she said. "Last night, when you left me, suddenly I didn't know who I was. And I don't know now."

"I won't lie," he said. "And it's too late to be polite. She scared me into being good and coming home."

"She doesn't know who she is either," Della said. "I guess we can't help her find out. I wish we could. But you can help me."

"What can I do for you?" he said. He closed his hand tightly over hers.

"Go to work every day," she said. "Tell Tim about Bimbo every night. And hold me, or beat me, anything at all, but don't ignore me. What must I do for you?"

"Keep my house," Tracy said. "Mind my son. Be there to be held. No more than that. There is no more than that."

They were silent, looking at the woman on the bed. She was an accident that had happened to them. Before her, they were accidents that had happened to each other. For a long time they had only been making the best of things; now, thanks to her, they would begin making the most of things.

In patience, they settled down together. Presently they slept, two children who had wandered all night through a tangled wood, and had come upon a dark house, and found there another child more lost than they.

THE END

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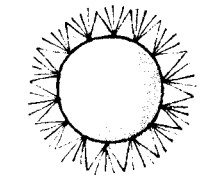

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Maggie, why didn't you say something to me?" she said.

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ONE MONTH, DURING THE SUMMER

By WALT GROVE

... the children had visited their father. And they were in no hurry to come home.

The bedrooms of the small Long Island beach house Mrs. Rogers had rented for the summer were all on the second floor, and the insulation was inadequate. Mrs. Rogers was an actress—television mostly, and not too much of that—and she was used to sleeping late. In the Long Island house she could never sleep past 10:30 in the morning. When she woke this morning her throat and nasal passages were dry, but she did not know if the dryness came from the heat or if she really did have a small hangover.

Mrs. Rogers could hear her 15-year-old daughter Maggie downstairs talking with her brother David, who was only three, and she remembered that the children had returned the night before from a month with their father and that her friend Dotty had met them at the station. Immediately she felt guilty because she had not been awake in time to fix their breakfasts, and then she became angry with herself for feeling guilty; her analyst had explained that guilt feelings only compounded problems and made them worse.

Mrs. Rogers got out of bed, put on a thin white robe and went down the narrow stairway, lighting a cigarette. She was too thin, and without makeup her face had a long, horsey look.

The children were in the dining room which, like the rest of the house, was furnished in what her friend Dotty called early-1920's summer rental.

"Oh, there are my precious darlings," Mrs. Rogers said, smiling at them, looking a little as if she were in pain. It was always the way she looked when she smiled, or when she felt something intensely, love or tenderness.

"Well, come back, Little Sheba," Maggie said. "The entrance was all right, coming down the stairs and leaning on the wall with the cigarette dangling, but you kind of went up in your lines. Remember how Shirley Booth did it? 'Gee, Docky, I don't know what's wrong with me. Lately I just can't sleep in the morning the way I used to.' Something like that."

The girl was wearing a faded blue bathing suit; it was too small for her and made her stomach look fatter and her legs longer than they actually were. Under the bathing suit she was wearing an old brassiere, also too small, and Mrs. Rogers wished the child wouldn't feel shy about her breasts.

"Precious," Mrs. Rogers said to her small son, who was dressed in a terry-cloth robe, pajamas and felt slippers that were hand-me-downs and so old the Donald Ducks had come off. David looked angelic, actually, with curly blond hair and very long, thick eyelashes, but he had a stubborn, independent streak like his father. Both children looked a great deal like their father. Before the divorce Mrs. Rogers had sometimes said that she was tired of living in a house where everybody looked alike except herself, that she actually felt left out.

She bent to kiss her son, but he pulled away, frowning, and she sat down in a straight-backed chair at the round, old-fashioned table. There was an old cloth on it, beginning to turn brown, a dime-store ashtray full of lipstick-stained cigarette butts and some flowers dying in a jelly glass.

"I'm so sorry I couldn't be here last night when you got in," Mrs. Rogers said. "But I felt I had to go to that party. Of course, if your father could have kept you just one more day ——"

"Oh, well," Maggie said, "Dotty met us."

She was holding a pair of tiny swimming trunks in her hand, looking down at her brother, who was staring dreamily out the door. It opened to a screened porch with a view of a field choked with poison ivy. Maggie had been trying to get David to take off his pajamas and put on his swimming trunks for exactly 45 minutes.

"Come on, Charlie Brown," she said to him again. "Just take off the pajamas, huh? Slip into something a little more suitable for beach wear. Now how about it?" She looked back at her mother. "I heard you when you came in. That must've been some party. I didn't think you'd make it up the stairs."

Mrs. Rogers laughed self-consciously. "Darling, you know I never get drunk. I drink, certainly, but I never get drunk." That was true, and she knew it was true, but she felt guilty, as if she really *had* been drunk the night before. It only made her angry with herself again. More and more often, during this past year of analysis, she had caught herself having feelings she knew were wrong, and consequently she had spent most of the year being angry deep inside. "Maggie, why didn't you say something to me?" she said. "Hello, or something like that?"

"Because I knew you'd come in and slobber over me saying good night, and I don't like the smell of whiskey," Maggie said.

"Oh, why, that's silly," Mrs. Rogers said. "You'll have to get over that someday. Everyone drinks."

"Not me. I'm in favor of prohibition, and when I get older I'm going to head west and live out there where the air is clean and pure, and where life is decent and honest."

"Oh, silly," Mrs. Rogers said. "What were you doing up at that hour anyway?"

"I got involved with drinking water and going to the bathroom. I couldn't get enough water to drink, I was so thirsty. I'd be almost asleep, and then I'd have to get up and go to the bathroom, and then that would make me thirsty all over again. It was a pretty vicious cycle."

"Darling, are you still drinking water that way? What makes you do that? I hope you don't injure your bladder."

"I'll bet they could make me a plastic one," Maggie said. "But then I'd probably never get married. Who'd want a wife like that? I can see it now, Mother; that's going to be my fate. A brokenhearted old maid, dying alone, with a plastic bladder. Listen, don't you want any coffee?"

"Did you make some?"

"No, I had instant."

"Then I'll make instant too."

"No, I'll make it for you." Maggie tossed the swimming trunks to her brother now sitting on the floor, so that they landed in his lap. "Start getting into them, Charlie Brown. I've only got about one more hour to waste on you." She went into the kitchen, then called back. "Oh, we did have kind of a contretemps last night."

"What happened?"

"Well, Charlie Brown vomited twice on the train coming out, but the conductor was pretty decent about it. Then we had a lot of trouble with the luggage, because there wasn't anybody to help but Dotty, and your friend was afraid she might

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE CLEARY

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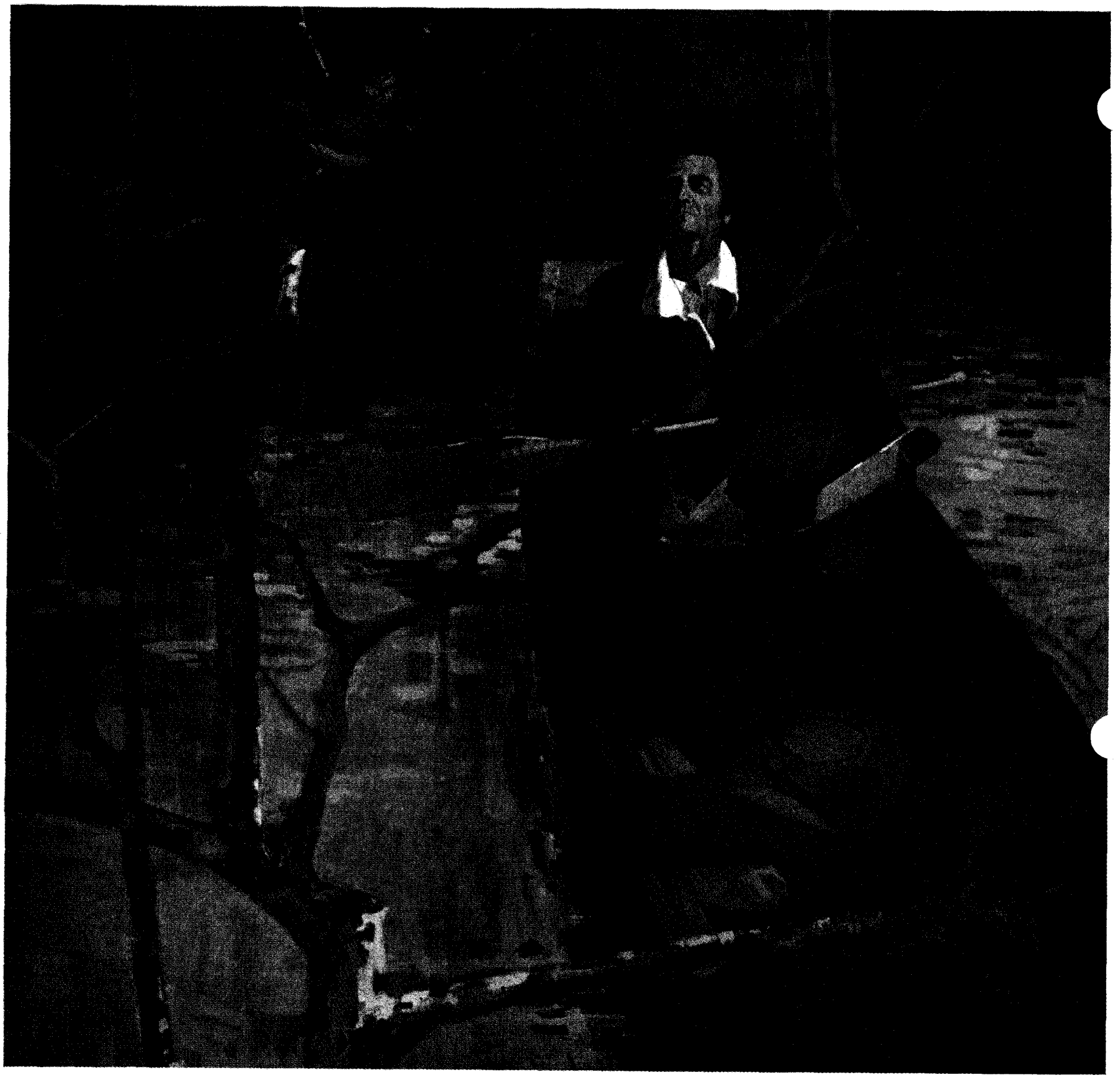

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strain some vital organ, so I had to carry it. Anyway, when I got here I took his temperature. He had a hundred and four, rectal. So I called Doctor Dick."

"What was it?" Mrs. Rogers leaned forward and tried to put her hand on David's forehead, but he jerked back.

The teakettle on the kitchen stove began to whistle. "Tonsils again," Maggie called. She came into the dining room with a cheap white china cup full of very black coffee. "I forgot to tell you—the only instant in the house is that instant espresso. But Doctor Dick gave him a shot, and I bathed him in alcohol and water, and he went right to sleep. He's OK this morning."

"Let mother see in your throat," Mrs. Rogers said.

David frowned. "No. I won't."

"Listen, how about getting undressed now, Charlie Brown?" Maggie said. "How about slipping into the old trunks and old gym shoes, and we'll cut out for a little physical activity. Dig in the sand and like that."

"No," David said. "I won't."

"Well, I have the true Emily Dickinson spirit," Maggie said. "I really have, except that I get fed up occasionally." She turned to her mother. "That's kind of a quotation, you know. It's a game my father invented. He said it might be possible to carry on a conversation with nothing but captions from old Thurber cartoons. One night I got as far as, 'What do you want to be inscrutable *for*, Marcia?' But it wasn't really fair, because I was using the book. You want to play?"

"Not right now, darling," Mrs. Rogers said. "I'm more interested in what Doctor Dick said."

Maggie sat down opposite her mother and put her chin in her hands. "No kidding, we got to do something about getting this kid removed from his tonsils. Doctor Dick says not right now, because summer's not a good time to operate, but later, in the fall."

More doctor bills, Mrs. Rogers thought. She looked as if someone she loved very much had just said he didn't love her.

"Well, don't worry, Mother," Maggie said. "My father's got Blue Cross and Blue Shield, and we come under it too. It's not going to cost much, and I'll go to the hospital with Charlie Brown. I'll stay overnight with him. It'll only be one night. My father will pay for it."

Mrs. Rogers lifted the coffee cup between her fingertips. *I won't think about it now*, she thought; *there's no point in my experiencing anxiety before anything has really happened.*

"How is your father?" she said. "Did you have a good time?"

"Oh, OK," Maggie said tonelessly. She began picking crumbs from the tablecloth. "He told me every dirty word he ever heard in his life. Boy, I didn't know there were so many. Some of them ——"

Mrs. Rogers had put her face in her hands. "Maggie! Whatever possessed that man to ——"

"Let me finish, will you? I was going to say that my father said it was OK for me to know them because I'd never say them, except some of them in a joking way when I'm kidding around. My father said only psychopaths say really dirty things in a serious way because it takes a kind of dirty kind of feeling to mean something like that. Listen, do you know the difference between somebody who's neurotic and somebody who's psychotic and a psychopathic personality? I know. My father ——"

Mrs. Rogers said, "I see the great mind has been at work again."

"He's no great mind," Maggie said quickly. "He's just a nice guy; that's all. You shouldn't say things like that about him. He's never said anything like that about you."

"I know how charming your father can be."

"He isn't charming. Not really. Oh, I know how you feel. I used to hear you telling him you couldn't stand it anymore with him. So, in the words of Sabro Hasegawa, let's not beat a dead dog with sticks." She turned to her brother. "Come on, Charlie Brown. Get with it, can't you? I want to get out in the sun even if you don't."

David looked enormously world-weary. He sighed, then stood and began to untie his robe.

"Did Doctor Dick say that it was all right to go to the beach?"

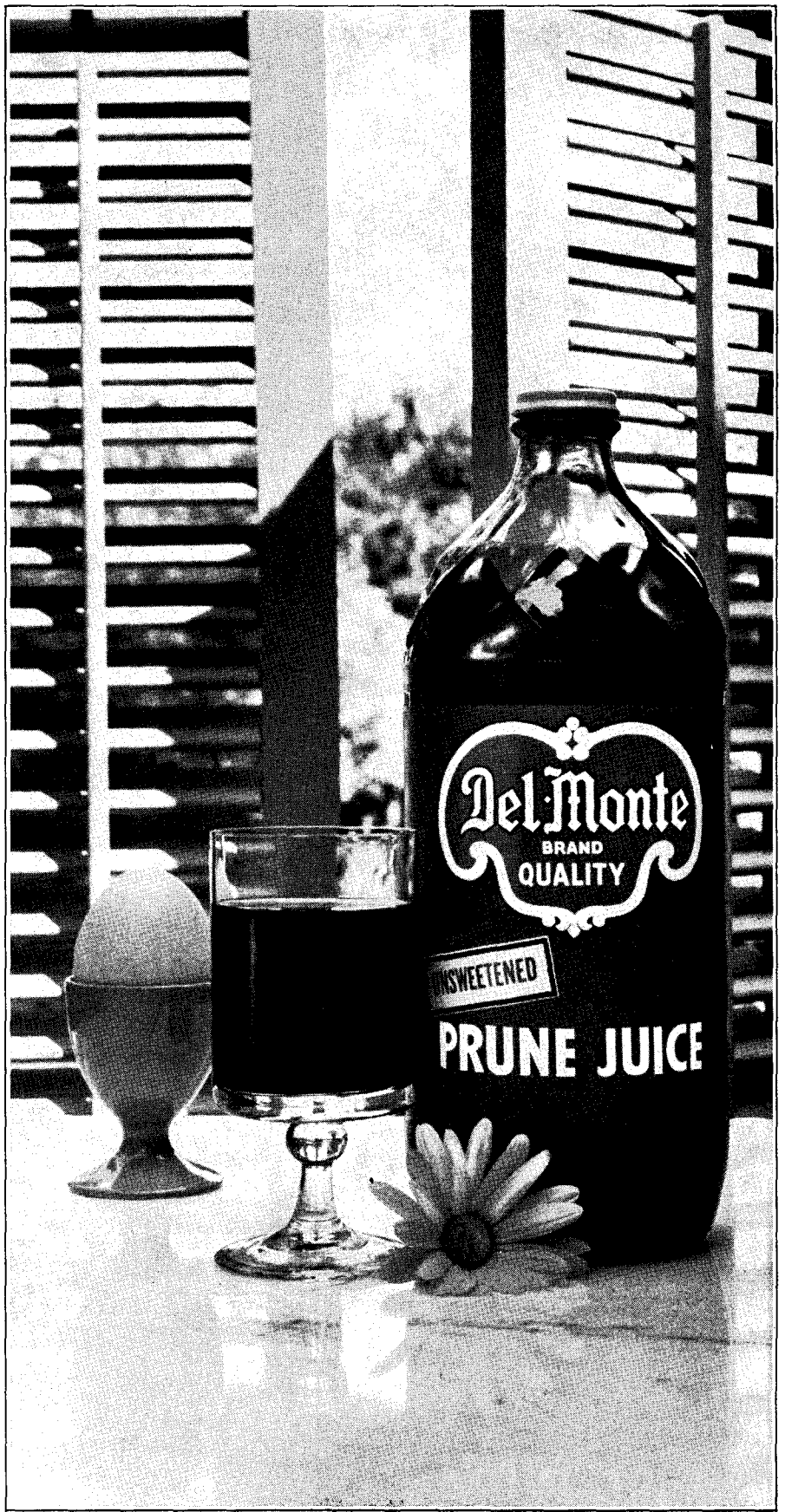
"Sure, as long as he stays out of the water. He hasn't any temperature. I mean fever. Listen, why don't you come too? Put on that terrific black bathing suit, the one that knocks them all dead, and come with us."

"I can't, darling. I've got to go to the store."

"I'll go to the store for you. I'll take the shopping cart and walk around.

JERRY MARCUS THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Harold never was any good at small talk."



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ONE MONTH

Listen, can I cook outside tonight? I thought I'd—you know—broil some chickens over charcoal or something like that, or whatever else you'd like. Would you like for me to do that—cook dinner outside tonight?"

Mrs. Rogers began to feel uncomfortable. She had been dreading the moment. "We can't tonight, dear."

"Why not? It's our first day back. It won't hurt Charlie Brown; I know it won't. I don't see why I can't cook dinner outside tonight. I'll cook it. Me."

"I mean I can't be here tonight, darling. I have an engagement. That is, I promised some people, you see."

"Oh," Maggie said. "Well. I guess the creep and I will eat inside." Her face was blank. "Well, who is it tonight? Greasy Eddie?"

"Maggie," Mrs. Rogers said, "Eddie is a *Latin*. I wish you wouldn't say things like that—be so chauvinistic that way. I know you pick it up from your father. He thinks he's being clever. But saying things about the color of a person's skin, or his religion—really, that isn't clever."

Maggie rubbed her nose with the back of her hand. "I wasn't trying to be clever. If I'd wanted to be clever I would've made some crack about what a big vital power he is in television. I simply think he's greasy-looking. How can you stand for anybody like that to touch you?"

Mrs. Rogers, startled, tried not to let it show. "Why, what makes you think he does?"

Maggie made a wry face. "Listen, from the time I was about two years old you've been beating me over the head with the facts of life. Books, pictures, diagrams, statistics. I don't know what all." She turned suddenly to her brother. "Come on, Charlie Brown. Aren't you ready yet?"

"No," David said. He had taken off only his robe and one slipper.

Maggie sighed. "So what kind of sophisticated entertainment have you planned for this evening?" she said.

Mrs. Rogers said, "I'm flying into New York with Billy. Then we're coming back to Southampton for the weekend—on Eddie's boat."

Maggie stared at her mother. "I'll tell you something. People named Edward should be nicknamed Teddy. 'Eddie' is in bad taste. But I'm glad you called it a boat, not a yacht. That would really have been horrible." She rubbed her nose again and looked critically at the back of her hand, trying hard to be casual. "How many does it sleep?"

"Six," Mrs. Rogers said, and swallowed hard.

"Six," Maggie said. "Say, now."

"Darling, listen to me a moment. There is something I've been meaning to tell you; something I've wanted very much to talk with you about."

"You better tell your analyst," Maggie said. "I don't want to hear it." She looked as if she really did not want to hear it. She turned to her brother again. "Will you get out of those damn pajamas and put on your trunks before I have to hit you?"

"You will not," David said, frowning back at her.

"Darling, please listen to me," Mrs. Rogers said. "Please let me talk to you. It's—it's not that way, really, what you're thinking. I'm awfully fond of Eddie."

"Really, Mother, I don't want to hear it," Maggie said. "I don't want to know anything about it."

"Maggie, if you feel so bad, if you feel that way about it, then I won't go. I'll call it off."

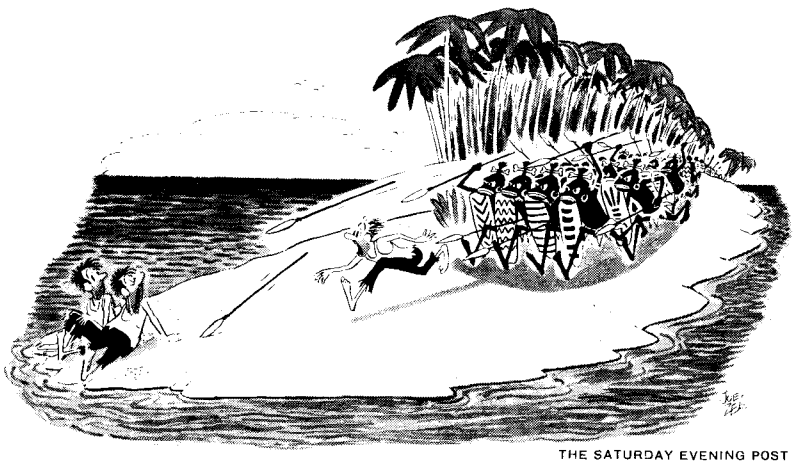
The girl looked startled. "Oh, no, please don't do that. I wouldn't want you to do that. Not on my account, or because of Charlie Brown. We'll be all right; we'll just goof around here. And what do I know about anything? You do have to get out and see people more. I mean, you told me that's what the analyst said. Maybe he said you needed some kind of a sex life too. And after all, Eddie is a big deal at the network. Maybe you can get some nice steady acting job in a series, and then we'll be rich again."

"Darling, what must you think of me? I'm very fond of Eddie, but ——"

"I didn't mean it that way. I didn't mean it nasty, Mother. Honestly, I didn't." Maggie looked down. "I mean I don't know anything about sex." She began to help her brother unbutton his pajama jacket. "I'll do it, Charlie Brown."

Mrs. Rogers knew then that she was going to have to spend the weekend on that boat. She couldn't use her children as an excuse to back out. She had promised Eddie, and that had always been one of her biggest problems—the way she felt about keeping her word. No matter how conditions in life might change, she had always expected herself to remain constant. That was why it had been impossible, at first, for her to consider divorce. She had explained it all to her analyst. Her husband had a certain amount of whimsical charm, but it had not worn well, and sometimes she had felt as if she had married Pooh Bear instead of a man. That was why she had chosen Eddie as a lover. He was very aggressive.

She tried to think of something to say. "Well, how was Salisbury? You haven't told me."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Looks like Johnson is bringing some bad news."

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ONE MONTH

"Why do you always say Salisbury? We were in Lakeville. Do you think Salisbury sounds fancier or something? It was the same. It never changes."

"Did your father and David get along well?"

"Sure. You know how my father is. He kept asking the creep to tell him the story of his life."

Mrs. Rogers frowned.

"It was OK. We made up a lot of stories so Charlie Brown would have something to say when he got asked. We drove over to Sharon and showed him the hospital where he was born. We were going to take him into the delivery room, but it was being used."

"How is your father? I mean, really."

Maggie laced her fingers across her stomach and leaned back in her chair. "Well, he's tan and so on from being out in the sun, but he's very thin. I don't think he ever eats anything. I tried to get him to eat more, but he'd only eat a little bit and then stop. He eats even less than Charlie Brown, honestly."

Mrs. Rogers made a sympathetic face.

"He hasn't sold anything all winter or spring, and I think it's driving him crazy," Maggie said. "Sometimes I'd see him when he didn't know I was looking, and he had an awfully depressed expression. He wrote a pretty long story a few months ago, and he heard about it while we were there. Everybody was turning it down. I know he's broke."

She leaned forward on the table. "He tried so hard to be kind to us while we were there, and we were just taking up his time when he needed to work. If he was down in the garden and David wanted to play, then he'd play with him. He wouldn't let me cook at all. I wanted to, but he said he would do it for us." She rubbed her nose. "Last spring he worked two weeks as a carpenter's helper. He said it was for fun, but I know it wasn't. And a carpenter's helper makes fifty dollars a week. At least, up there."

"Well, he's simply not a good writer, darling."

"I don't know," Maggie said. "All I know is that he's going to lose that house, and he loves it, and I do too. He'll have to sell it so I can go back to school in the fall, and so he can send Charlie Brown to kindergarten next year. And I hate that. I hate to think of him moving back to New York, where he doesn't like to live, and then living in one of those crummy places that will be all he can afford. And writing those horrible sexy stories for those hideous magazines with all those pictures of nude girls who look deformed, actually."

"Darling, try not to feel too sorry for him. I mean, he's not the kind of person who should ever have tried to be a writer. He has to find that out himself."

Maggie was staring at nothing. "When I was little, a long time ago, he made up an imaginary person named Sam. You probably don't remember that. But Sam always gave me a present every Christmas, and so I'd always make one for him too, a drawing or something. And Sam wrote me letters and sent me those postcards with cats on them from Germany when I was away with you on vacations."

She smiled. "Well, it's not just Sam anymore. It's Saint Sam. He's been sanctified since the commandments were handed down to him on Mount Riga. I've got all the commandments written down somewhere, but the one that's my favorite is, 'Children shall not commit adult.' Do you get it? Go right ahead and laugh, if you'd like."

"I'm sorry; I don't get it," Mrs. Rogers said.

"Well, it's probably too inside, but one day about four years ago Harry and my father and I were talking. You remember Harry, in Lakeville, don't you? The boy with the speech impediment? We started school together in kindergarten, and it was a pretty rigid and nonpermissive kindergarten, I realize now, but I guess they had their problems. Anyway, about four years ago we were talking, and my father said, 'What've you been doing lately?' and Harry said he'd been to Sunday school. My father asked him what he'd learned, and Harry said the Ten Commandments. So my father asked him if he learned the one about adultery, and Harry said yes, and my father asked him what it meant, and Harry said he thought it probably had something to do with adults. Anyway, my father remembered. That's how that commandment came about. Saint Sam's, I mean. 'Children shall not commit adult.'" Maggie was silent a moment. "I like being with my father."

"You like it here at the shore too, don't you?"

"Sometimes," Maggie said. "Sometimes I don't like it. The people aren't like the ones I used to know. That Clark boy is horrible, with his horrible mother's great big convertible. He and his friend Benjy are always trying to get me into his father's trophy room and—you know—touch me and ——"

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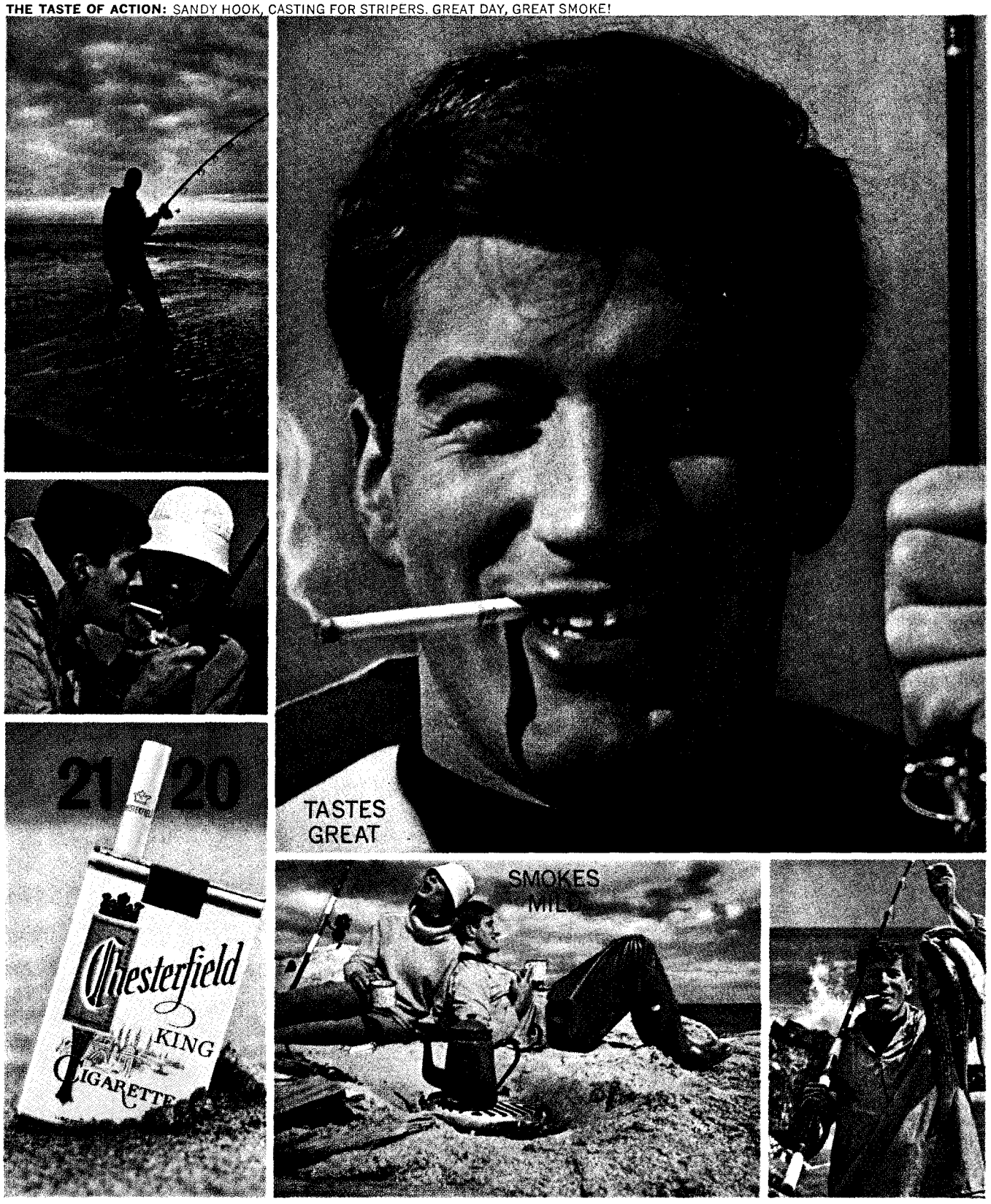

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"Why, dear!"

"Well, it's true," Maggie said. "It's all in the world they're interested in. They're like a couple of maniacs, putting their hands on you. It embarrasses me and makes me feel bad. And sometimes I don't know what to do, or say, or anything."

"Dear, you should have told me before. I'll ——"

"No, please, I don't want you to do anything about it," Maggie said.

She sighed. "You do remember Harry, don't you? Well, he still has his speech impediment, but he's awfully tall now. His father gave him a dinky outboard, and we'd go out on the lake and fish or else go to the town beach and just lie around. Harry never tried to touch me. I like him. I like him an awful lot. I'm going to write to him this winter."

She turned suddenly. "Oh, Charlie Brown, you've got them on backwards. The little pocket is supposed to be in front. Here, let me help you."

"No," David said, backing away, then running out the door.

"Well, look, you don't have to take us or anything, Mother," Maggie said, starting after David. "I saw Dotty drive up to her house before you came down. She'll take us." She hurried out.

Mrs. Rogers went upstairs to her bedroom. From the window she looked out across the field next door and at her friend Dotty's big old house beyond that. Everything looked very hot in the midday sun. In a moment she saw her children walk down the driveway to the street. The girl was trying to take the little boy's hand, and the little boy kept jerking it away. The children walked down the block, and she could no longer see them because of the tall weeds and grasses in the field. She stood at the window a moment longer, and then she took her hand away and let the curtain fall back into place.

She wished very much that her analyst had not gone to Maine for the summer. He had given her his Maine telephone number in case she felt she had to talk to him, but she did not want to talk over the telephone to Maine, to some backwoods place with people listening on a party line. And she did not want to spend the whole weekend on Eddie's boat with two other men and two women she had met only a week before, not like that. But she did not want to spend the nights alone either. That was the worst time, after the children had gone to bed and you sat alone in an apartment with no sound but that of your own television set. She would be back in New York in the fall, and she did not want to go through another winter of that. At times, as she had told her analyst, the loneliness was almost more than she could bear.

Oh, damn him, she thought abruptly. *Why isn't he here when I really need him? When I need him the most he isn't here!*

Mrs. Rogers realized that she was being indecisive again, as indecisive, in a way, as she had been about the divorce, and that enraged her. She grabbed the first thing she saw, one of the glass ashtrays from the dime store, and threw it. Instead of shattering, the ashtray only knocked a hole in the wallboard and fell to the floor.

She was instantly ashamed of herself; she would be punished for that. What should she do? The woman from whom she had rented the house would think she was the type of person who beat against the walls and destroyed things—and, of course, she was; she *was* the type of person who beat futilely against the bars of her cage and then broke things, destroyed things.

It was all too much for her, and she fell sobbing across the bed.

A few minutes later she sat up and wiped her eyes, feeling calmer than she had felt in years. She picked up the telephone beside the bed. "Operator, I want to call New York," she said. "Yes, Manhattan."

She gave the number and waited, only to be told by Eddie's secretary that Eddie was at lunch.

"Then I'd like to leave a message," Mrs. Rogers said. "Would you tell him I won't be able to make it this weekend?"

She realized that she ought to offer some excuse, but her mind had gone blank. There was nothing in it, nothing at all except the image of her analyst's round, smiling face. "Oh," she said suddenly. "Oh, yes. Tell him there's illness in the family."

THE END

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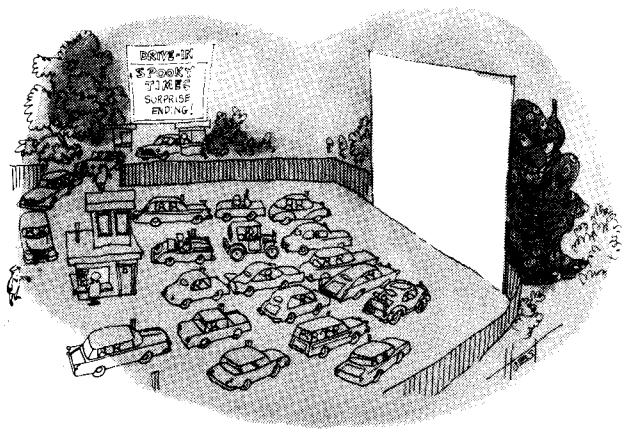

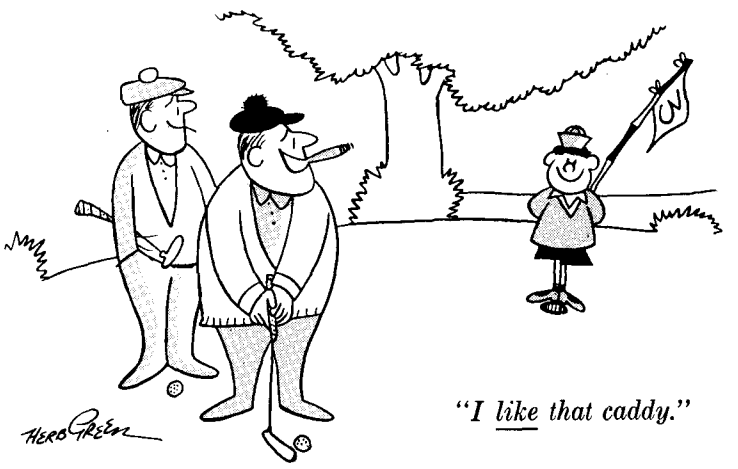

"I like that caddy."

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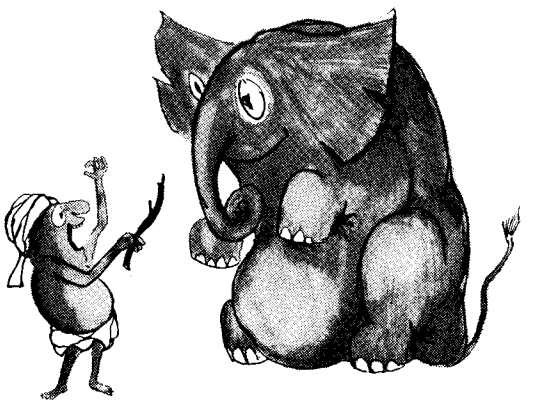

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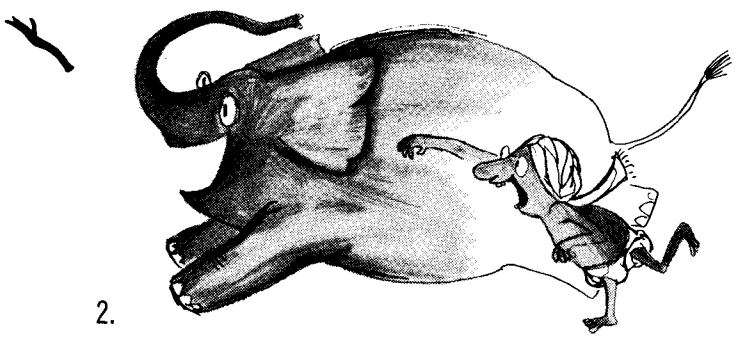

3.

"It says, 'Please disregard previous cooky.'"

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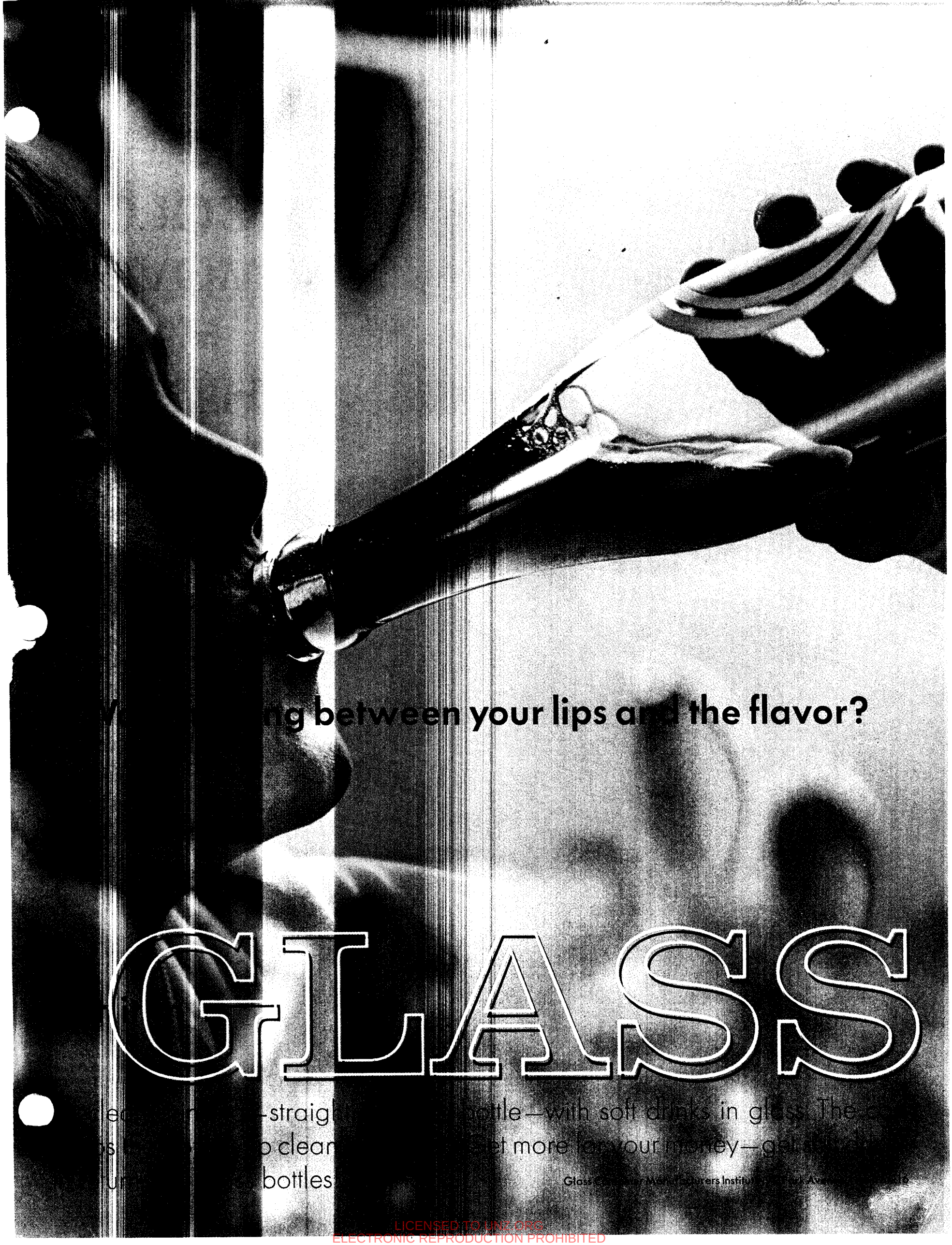

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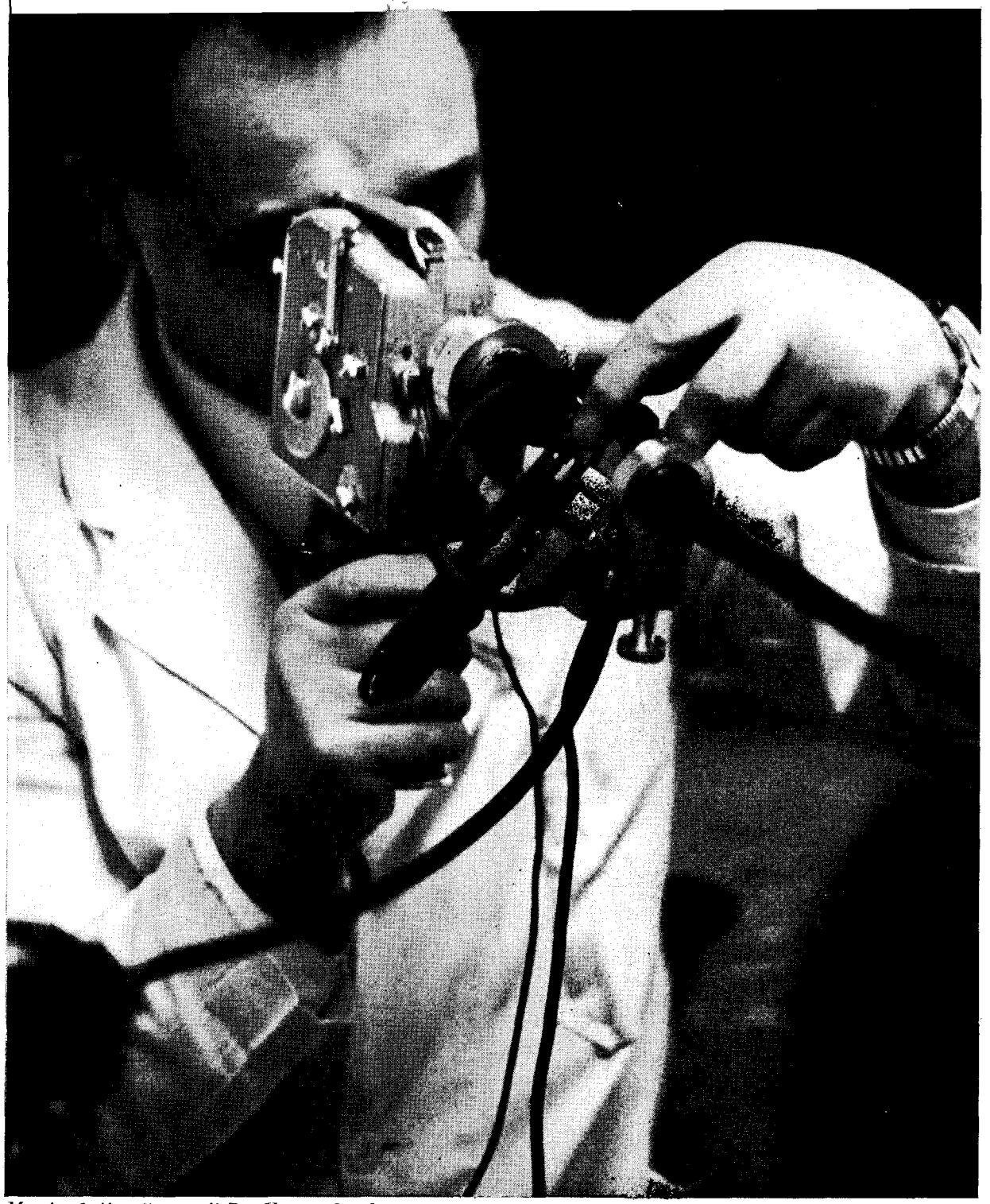

Manipulating "scope," Dr. Henry Colcher prepares to photograph a cancerous-looking stomach lesion.

COLOR MOVIES FIND HIDDEN CANCERS

A new device for early detection promises to reduce the 93 percent death rate of stomach cancer.

By GEORGE J. JAFFE

When the patient entered the large New York hospital last January, cancer was far from his mind. A grizzled bricklayer from the Bronx, he was reporting for a routine X-ray examination of a duodenal ulcer he had been living with for 12 years. It was acting up a bit, but that was no cause for alarm. Nor did X rays reveal anything grave—only a new inflammation near the ulcer.

As a check, however, his physician called in Dr. Henry Colcher, a stomach specialist who has invented a remarkable device that takes color movies of the inside of the stomach. Into the patient's mouth and down his throat the specialist inserted a long, rubber-coated tube. Then he attached the free end to a slow-speed movie camera. The movies quickly revealed what the X rays had not. A small, barely detectable cancer lay masked by the inflammation. Surgery followed immediately, and the man was saved.

The bricklayer was extraordinarily fortunate. Stomach cancer is an efficient killer—of the 25,000 Americans it will strike this year 93 percent are expected to die. One reason for this fearful mortality rate is that stomach cancer gives almost no warning symptoms until it is too late—no outwardly visible lumps or swellings. But the new tube-and-camera technique developed by Doctor Colcher may radically change the situation. Offering a clearer, more detailed view of the inside of the stomach than doctors have ever had before, this flexible, glass-fiber cinegastroscope will enormously improve the chances of finding gastric cancer early.

Doctor Colcher, a 49-year-old Rumanian-born and Belgian-trained gastroenterologist, is a staff member of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. Dark-haired, with an open, pleasant face, he speaks of his invention with enthusiasm he cannot hide. X rays, he points out, are only 60 percent effective in detecting stomach cancer. Bones and other dense structures of the body, and sometimes the convoluted folds of the stomach itself, hide the cancer from the probing rays. Doctor Colcher is after the 40 percent that get away. He has already unmasked at least six such cancers among the more than 350 patients he has filmed so far. "Saving only one of these lives," he says, "would have been gratifying enough for me."

Color movies can detect cancers as small as half a centimeter in diameter. By contrast, X rays rarely spot cancers of less than a full centimeter. Movies show the cancer's color which may be different from the pink of healthy stomach lining. The cancer may appear white, flaming red or even brown. Movies also identify cancers by their irregular shape: benign growths and ulcers tend to be smooth and round, like pimples.

But capturing the stomach in motion is the cinegastroscope's greatest achievement, says Doctor Colcher. The stomach is constantly moving, folding and unfolding, grinding, expanding and collapsing. It exposes to the eye of the observing instrument only a small portion of its total surface at any one instant. The view lasts for only a few seconds and then changes as a new area of the stomach's l undulates into view.

This churning motion makes things quite difficult for the doctor trying to examine the stomach lining. He has to be very quick to spot a blemish as it flicks by the

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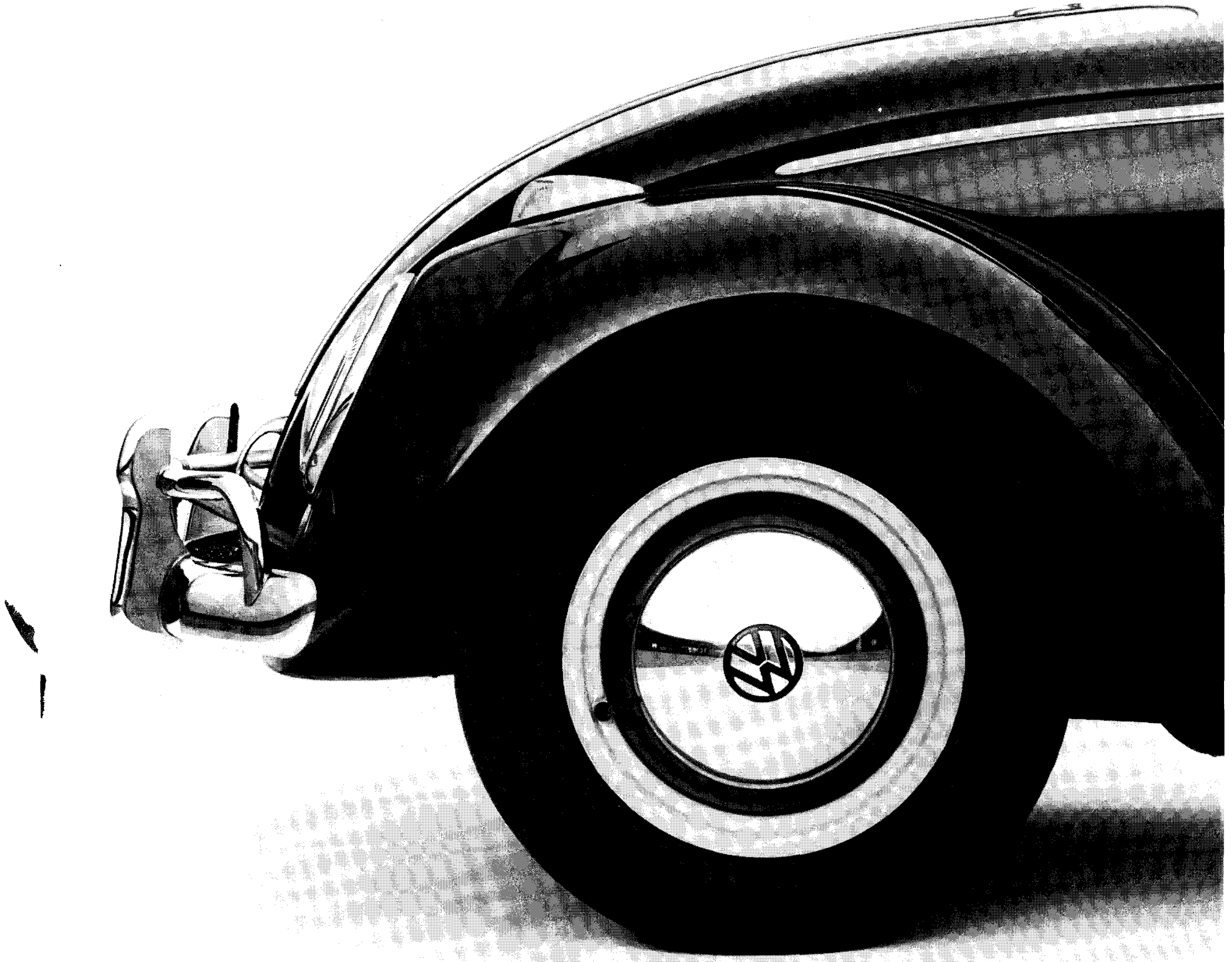

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conventional instrument and he must make a dangerously fast decision. For similar reasons, still photographs are of little use. Even if dozens are taken, none may show the growing cancer. But motion pictures provide a permanent record of the full cycle of stomach movements. A film may be screened over and over again until the doctors decide exactly what to do about conditions they have seen.

Furthermore, the very nature of the stomach's motion may be a signal of danger. Cancers, Doctor Colcher explains, tend to be more rigid and stiff than normal tissue. Thus they can restrict and stiffen movement of parts of the stomach. The extent of the stiffness often tells surgeons how far the cancer has spread beneath its visible surface.

"When a cancer appears big on an X ray," Doctor Colcher says, "it is assumed that it is larger beneath the surface and too extensive to be operable. But cinegastroscopy sometimes shows that motion near a large cancer is normal, and that means the cancer may be localized."

Such conclusions may reverse a doctor's decision about a patient's chances of recovery and may encourage him to schedule a lifesaving operation. Without this information the patient might be considered inoperable and die.

Although the advantages of color motion pictures of the stomach were obvious in 1947 when Doctor Colcher started his research, the means to produce them were not. At that time the only way doctors could make direct observations of the stomach was with an instrument called the gastroscope, developed around 1932. But the gastroscope was useless for making motion pictures.

The early gastroscope was a sort of inverted periscope which the doctor inserted down the patient's throat into the stomach. It consisted of a 25-inch-long, semi-rigid tube about a half inch in diameter, with an eyepiece and focusing device on one end and a tiny bulb and viewing window at the other. The image was conducted up the tube by a series of 52 lenses. To get the tube down the throat into the stomach it was necessary for a patient to hold his head back like a sword swallower. Indeed, a sword swallower was the subject of the very first attempt at gastroscopy, performed by a German doctor, Adolph Kussmaul, in the last century. Because of the difficulties in making observations, most doctors have discarded the old gastroscope.

Doctor Colcher and his co-worker, electrical engineer George M. Katz, faced two major obstacles in adapting the gastroscope for medical moviemaking. First, color film available in 1947 was not nearly sensitive enough for filming the dark abdominal interior. And, second, any bulb strong enough to provide the required light would actually have burned the patient's insides.

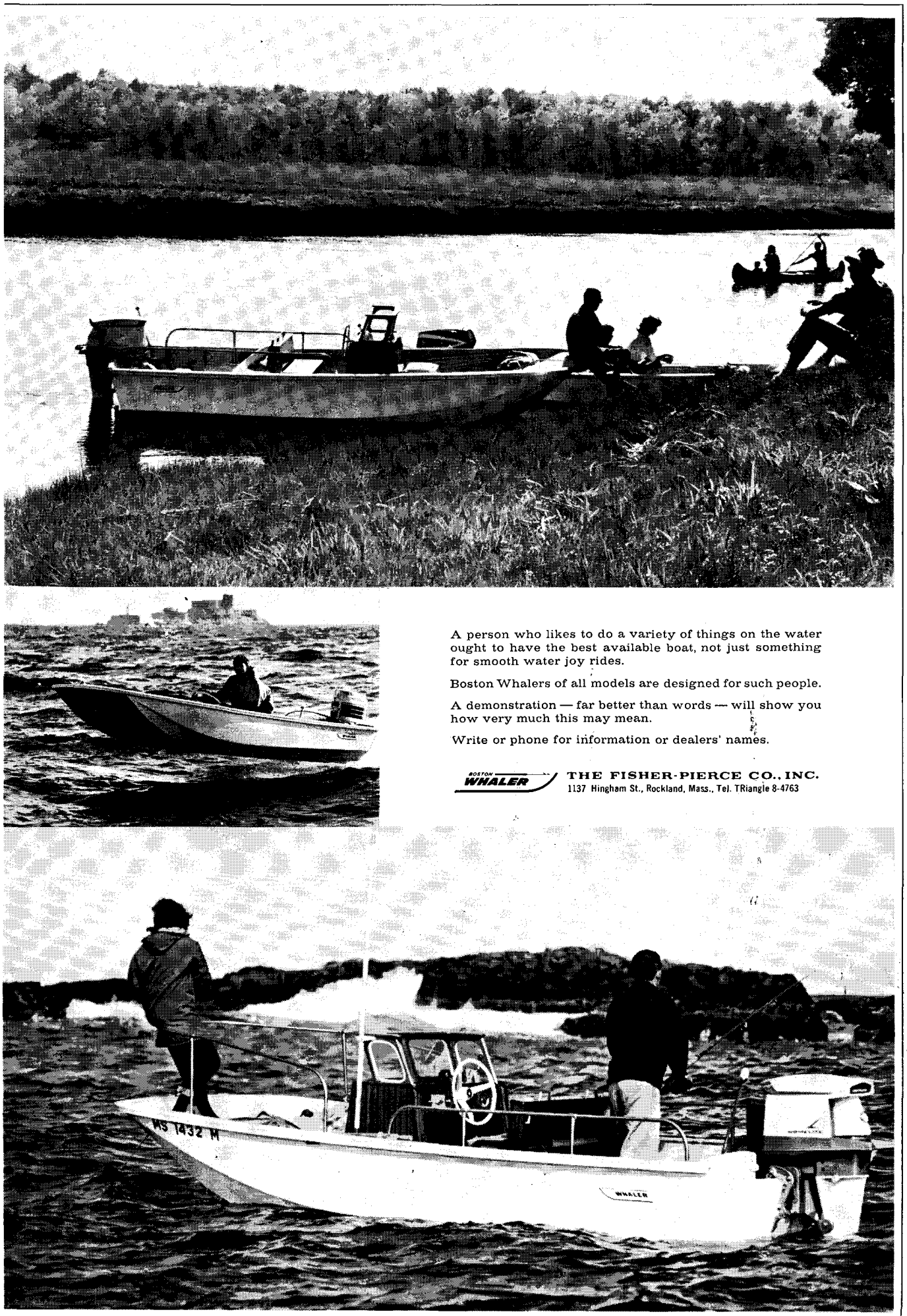
Eastman Kodak Company provided the initial breakthrough in 1959 when it developed a special eight-millimeter color film about five times as sensitive as the daylight color movie film used by amateur photographers. Using this new development as a springboard, engineer Katz began work on a brighter light source for the gastroscope.

He decided to try to "pipe" light into the stomach via a bundle of glass fibers, like those used in glass-fiber curtains. He first inserted a cluster of fibers through the shaft of the gastroscope, then shined a bright light into their upper ends. The fibers carried the light the full length of the gastroscope and projected it against the stomach wall. The brightened image was carried back up by the conventional lens system. At last there was enough light for color movies.

"I'll never forget that first patient, a man of eighty-five," Doctor Colcher recalls. "I was permitted to film him only because his doctors were baffled by his condition. Nine days after an operation he was having unexplainable pains. None of the tests they took divulged why. Rather than risk another operation to see just what was going on, they let me try cinegastroscopy.

"The resulting films, while not the best, nevertheless clearly showed why the man was having postoperative pain. The doctor gasped, 'Look at those black sutures. The swelling around them is what's causing the obstruction. But he's bound to eliminate them soon, so we definitely don't have to open him up again.'"

A year later, Katz devised an even better light source. The fiber bundles were brittle and tended to break after five or six examinations. He temporarily discarded this technique and turned again to the little bulb in the old gastroscope. This time, however, instead of feeding a continuous six volts to the bulb, he triggered short 15-volt bursts that made the bulb flash brilliantly for about a 20th of a second. Then the bulb was permitted to cool for the next 15th of a second. The total on-off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cycle lasted one eighth of a second, which synchronized perfectly with a movie camera operating at eight frames per second.

By 1961 a manufacturer had discovered ways to protect the glass fibers from breakage. Meanwhile, Doctor Colcher had thought of a new use for them. If the fibers could carry light down into the stomach, he reasoned, why couldn't they also carry an image back up? He replaced the old rigid-tube gastroscope full of lenses with an entirely new device, giving it the virtually unpronounceable name "gastroduodenal fiberscope." It consisted of a flexible rubber sheath enclosing a bundle of glass fibers to carry the image from the stomach. The hose also contained a single tiny electrical wire to feed electricity into Katz's flashing lamp on the stomach end of the instrument. No longer was it necessary for the patient to play sword swallower. He now could lie comfortably on his side while the doctor gently manipulated the flexible tube, by means of a rotating handle near the eyepiece, so that the entire stomach could be gradually scanned.

Not long ago this reporter had an opportunity to watch the instrument in operation on a 78-year-old patient. The standard tests—gastrointestinal series, barium enema, gall-bladder series and X ray—had provided no explanation for the man's two months of gastric pain. The "movie set" was an ordinary examining room at Columbia's Vanderbilt Clinic in Manhattan.

The patient had already received a sedative and was lying sleepily on an adjustable examining table. His throat was sprayed with a local anesthetic so that he could not feel the tube, and then he was instructed to lie on his left side with his head on the pillow. He remained half-awake throughout the examination, although the sedative caused him to doze occasionally.

One gulp and down

The next task was to remove the excess fluid in the man's stomach. He was given a slim rubber tube to swallow. Then Doctor Colcher sucked out the fluids with a rubber squeeze bulb at the end of the tube. Removing the tube, Doctor Colcher gently inserted the fiberscope. "Swallow, please," he said. One gulp and down it went, again without apparent difficulty; the man began to snore gently. Doctor Colcher eased the fiberscope into the mouth until it reached the stomach.

Peering into the instrument's eyepiece, Doctor Colcher slowly manipulated the tube so that the viewing end scanned down one side of the patient's stomach and back up the other. He repeated the process seven times to view the entire stomach. Each time he saw something of interest, Doctor Colcher showed it to the patient's physician. Each time something worth filming appeared in the scope he screwed the eyepiece to one of his cameras and the film rolled.

Halfway through the examination Doctor Colcher asked the patient, "After this is over, how would you like a nice juicy steak? I'll bet you're hungry, aren't you?" This seemed like a cruel trick; the man hadn't been allowed to eat since the night before, and it was now midafternoon. Later, Doctor Colcher explained that discussing food during the examination is standard procedure. It usually starts the gastric juices flowing and accelerates the action of the stomach.

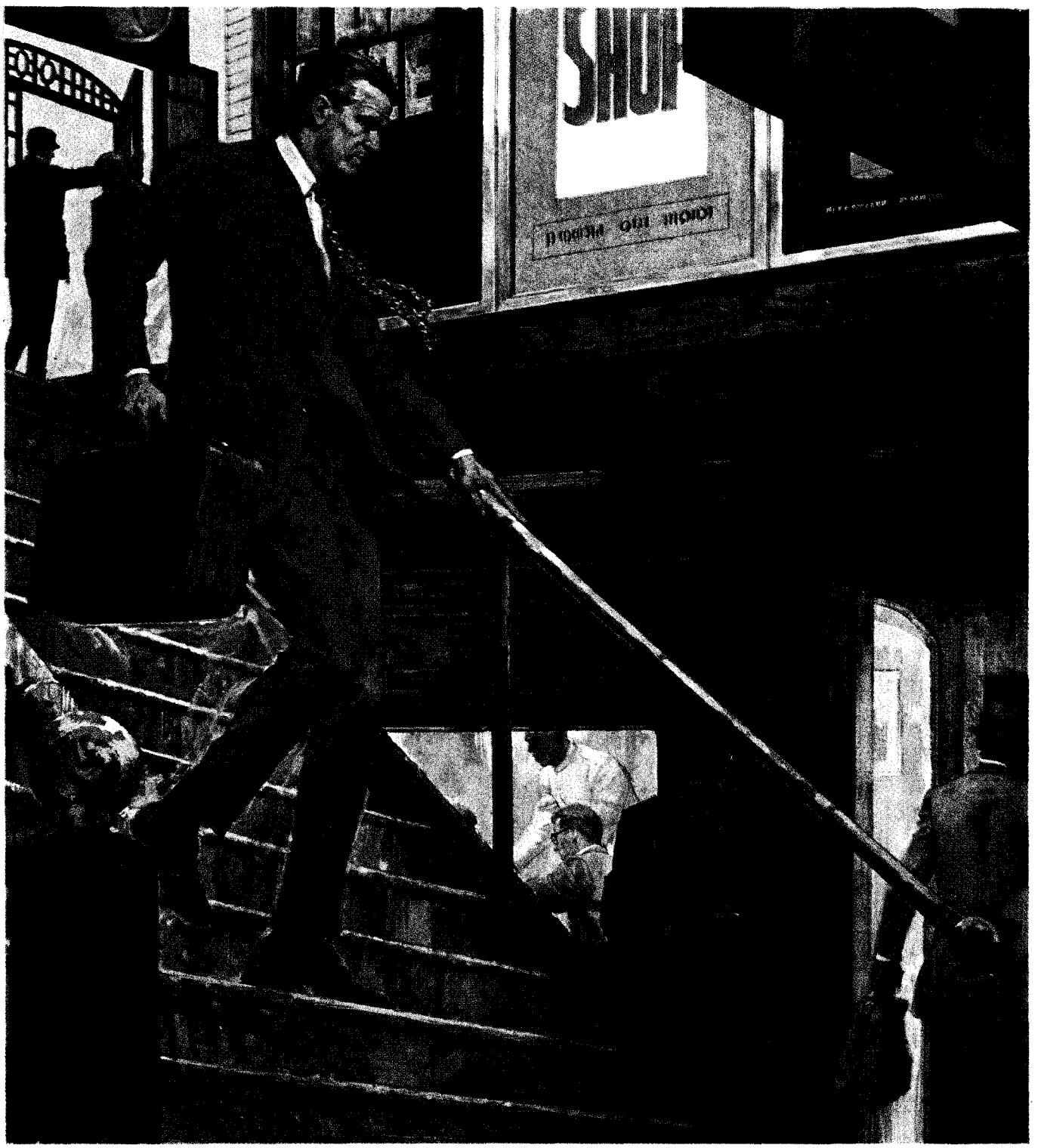
A few times Doctor Colcher invited this reporter to peer through the eyepiece. The view was fascinating. As the light played on the stomach walls countless illuminated spots of gastric juices shimmered and sparkled. They suggested an array of glimmering diamonds laid out on a red velvet cloth.

Within two days the films were developed and available for review by the doctors. In this particular case the films saved the man from an operation he might not have been able to survive because of his advanced age. There was no cancer. His condition could be treated successfully with medicines.

Using his device, Doctor Colcher has taken films for instruction of physicians and students. "With these films," said one veteran teacher, "we'll be able to teach students in a year more about how the stomach works than they might learn in ten years of viewing operations over a surgeon's elbow."

Doctor Colcher is now working on a method to stain the stomach with dyes that will vividly show malignancy on color film. He is also trying to develop a light source bright enough to permit him to take motion pictures for instantaneous television pickup. If he succeeds, specialists in widely separated cities will be able to make an immediate interpretation of a patient's condition.

Asked if the fiberscope can be used to detect cancer in body cavities such as lungs, uterus or rectum, Colcher said, "We are working on that too." THE END



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Last chance on Death Row

Condemned killers awaiting the electric chair at Sing Sing now may escape execution because of the last-ditch battling of a young law professor who abhors capital punishment.

By HAROLD LAVINE

In his office at New York University Law School, Norman Redlich plans his fight to save a life.

Nathan Jackson had seven hours to live. His mind kept ticking off the minutes. Already the guards had led him from his cell in Sing Sing prison up a flight of stairs into the waiting room of the execution chamber. Soon the rest of the ghastly ritual would begin: the last meal, the last talk with the chaplain, the last mile. George Washington had saved the 25-year-old Negro from the electric chair the day before, Thursday. Thursday traditionally is execution day at Sing Sing, but this time it also had been Washington's birthday. New York State cannot execute a man on a legal holiday.

"Ole George done his best," Jackson said, "but he can't save me now."

Nobody could save him now except a young and mild-mannered professor of law whom Jackson had never even met.

At that same moment the professor stood in a paneled office in the State Court of Appeals in New York City. His mind also was ticking off the minutes as he watched Judge Stanley Fuld read the brief he had submitted, asking for a stay of execution for Nathan Jackson. He remained outwardly calm—but he could see the electric chair in his mind.

Judge Fuld finished reading the brief. He asked a question or two. Then he said, "I'll grant the stay."

Reaching for a phone, Judge Fuld called Wilfred L. Denno, the warden at Sing Sing, and told him to hold up the execution. Jackson was returned to his cell. Today, more than a year later, he still is alive, his case back in the courts.

The man he has to thank for his life is Norman Redlich, 37, who teaches constitutional and tax law at New York University. Redlich has the soaring forehead and slightly distracted air of his profession, but his classroom manner cloaks a passion. He hates capital punishment. "I have studied capital punishment," Redlich explains, "and have concluded that it's wrong."

Others who oppose capital punishment have been content merely to agitate against it, hoping someday to persuade the legislatures of the 42 states that still take a life for a life to change their laws. This is not enough for Redlich. "I can't wait for New York to abolish capital punishment," he says. "When I've saved a man from the chair, at least I've abolished capital punishment for him."

That is reward enough for Redlich. Like most lawyers, he shuns personal publicity, and he receives not a cent for his efforts. Actually his defense work costs him money—sometimes a good deal. But in the past four years Redlich has rescued five condemned murderers, including Jackson, from the chair—and has tried but failed to save seven others.

In the beginning Redlich worked alone in his war against capital punishment, but now at least a dozen other lawyers and professors of law—and several of his students—have enlisted under his leadership. His apartment on Manhattan's Washington Square has become a command post. When Redlich is working on a case, his colleagues and friends and students gather with him in his din room, night after night, often until e morning hours, discussing strategy, looking up precedents, preparing briefs. His

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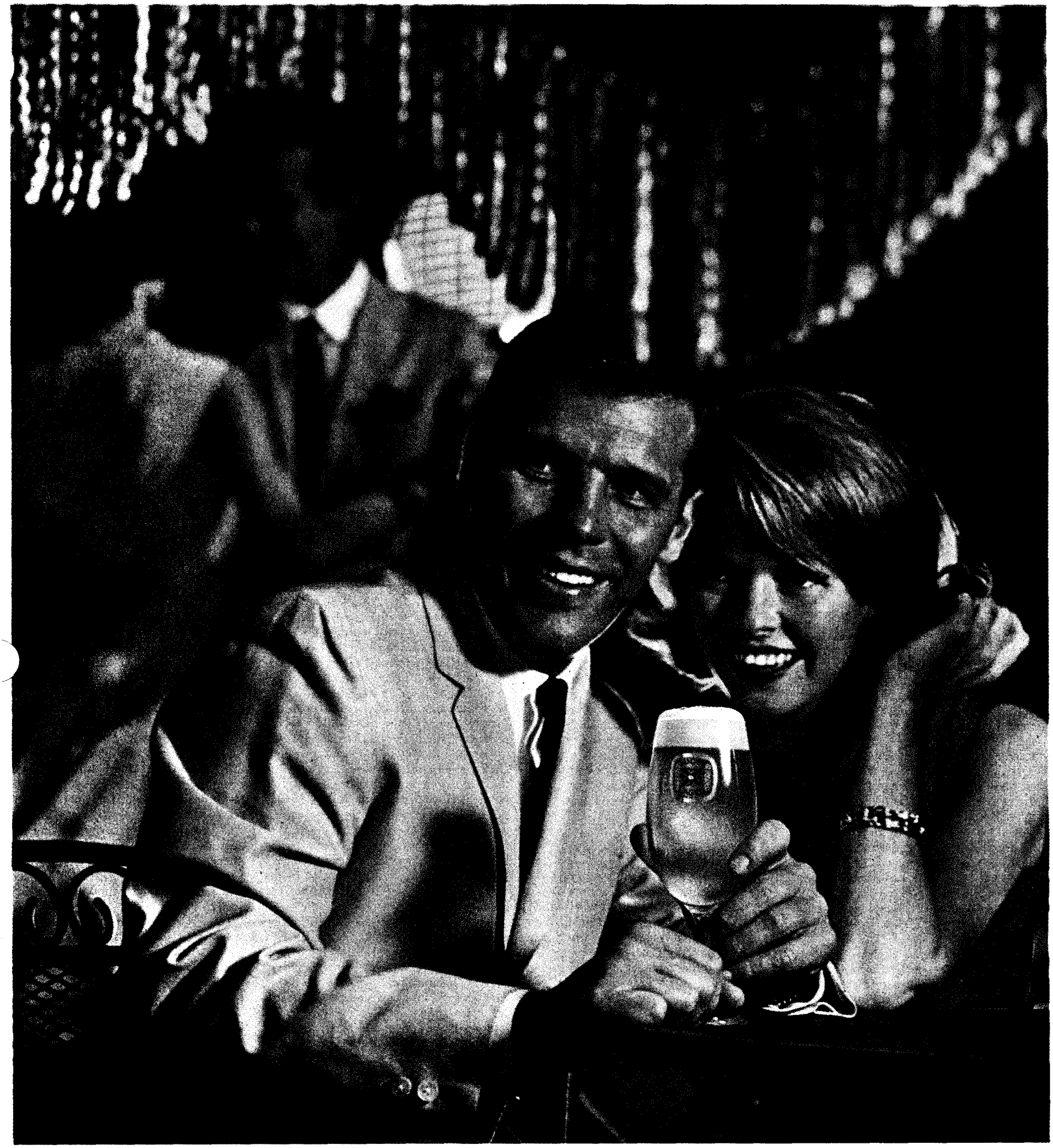

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Frederick Charles Wood claimed he wanted to "ride the lightning."

"Hardly anyone is ever executed in the U.S. who has a dime to his name or a friend in the world."

DEATH ROW

N.Y.U. secretary, Margaret Burghart, sometimes stays up even later, typing.

"These people heard about my work and volunteered," says Redlich. "I don't know what I would do without them. Fighting a case from court to court entails an enormous amount of work, you know. I have professors of law helping by doing the work of law clerks."

Redlich's slender wife, Evelyn, a physician, has enlisted in his crusade too. Even the Redlich children (Bonnie, nine; Carrie, six; and Edward, four) have become involved. "The tension keeps building up when Norman is working on a case," says Mrs. Redlich. "Naturally the children feel it too."

Redlich sounds coldly objective when he discusses capital punishment. Yet the depth of his real feeling is indicated by the fact that he never has permitted himself to come face-to-face with any of the dozen men for whose lives he has fought, even though several have begged him to. Evelyn Redlich says, "I don't think Norman could stand it. You have no idea how intense he becomes as a case goes on and on, as the man he's defending comes closer and closer to death. If Norman actually knew the man, I think he might crack up."

Redlich's argument against legal homicide is based on the injunction, "Know ye that ye may be mistaken."

"The administration of justice is a crude, imperfect instrument for determining truth," Redlich explains. "And the possibilities of making a mistake are more apparent in murder cases than in any other. And when I speak of making a mistake, I'm not thinking merely that a man may be wrongly convicted—though, of course, men have been. I'm thinking also that he may not be legally sane. We can't be certain that his crime was premeditated in the legal sense. We can't be certain the jury was unprejudiced. We can't be certain his confession was purely voluntary. In any other kind of case, the courts can always rectify a miscarriage of justice. When you execute a man, there's no way of doing so."

There are so many uncertainties in any murder case, Redlich insists, that hardly anyone is ever executed in the United States who has money or friends. If a defendant can hire a first-class lawyer, the odds are overwhelming that he will escape the chair or the gas chamber: His lawyer can raise enough doubts in a jury's mind to dissuade it from ordering the death penalty. The result is that less than 1 percent of those charged with nonnegligent homicide are executed.

Redlich's achievement in rescuing five of the dozen condemned murderers he has defended is all the more remarkable because he never steps into a case until the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals, has affirmed not merely the conviction but the sentence of death. In other words, the cases he takes, without exception, are those which appear irretrievably lost.

Redlich does not defend his condemned men by looking for technicalities and loopholes. His three guidelines are always the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of the State of New York, and the precept, "Know ye that ye may be mistaken." With the help of a fellow law professor at N.Y.U., Daniel Collins, he fought Nathan Jackson's case on grounds that his sentence of death violated all three.

How murder happened

"Jackson was convicted of premeditated murder, which, until recently, made the death sentence mandatory," Redlich says. "I examined the record of the case and decided that it clearly was not a case of premeditated murder. What happened was this: Jackson had been drinking. He picked up a prostitute—or perhaps she picked him up. They went to a hotel. Suddenly, for reasons he still can't explain, he decided to hold up the maid who was escorting them to a room. She screamed, picked up something, and heaved it through a window, attracting the attention of a policeman, William J. Ramos, who came running. Jackson dashed for the street, colliding with Ramos. In the scuffle, Ramos dropped his nightstick. The prostitute picked up the nightstick and started beating Ramos over the head with it. Ramos pulled his gun. Jackson pulled his, too, shouting: 'Don't be a hero!' Ramos shot Jackson in the stomach. Jackson fired back four times. Ramos shot Jackson once more just before dying.

"I think you'll have to agree with me—this was *not* premeditated murder."

One of the worst miscarriages of justice he has encountered, Redlich believes, was a case he lost, the case of Frederick Charles Wood, a 51-year-old derelict. Wood was executed this past March 21, cursing Redlich—not for having failed to save his life but for having tried. Wood had written Assistant District Attorney Benjamin Jacobson, the man who prosecuted him, that he wanted to "'ride the lightning' sans further delay." He died quipping, "I'm going to demonstrate that Wood *can* conduct electricity."

The case haunts Redlich still, but not because he thinks Wood was innocent. On the contrary. He is reasonably sure that Wood hacked up two Bowery bums with an ax because they made homosexual advances and because they had about $20 between them. He knows that Wood had committed at least one murder before, for which he served 17 years in prison and in the Dannemora State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

"I'm not in favor of letting people like Wood run around the streets," says Redlich. "My own feeling is the state also was guilty of a crime—releasing Wood from Dannemora to let him kill again. He should have been kept in Dannemora for the rest of his life. Consider Wood's record—seven and a half years in Dannemora and other mental institutions; consider the letters he wrote about wanting to 'ride the lightning'; consider the way he died. How can anyone believe he was not completely mad within the meaning of the law?"

Intense as his feeling for the law now is, Redlich entered the profession almost by accident. Graduating from Williams College in 1947—after taking time out for a hitch in the Army—he had no real idea of what career he wanted to follow. He went to Yale Law School, because "I figured that whatever I did in the future, a knowledge of law would come in handy."

At Yale he was executive editor of the *Law Journal* and was graduated first in his class. Even then, however, he remained uncertain about his career and entered the family business, Durst Industries, which manufactures plumbing supplies and garden equipment. He had not abandoned the law, however. He took night courses at New York University, eventually earning a master of law degree; and when N.Y.U. offered him a teaching job, he took it.

Four years ago his legal activities took on a new dimension. Jerome Nathanson, chairman of the Fraternity of Leaders of the American Ethical Union, had just founded the New York Committee to Abolish Capital Punishment. He needed a counsel for the organization, and Prof. Edmund Cahn of the N.Y.U. Law School recommended Redlich. Redlich accepted, at the same time becoming chairman of the organization's Clemency Committee.

"As long as I can remember, I've always been concerned about civil liberties and civil rights," says Redlich. (As a senior at Williams, he helped a lawyer friend prosecute a barber for charging a Negro undergraduate three dollars for a haircut, when the going rate was 50 cents. They won—and the barber was fined.)

At first, Redlich's only task for the New York committee was to plead with the governor for clemency for men sentenced to death. But after several visits to Albany, he began to see flaws in the convictions of some of the men for whom he was asking mercy. He was soon embarked on his crusade to rescue these men from the chair.

The measure of success

Since Redlich started this campaign, the number of executions in New York has declined. From 1957 through 1961, New York State executed 20 murderers an average of four a year. In 1960 there were six executions. Then, the drop. In 1961 there were only two. Last year not a man was electrocuted in Sing Sing. This year just one has died, Wood.

Jerome Nathanson, for one, believes that Redlich is responsible for the downward trend. "I don't know to what extent Norman's pleas have influenced Governor Rockefeller to grant clemency," Nathanson concedes. "I don't know to what extent his success in saving condemned murderers from the chair has influenced district attorneys to think twice about demanding the death penalty. I don't know—but I think the statistics speak for themselves."

Only one of the five men Redlich has saved from death, a Negro named David Coleman, has ever bothered to write Redlich to thank him. This does not trouble Redlich. "Judge Harold Medina told me a story once," he recalls. "When he was a lawyer, he won a not-guilty verdict for a man accused of murder in the first degree. It was a grueling case. The issue remained in doubt until the very last moment. When the foreman said, 'Not guilty,' Medina breathed again. His client remained utterly impassive, and Medina thought, 'How ungrateful can a man be?'

"As Medina was leaving the courtroom, still seething, the client suddenly rushed over and fell at his feet, sobbing.

"Medina told me, 'Suddenly I understood: When you give a man a cigarette, he says thanks a million. When you s[ave] his life, what can he possibly say?'

"That's how I feel," says Redlich. "When you save a man's life, the 'thanks' is taken for granted." THE END

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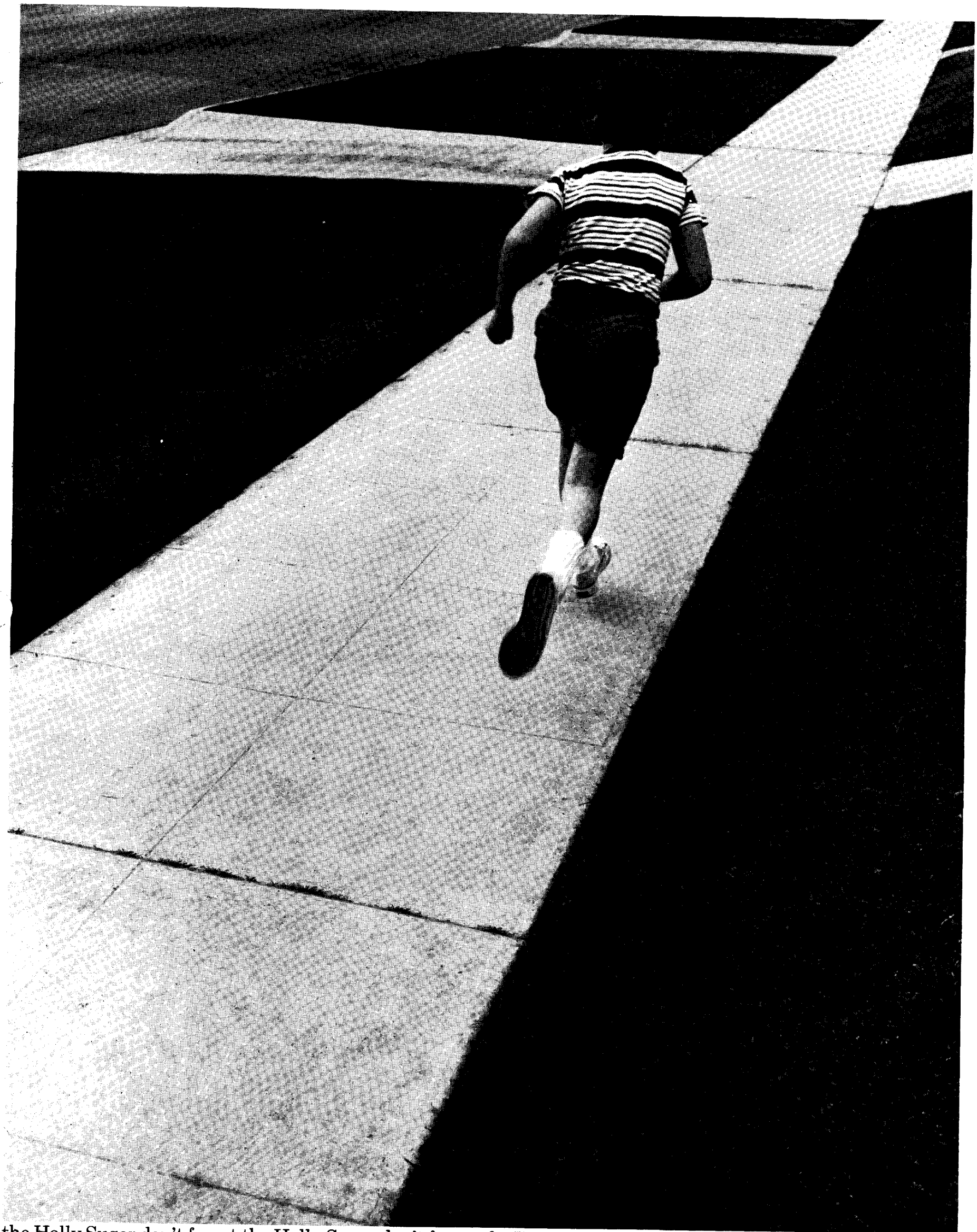

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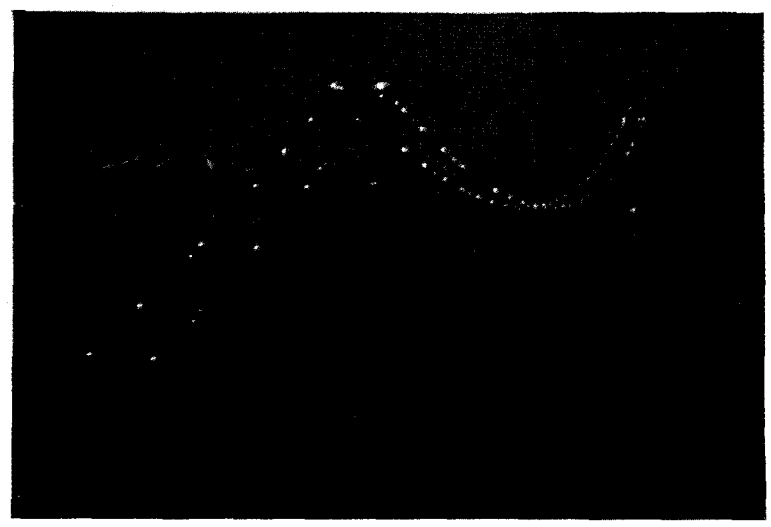


Furor rises with NEW BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Span to Staten Island breaks records for size and trouble.

Captain John Davis, senior man on the Staten Island Ferry Line, absently guided the ferryboat *Hudson* from Brooklyn toward the Staten Island shore and talked about the $325 million Verrazano-Narrows bridge that soon might cost him his job. Spanning the bottleneck entrance to New York's Upper Bay, the bridge will be the longest suspension span in the world when it is completed late in 1964. It will connect Staten Island and Brooklyn, allowing through traffic to by-pass Manhattan. And for the first time, Staten Island—largely undeveloped, population 221,000, the borough New Yorkers don't talk about—will be linked to the rest of the city by something more substantial than ferries.

"I don't care much about the bridge," Captain Davis muttered, his unruly gray hair hanging in strands from beneath his cap. "The younger fellows will have to worry, but I'll be retiring soon anyway. I had a week off a while ago, and when I came back I hoped the bridge would be finished." He leaned against the wheel and chuckled.

There are many in New York City who share Captain Davis's sentiments, only with a slightly different shade of meaning. They wish the Narrows bridge were finished, all right—for good. They wish they had never heard of it.

From the first announcement of the bridge plans in 1955, a continuing series of arguments have challenged the project. Committees to "Save Brooklyn" were formed. Petitions were signed and legislation was written. History was invoked. Protesting groups reminded city officials of other "mad" schemes to "solve" New York's transportation problems. In 1920 a subway system was suggested to run through Brooklyn, Staten Island, New Jersey and lower New York state. A Narrows span was once vetoed by the Armed Forces; they said that the bridge could be sabotaged and the debris would block the harbor. (With nuclear weapons, this is no longer rated a problem.) In 1921 New York's Mayor John Hylan started construction of a Narrows tunnel. Giant shafts were dug on both Staten Island and Brooklyn, and "Hylan's holes," as they are known locally, still yawn from the ground.

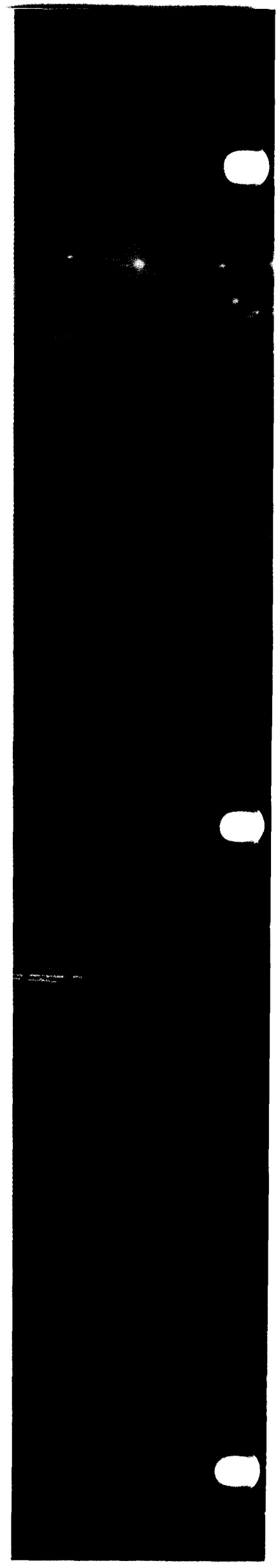
In late 1959 architectural critic Lewis Mumford called the Narrows Bridge a "destructive proposal" and pointed out that it would cost roughly the same as the Panama Canal. He summed up the major objections when he said it would urbanize rural parts of Long Island and Staten Island, provide opportunities for land speculators, displace nearly 8,000 Brooklynites and create even more traffic problems for New York.

Despite all the howling, construction on the bridge was begun in January, 1960, with the building of the foundations for the two towers, which now rise 690 feet. Even then there was a slight skirmish when Brooklyn's Italian population demanded that the name of the first European to explore New York Harbor, Giovanni da Verrazano, be added to the "Narrows."

Inspection of the bridge starts with a stomach-churning elevator ride up the outside of one of the towers. Through the tower's top, or saddle, will pass the 26,000-strand, 36-inch-thick cables. From this perch, the port of New York becomes a map, the Statue of Liberty a tiny toy to the north. On Staten Island, to the west, the beginning of a new expressway is being scratched through the villages, fields and swamps. To the east a great swath has been chopped through the heart of residential Brooklyn for more access roads.

Vincent P. Kassenbrock, a civic-minded Brooklynite who led a major assault against the bridge, says he still thinks "the city made a bad mistake" in building the bridge. To help such unreconstructed Brooklyn rebels forget, New York City has inaugurated a quiet, efficient public-relations campaign. The purpose is to generate municipal pride sufficient to make the more disagreeable consequences of the bridge seem unimportant. New Yorkers can now look down their soot-covered noses at San Francisco's Golden Gate (Verrazano-Narrows center span will be 60 feet longer), and pull out the superlatives when talking about the "world's largest" addition to the nation's largest city. Whether this will compensate for the loss of Brooklyn acreage to make room for "foreign" cars can only be decided in Brooklyn.—ROGER VAUGHAN

Photographs by Gordon Tenney



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LEANING FROM CATWALK HIGH ABOVE THE BROOKLYN SHORE, HARD-HATTED BRIDGE BUILDERS ATTACH A POWER CABLE LEADING TO TOP OF 690-FOOT TOWER.

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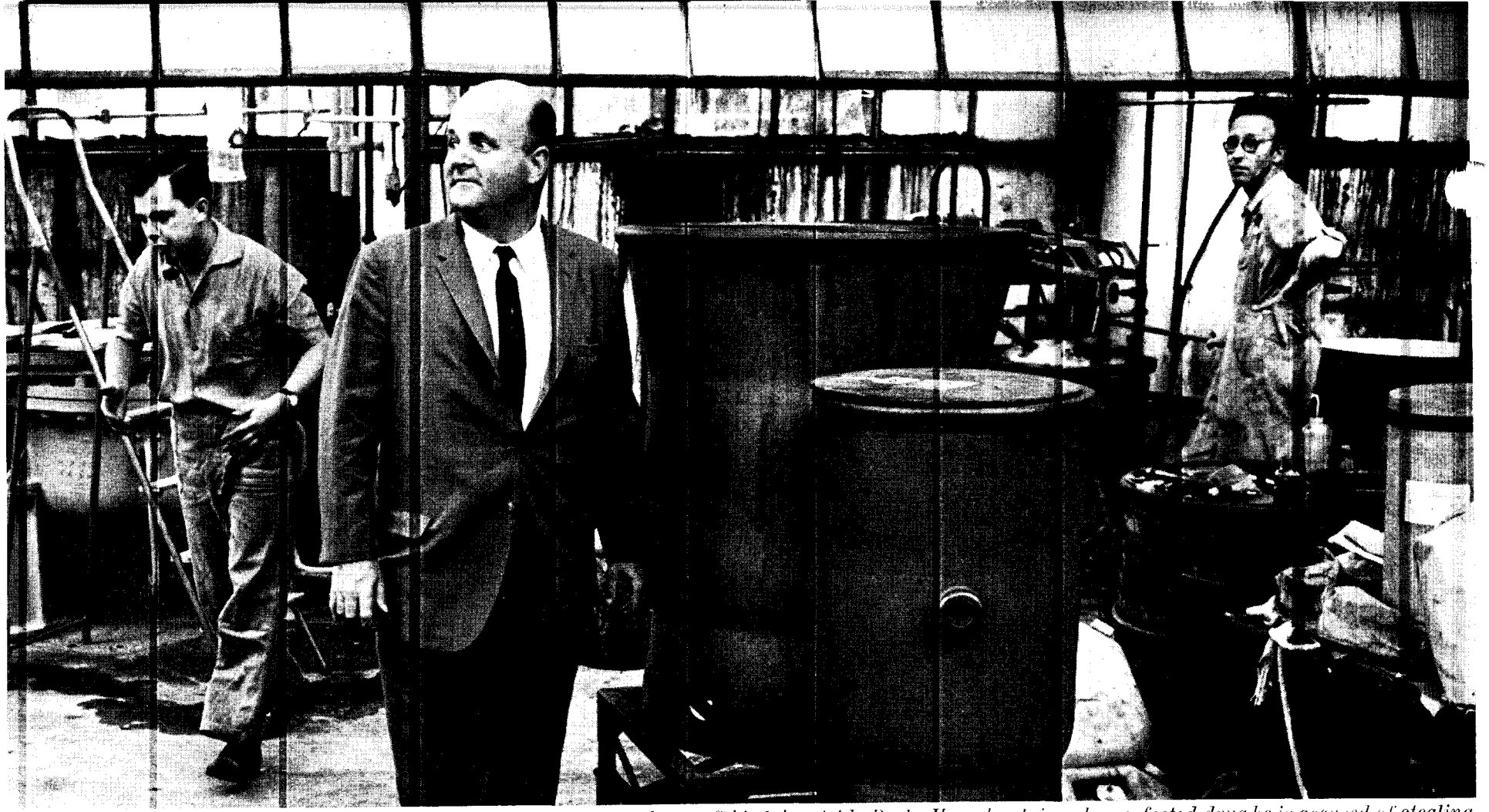

Dr. R. S. Aries, self-styled "victim" of big drug companies, shows off his lab outside Paris. Here, he claims, he perfected drug he is accused of stealing.

WHO STOLE THE FORMULA?

The strange story of a struggle over trade secrets worth millions.

By JOHN KOBLER

In this day of fierce technological rivalries the aristocrats of crime are the research pirates. Spying out, stealing and selling trade secrets, they gamble for stakes that make stock swindles or diamond smuggling look like penny-ante games. Though the kind of material they steal may have little intrinsic value—an engineer's blueprint, a mathematician's notebook, a pinch of a chemical compound—a purchaser with experience and equipment can turn it into a multimillion-dollar product. To recognize a promising innovation, to gauge its sales potential—in short, to know what's worth stealing—requires far better brains than any ordinary thief has, and many members of the new criminal elite hold doctorates of science from top-ranking universities.

With the immense scientific advances since World War II, research piracy has become almost universal. Governments resort to it as a weapon of economic warfare. Many industrial corporations, while piously deploring it, practice it. Not long ago a team of Harvard Business School students interviewed executives of 200 major American corporations. More than a quarter admitted the prevalence of espionage in their fields. Industrial detective agencies, staffed by former FBI and CIA men, adept at wiretapping and microfilming, peddle millions of dollars' worth of stolen data.

Italy, for example, offers a choice market for stolen pharmaceutical secrets, because Mussolini abrogated patent agreements covering that area, leaving Italian manufacturers free to copy any drugs for which they could learn the process. Vast quantities of such information have been pouring into Italy ever since, mostly from the United States. Last October a Federal grand jury indicted six Americans and two Italians accused of stealing antibiotic cultures and formulas from the Lederle Laboratories and conveying them to a Milanese firm.

But research piracy has no bolder, sharper practitioner and none boasting a more glittering array of academic titles than a 44-year-old chemist named Robert Sancier Aries, bachelor, master and doctor of chemical engineering (Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute), master of arts (University of Minnesota), master of science (Yale). *Who's Who* devotes three and a quarter inches to his legitimate achievements. They include more than 40 patents, voluminous technical writings, the rank of adjunct professor at Brooklyn Polytechnic and lecturer at the University of Geneva, and service as consultant to banks, corporations, the U.S. Government, Army and Navy.

Aries is now a fugitive from the United States, his country by adoption, and in jail in France, of which he is also a citizen. He faces civil actions by three American companies which claim he misappropriated their inventions and processes. In a New Jersey county court and a Federal court in Connecticut, criminal indictments have charged Aries with receiving stolen goods. In France he is accused of forgery and subornation of witnesses, and in Switzerland he is under investigation as an alleged swindler. He carries American Passport No. 580115, as well as a French passport, but by order of the Secretary of State, who requested his extradition, a U.S. consul stamped his American passport VALID ONLY FOR IMMEDIATE RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES. In New York his ex-wife is waiting to hand him a warrant for nonsupport of their two daughters.

Aries has been as elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel. He maintained no fixed abode and seldom passed more than a few days under the same roof. Mail and phone messages reached him through a Paris confidant. His bank accounts were scattered around the globe. He operated under different corporate names established in Stamford, Connecticut, Monte Carlo and Geneva. France was his safest haven, because France accepted him as a citizen, which prevented any other nation from extraditing him. Yet despite the risk, he frequently slipped in and out of other countries on mysterious missions. To the chemical trade he distributed a free newsletter entitled *Chemonomics*, touting his inside knowledge of new processes. Since his exposure as a research pirate, he has used a Paris press agent to hurl countercharges of thievery at his victims. He strives to create an image of himself as a brave, lone inventor battling ruthless big-business monopolists bent upon his destruction. "The fellow is fascinating," says a Swiss lawyer, one of the many retained to bring Aries to account, "an intellectual challenge."

Shortly before he was jailed last year I wrote to Aries in care of his Paris agent, requesting an interview. He replied weeks later from Monte Carlo, neither agreeing nor refusing to see me, but

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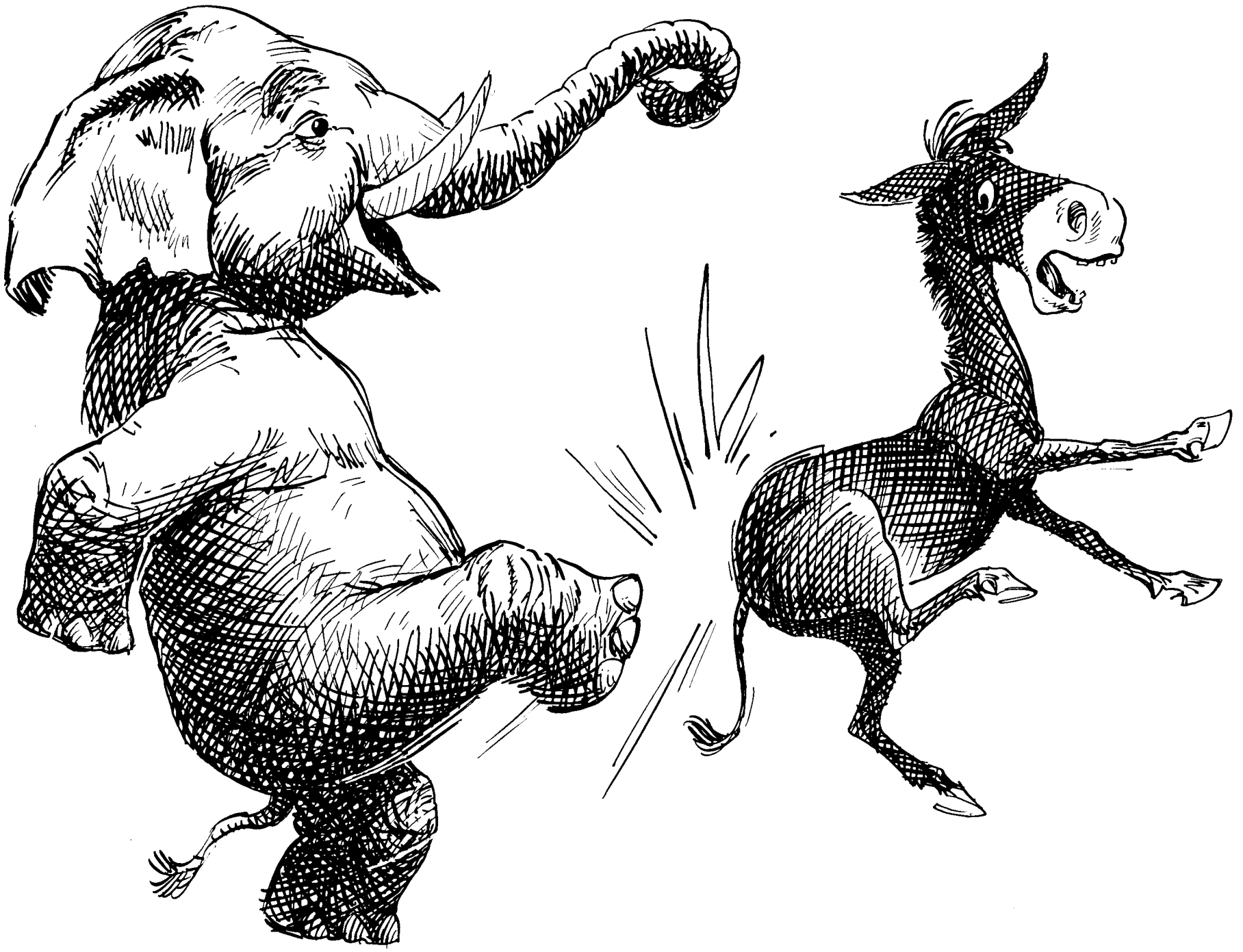

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"They'll stop at nothing," Dr. Aries says of his accusers. "Perjury, bribery, robbery, intimidation. . . ."

suggesting I was probably a paid tool of the companies which were suing him. I wrote again, assuring him that my sole source of income was *The Post*. His next letter also bore a Riviera postmark. He planned to vacation shortly on the Riviera, he wrote, and I could meet him there. But he enclosed no address.

Before flying to France I cabled Aries to leave his address for me at the American Express in Nice. It was there when I arrived, together with a road map he had drawn and a sarcastic little note of welcome. Following the map, I drove five miles up into the hills above Nice. I found Aries living alone in a jewel of a villa he had rented for the season. The grounds were ablaze with flowers. A stone terrace commanded an Olympian view of the Mediterranean. A gardener in bathing trunks was watering the flowers. He led me into a picture-windowed living room.

Aries rose from a table covered with books and documents, a bald, chubby, moon-faced man with small hands and feet, wearing a short-sleeved white sport shirt and tan slacks. He grinned mischievously and extended a soft hand in greeting. "I shouldn't have written to you the way I did, about the companies paying you," he said, "but they're capable of anything." He had a tight, squeaky little voice, and his accent was a curious mixture of French and New Yorkese. His fingernails were chewed to the quick.

He grabbed an armful of documents and motioned me to a chair on the terrace. "You'll have a drink?" I said it was too early in the morning. "Then some cold water perhaps." He ducked back to a refrigerator and returned with two glasses full. "Now," he said defiantly, "ask me anything."

I wanted to talk about Aries's greatest coup, which involves a remarkable preventive against the deadly poultry disease called coccidiosis. It is caused by parasitical organisms called coccidia, and it has spread disaster among farmers all over the world. During the '40's the drug firm of Merck & Co. produced a series of parasite-killers, called coccidiostats, but the parasites developed resistance to all of them. In 1957, racing against formidable competitors for a $20,000,000-a-year market, Merck researchers began screening every conceivable chemical. They knew that the parasites require Vitamin B-1 to survive. After about 150 trials the researchers hit upon a compound later named amprolium. When mixed with poultry feed, it seemed to have the curious effect of depriving the coccidia of B-1, thus killing them through a vitamin deficiency. After two years, an investment of $1,500,000 and the efforts of 200 people, amprolium proved to be the most effective coccidiostat ever developed.

By May, 1960, having filed patent applications, Merck was ready to market the drug. Then Robert Aries dropped a blockbuster. In an abstract of a lecture he was to deliver shortly in Ottawa, Aries announced his invention of a coccidiostat called mepyrium. From what little the abstract revealed, mepyrium sounded very similar to amprolium.

A worse jolt followed. Merck had recently acquired control of a French chemical firm called Synorga. This company listed among its assets a license to manufacture mepyrium. Aries had sold the license a few months earlier for $8,500. He had also provided Synorga's president Gilbert Ancel, under a bond of secrecy, all the production data. Furthermore, Merck learned, after filing patent applications throughout the world, Aries had licensed several other companies to produce mepyrium. Among them were Sterling Drug in the United States, Burroughs Wellcome & Co. in England, and Hoffman-La Roche in Switzerland. They had paid him a total of $100,000. From the royalties he stood to reap millions.

The odds seemed overwhelming against two inventors arriving at the identical formula and method. Yet such coincidences are not unknown. Only by comparing Aries's data with its own could Merck determine whether Aries had anticipated its own scientists. Ancel sent Merck the data that Aries had given him. This entailed a grave risk. If Aries's mepyrium proved to be an original discovery, both Merck and Ancel could be prosecuted for violating the pledge of secrecy that Ancel had given Aries.

A successful gamble

But Merck's general counsel, Fred Bartenstein Jr., considered the risk warranted. The researchers who developed amprolium dug into the suspected data from Synorga. What they found removed the last doubt. The Aries material duplicated Merck's down to typographical slips and handwriting idiosyncrasies. It had simply been predated. Somehow, since September, 1959, Aries had gained access to Merck's experiments.

Aries duly went to Ottawa and expounded the wonders of mepyrium at a chemical convention. Two weeks later Merck filed a $7,800,000 damage suit, naming not only the self-styled inventor, Aries, but also his older brother and collaborator, Emile Aries, and an aged chemist named Albert Parsons Sachs, who had helped draft the Ottawa lecture. The complaint also cited eight Aries-controlled corporations, domestic and foreign. "I assigned all my rights to the corporation," Aries told me. "I don't even own stock. That's because I didn't want my former wife to get the profits."

Upon Merck's complaint, Connecticut court officers seized the files at the Stamford headquarters of Aries Laboratories, Inc. But by then Aries had removed all records pertaining to mepyrium, and decamped. The court officers found only brother Emile and a few underlings who professed total ignorance of the missing man's affairs. "Laboratories" struck the raiders as a misnomer. The few small rooms seemed hardly adequate to produce a foot powder.

There remained the paramount mystery—who had fed Aries the secret Merck data? Obviously it was an inside job. Almost certainly the culprit was a technician with access to the amprolium files. Probably he had had some earlier connection with Aries. During recent months had any employees shown sudden wealth? Were any markedly neurotic? Discontented? The resulting list numbered more than 100 employees. To each one attorney Bartenstein assigned a suspect rating. He gradually narrowed the list down to 15. An ugly atmosphere pervaded the Merck plant as friends and coworkers of years' standing began eyeing each other uneasily.

Ironically, the decisive clue, when it emerged a month later, pointed to nobody on the list. An employee volunteered the information that one of Merck's engineers knew Aries well. The lead looked frail to the sleuths because the engineer had never worked on amprolium nor been shown any amprolium data. Without much hope, they reviewed his employment record. It was not particularly suggestive. Then Bartenstein, reexamining the suspect's application form, sensed something familiar about the block lettering. He sent for the data from the French Synorga company. He remembered a Synorga blueprint hand-copied from the Merck original. The lettering resembled that on the application form.

The suspect was Frank Newman, as we shall call him here, because the amends he has made entitle him to anonymity. He joined Merck in 1941 and came to rank high in his division, earning $15,000 a year. Married, with two adopted children, he is a short, shy, colorless man of 39 who suffers from frail health. At the time Merck launched its investigation, he was in India to supervise the construction of a streptomycin plant. Confronted by company officials, he made a full confession. He did indeed know Aries well.

Aries was born Sami Arie, a native of Sofia, Bulgaria. He claims his parents were French, and that they lived in Sofia because his father dealt in attar of roses, of which Bulgaria produced the world's bulk. Old family friends, however, insist the Aries were originally Bulgarians who acquired French, then American citizenship. When I asked Aries about his two passports, he grinned roguishly and piped in his mixed accents, "That's what my enemies would love to know."

In Sofia Aries attended the American College, graduating *magna cum laude* at 18. "I was the best chemistry student they ever had," he informed me. After postgraduate chemical-engineering studies in France, he emigrated to the United States, where he took both summer and winter courses and accumulated a string of degrees. By the age of 22 he was lecturing at Brooklyn Polytechnic.

Several of his former students recall the curious leitmotiv that ran through his lectures. It was amazing, he often observed, what priceless information an alert employee could pick up. "Hot products, young products" were phrases continually on his tongue. "Keep your eyes and ears open." He urged them to devote their theses to current practical laboratory work rather than academic subjects. And some students gathered the impression that their teacher might be a generous buyer of know-how. Before long the chemical industry was buzzing with wonderment over the patent applications Aries filed on processes similar to those still in the laboratory. He pursued so many outside activities that he began to neglect his classes, and the institute dropped him.

"It sounds wonderful."

Among his brightest students in 1947 was Frank Newman, whom Merck valued highly enough to pay part of his tuition toward a master's degree. Then and for years to come Aries showered Newman with flattering attentions, writing, telephoning and inviting him to dinner. In 1955 Aries offered to buy data from Newman on Merck's Vitamin C and B-12 processes. Newman declined. Soon after, Merck assigned Newman to an engineering project in Brazil where he stayed three years. Aries wrote, repeating his offer. Newman never answered.

Within a few days of Newman's return to New York in January, 1959, Aries was on the phone: "What's new? Let's get together." They got together often. Aries exerts a forceful personality, and Newman finally succumbed. Merck, he disclosed, was excited about a new coccidiostat for poultry. "Well, this is it!" exclaimed Aries. "It sounds wonderful."

"He said he would patent it all over the world," Newman testified, "and get in early so he would cause conflict, and Merck would have to settle with him and he would give me a share of it." Aries offered 25 percent.

From Merck's laboratory in Rahway, New Jersey, Newman stole five jars full of a whitish powder. At a secret rendezvous in the Newark air terminal, he handed them to Aries. They adopted code names. Aries was "Bradley" and Newman was "Mello." A second batch of the compound, stolen from Merck's plant in Elkton, Virginia, Newman turned over to Aries's other hireling, Albert Sachs, on the roof of a New York bus terminal. "Don't worry," Aries assured Newman, "he's an old fellow, a retired organic chemist and he works for me." (Sachs has since admitted

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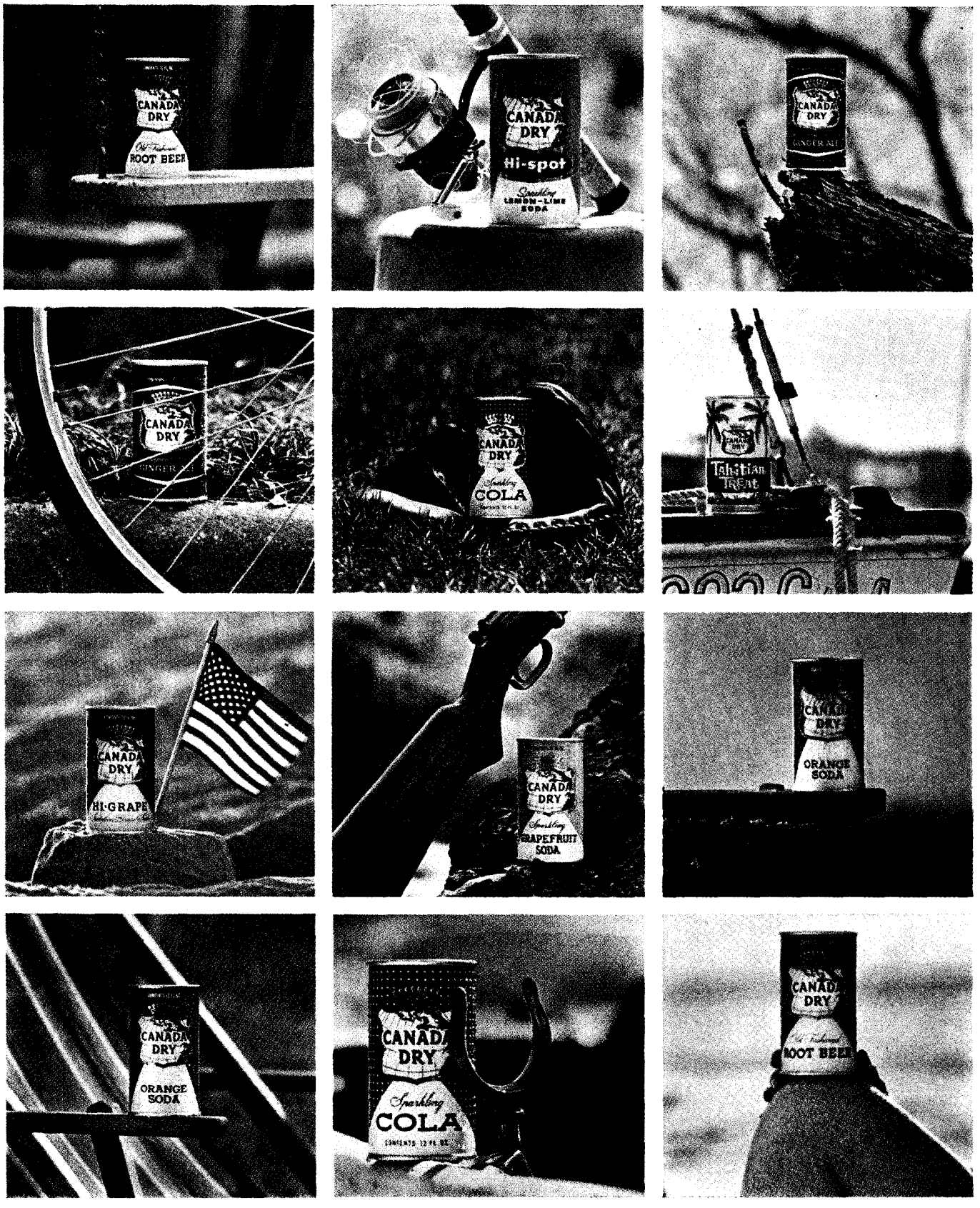

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receiving the powder.) Thereafter, from September, 1959, until he left for India the following May, Newman regularly rifled the amprolium files. He copied formulas, test reports and blueprints, and delivered them to Aries.

After fleeing the United States just before the raid on his office, Aries flew to Bombay and traced Newman to his hotel. "Don't go back," he pleaded. "Go to Israel. I'll get you a job there. My God, don't go back and confess. If you do that, we're all ruined."

He pleaded in vain. Newman not only confessed to his employers; when they sued Aries in France, Newman repeated his testimony there. Merck fired him but did not prosecute him. He is working today for a small chemical firm.

Aries's audacity under attack stunned his foes. Not he, but they, he proclaimed, were pirates. Though Merck had been developing amprolium for years, Aries charged that the company had absorbed Synorga solely so it could preempt his mepyrium formulas. By surrendering these formulas, Aries said, Synorga's president Ancel had perpetrated a fraud. Aries instigated criminal proceedings against Ancel and brought patent infringement suits against Merck, demanding damages of $36,000,000. Then he tipped his hand. From Geneva, where he still occasionally lectured at the university, he phoned Merck's counsel, Bartenstein. "We're ready to make a deal," said he.

The only deal Merck would consider was the immediate remittance of $250,000, representing the money Aries had pocketed by peddling the production rights to the coccidiostat, plus Merck's legal fees and expenses. Aries poohpoohed the figure. In his slightly odd English he said, "You haven't really been injured in that effect."

The United States and 11 foreign countries had awarded Merck patents on amprolium, however, and Aries's licensees dropped their plans to manufacture the drug. The Swiss firm, Hoffman-La Roche, went further. It denounced Aries as a swindler who had sold to them for $50,000 a license he never owned. When he next visited Geneva, in November, 1960, the police arrested him. They sequestered the visible assets of his Swiss corporation, Chimel, as well as all assets listed in his own name, including bank deposits of $80,000 and the cash on his person. Questioned by an examining magistrate about his business dealings with Newman, Aries denied he had ever had any. The magistrate released him pending a fuller inquiry.

Swiss law moves cautiously. A year elapsed before Aries was rearrested for further questioning. Then he contradicted his earlier testimony. He had once hired Newman, Aries now said, to solve a production problem. He said he had entrusted Newman with samples of mepyrium and blueprints, but Newman divulged the data to Merck. The discrepancy between the two statements led the magistrate to jail Aries until his memory improved. The prisoner requested freedom on bail, tearfully pleading, "My poor little students need me." The court fixed bail at $50,000, a sum thought too high for Aries to raise quickly, since his known Swiss bank accounts had been frozen. Under the Swiss banking secrecy laws, however, depositors can maintain anonymous accounts. Within 24 hours Aries produced the money. The same day he bolted.

Undaunted, Aries continued to shore up his claims to amprolium. For $600 a Doctor Panico, a chemist attached to the University of Paris, agreed to synthesize an unidentified compound from a formula supplied by Aries. The job done, Aries declared he had invented the formula five years earlier but had misplaced his notebooks. Would Panico mind dating his notes 1957? The doctor obliged, and Aries submitted the falsified document to the French authorities as the prize exhibit in his defense.

It was only after Merck opened fire on Aries that the scope of his forays into other areas of research came to light. One case involved new additives to improve lubricating oils. The Canadian Patent Office received a patent application for such additives in 1955 and granted it three years later. The application bore the name of Aries's colleague, Albert Sachs, who assigned the rights to R.S. Aries & Associates. Sachs also applied to the U.S. Patent Office. Studying the applications, a Philadelphia chemical company, Rohm & Haas, recognized its own invention, on which U.S. patents were pending. Meanwhile, Aries had sold the manufacturing process to a French firm under a royalty agreement which had so far fetched him $17,000. How did he get the know-how?

Aries's Stamford headquarters yielded a clue. Though he had departed with all the correspondence concerning mepyrium, he had left behind copies of letters to European companies announcing the visit of "our Dr. Williams." Milton William Harper is a young chemical engineer who was then employed by Rohm & Haas at $9,000 a year. Company officials remembered that Harper had gone abroad at about that time, ostensibly on vacation. Accused of theft, Harper broke down.

A disgruntled employee, eager to moonlight, Harper had met Aries when he answered a blind ad for a chemist. What Aries really wanted, he soon indicated, were Rohm & Haas's additive processes. "He is an extremely persuasive man," Harper recalled, "and he was able to operate by building up the ego. And whenever you did something for him, he never stopped commenting on how wonderful it was. Whereas [at Rohm & Haas] I would be told how bad I was and how I couldn't get along with people."

Night after night Harper sneaked secret reports out of the company's laboratories and took them home. With equipment Aries gave him he photostated the documents. His reward was $166.67 a month.

In the action Rohm & Haas brought before the Board of Patent Interferences Sachs did not testify about his supposed patent on the additive because he had followed Aries into hiding. The board therefore entered a default judgment against Sachs. The company then filed a damage suit against the whole Aries ring.

While Harper was stealing from Rohm & Haas, another Aries hireling was spying on the Sprague Electric Company of North Adams, Massachusetts. Bernard Gilmore's objective was the process for manufacturing tantalum capacitors, which are used in electronic computers. According to the lawsuit Sprague filed, Aries sold the manufacturing process to many of Sprague's foreign competitors. Aries promised to reward Gilmore's efforts with a $9,500-a-year job as a plant manager. When the job failed to materialize—he got about $5,500 all told—Gilmore protested. "So what are you going to do about it?" said Aries. "Tell Sprague you've been stealing?" Other letters found in Aries's Stamford office, referring to "Bernie," put Sprague c Gilmore's trail. He too crumpled.

Yet, despite the confessions implicating Aries, his chances of defeating his adversaries looked fair, at least until recently. Unless extradited he had nothing to fear from the actions pending in the United States and Switzerland. And in France, where only Merck pursued him, he benefited from a curious legal situation. Both Aries and Merck hold French patents on the identical poultry drug. In most countries, such conflicts come before a patent office, but French law permits rival patent holders to go on manufacturing their disputed products until a court can rule on their claims. To prepare for a court fight, Aries had hired prodigiously resourceful lawyers. He himself had spun such a tangled web of technical arguments as to confuse any jury. The French police, moreover, appeared to believe Aries. After all, they were investigating Ancel for fraud, not Aries. Finally, the prevailing political climate in France scarcely favored American big business.

But last November Aries's prospects suddenly grew bleaker. What caused the change was Panico's conscience. He decided to tell the police how he had faked his laboratory notebook. Three other witnesses have since testified that they produced falsely dated documents for Aries. Aries is now in a Paris jail awaiting the findings of an examining magistrate as to whether he should be prosecuted for forging evidence and suborning witnesses.

When I talked to him, however, he fairly glowed with optimism. "I can't lose," he crowed. "I left America beca I couldn't afford to defend myself the They would have tied me up for years. But once I win a verdict in the French courts, I'll have a weapon I can go back and fight with."

He dismissed the confessions of Newman, Harper and Gilmore as crude fictions. The Merck lawyers brainwashed Newman, he said. "He was probably a double agent, stealing from me and selling to Merck and vice versa. Why, when I hired him, I didn't even know he was a Merck employee."

As for Hoffman-La Roche, Sprague, and Rohm & Haas, Aries said, they simply loaned themselves to Merck's conspiracy to establish a worldwide monopoly on coccidiostats. "They'll stop at nothing; you can't imagine—perjury, bribery, robbery, intimidation, any crime. It's the only thing I worry about, that somehow they'll manage to frame me."

By 1957, Aries swore, he had synthesized mepyrium, leasing six laboratories in the United States, France, Spain and Switzerland to do so, and testing the compound on poultry flocks in all those countries. The only laboratory he would identify was Syntha at Argenteuil, just outside Paris. He drove me there. A small, shabby, two-story structure, it has no name at the entrance. A dozen employees comprise the entire staff. A single narrow room contains all the experimental apparatus.

"Yes," Aries chirped, full of bounce and bravura, as we entered, "here is o of the places where I perfected m rium." He pointed to a brownish liq bubbling away in a glass jar. "And there you have my supra-amprolium. Twice as effective. They tried to steal that formula from me too." THE END

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.

"Hey, Palmer."

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With nothing to do and nowhere to go, project kids easily drift into trouble.

The housing project promised a new day for the slum dweller, but these crime-ridden brick ghettos may prove worse than the hovels they replaced.

Tragedy of a vertical slum

By Roul Tunley

Photographs by Robert Huntzinger

Mrs. Cook looks wistfully from her window.

If you have flown into Boston lately, you've probably seen Columbia Point. It is a small, dirty finger thrusting itself into Dorchester Bay, a colorless peninsula of asphalt and marsh grass, relieved only by the rust-colored buildings of the Columbia Point Housing Project. Here—in the largest development in New England—live 7,000 not-so-proper Bostonians. Their home has been called "Alcatraz," "the Rock," "Sin City," and some earthier things. "They don't hang out red lights in the Point," says a 20-year-old girl who recently left the project. "They don't have to."

Like many other housing developments across the country, Columbia Point represents a new order of life in America—a world of "project people." To create this world, cities everywhere have been tearing down slums and replacing them with vast new blocks of low-rent apartments, subsidized by local and Federal taxes. It is the accepted dream of most Americans that every citizen must be decently housed, regardless of economic condition. However, now that seven million Americans have moved into these new houses in the last quarter of a century, there is a growing feeling that this dream has got off the track.

People on the outside read of a small girl being violated and flung off a project rooftop, and they shudder and thank God they live elsewhere. They hear critics of public housing call it the cruelest kind of segregation—segregation of the weak, the feckless, the underprivileged. They read *New York Times* writer Harrison Salisbury, who calls Brooklyn's Fort Greene housing project (the largest in the world) "a $20,000,000 slum." And they begin to wonder if there has been any advance at all; if, in fact, the much-heralded low-cost housing project—with dirt in the halls and mugging in the elevator—is not worse than the slum it replaced.

On the other hand, city planners will tell you that while everything is not perfect, public housing does give the underprivileged a chance to leave the grimy slum behind forever. It is a big leap forward, they claim, toward life, liberty and the pursuit of the American dream.

Which is the truth?

To get the answer to that question, I spent several weeks with a Columbia Point family by the name of Cook. Why Columbia Point? Because this project is not the best—nor the worst—of our vast housing program. It has never had a murder, like many a big New York and Chicago project, and its rate of serious crime is not unusually high. "It's more or less

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"I was afraid of rats, but you get used to them."

typical," says Mrs. Dorothy S. Montgomery, head of Philadelphia's private Housing Association, "in that its mistakes are being repeated all over the country."

The Cooks, like the project they live in, have neither the least problems nor the most. As in most families in Columbia Point, the father is absent. Families with fathers tend to make more money than the project allows, so broken homes are a frequent characteristic of project life. Wilbert Cook has been legally separated from his wife for six years and lives elsewhere. But he wouldn't live in the housing development, he says, even if he *weren't* separated. "I wouldn't stay in Columbia Point," he says, "if they gave me free rent. It ought to be torn down and turned back into a dump."

The Cooks have five children. The oldest, Florence, 20, works as a nurse's aide, and lives outside the project with another girl. The other children—Patricia, 19, Gerald, 16, Paul, 13, and Virginia, 12—live at home with their mother. Mrs. Cook, whose name is also Florence, has had her share of difficulties. She was once hospitalized for a mental breakdown; her son, Gerald, has been in trouble with the police. Money has been a constant problem, and today part of the family income comes from public welfare. For the Cooks, it has been a daily struggle for a job, for an education, for health, for clothing, or for a little money to buy a pair of shoes or go to the movies. They still do not have many of the comforts—for instance, a washing machine—that millions of Americans take for granted. After weeks of visiting various projects around the country and talking with the people who live there, I concluded there is no such thing as a typical housing-project family. But the Cooks come as close as most.

The first time I visited the Cooks I came by taxi from downtown Boston, a distance of three miles. From afar, Columbia Point is a tidy group of rectangles, not unlike a child's set of blocks, set in an isolated part of town. But as you get nearer, the blocks take on a bleak aspect—more like a prison than a playroom. Heavy chain fences ring the buildings, and everything is awash with cement or asphalt. There is not a tree in sight. As I got out of the cab, I noticed some of the window panes were missing. The doors were covered with scribblings, some obscene. A rat scurried by.

"I used to be afraid of rats," Pat Cook told me later. "But I got used to them."

The Cooks live on the seventh floor, and their apartment has three bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen and bath, all painted an institutional green. The rooms are small, the pipes exposed, and the walls paper-thin. You can hear the woman in the next apartment hanging her visitor's coat in the closet, arguing with her husband, flushing the toilet. But it's warm and sunny, and the rent is only $81 a month, including all utilities.

To call on the Cooks, I had to walk up. The elevator, as is often the case, was out of order. There was a faint odor of smoke in the hallway. A child had dropped a lighted paper into the bank of mailboxes, burning everything to a crisp, including the relief checks. On one landing I watched a small boy trail a strawberry-ice-cream cone along the wall. When the ball was well blunted and the wall streaked with red, he plopped the cone into his mouth and ran off.

Mrs. Cook is a short, stout woman with straight gray hair, gray eyes, and a skin inclined to be sallow. She looked older than her 45 years. She gave me the impression she did not care much about her personal appearance. The apartment was clean, but not neat. "I'm a terrible housekeeper," she said as we walked through. Some of the children's beds were unmade, although it was 2:30 in the afternoon. There was little furniture, and what there was looked as though it had been discarded by someone else. On the few tables and chests were a number of plaster saints and madonnas. The Cooks, with the exception of the father, are Roman Catholic.

Mrs. Cook is alone a good part of the day. Pat works as a lab technician, and the three youngest children go to school. An intelligent woman who loves to talk, Florence Cook is never at a loss for words. "Sometimes I don't seem to be able to stop," she said. "I see that I'm boring people, but I go on anyway." In her own words, she is "pathologically honest," even about herself. She also has a sense of humor. That first day I was with her, I heard sporadic thumps from the floor above. She explained it was the baby upstairs, who frequently fell on the floor. "Maybe that's the way they burp it," she remarked.

If you ask Mrs. Cook what some of her biggest problems have been since entering the project several years ago, Gerry would probably be at the top of the list. A tall, slender boy who could stand in for a cowboy in a television serial, he drove all other problems from her mind when he was arrested two years ago for stealing in a department store.

No friends to turn to

"I knew Gerry was stealing," she told me, "but he wouldn't admit it. He came home with a lot of things he couldn't afford, and when I asked him how he got them he just made excuses. He'd 'found' them. He'd 'swapped' them. He'd 'bought' them. I knew he was lying, but I couldn't get through to him.

"I had no friends to turn to. Everything is so big and impersonal here; you never even get to *meet* people unless it's in the hallway.

"The morning of the day he was arrested, I *knew* something was going to happen. I told him to stay home and he said he would. But later on a friend came over, and Gerry said he wanted to go into town for a few minutes. As the hours went by, I kept saying to myself, 'Oh God, what's he doing now?' By evening I was frantic. I knew it was *possible* for him to be all right, but I didn't believe it. Finally, late that night, there was a pounding on the door. When I opened it, there was a policeman about eight feet tall standing there. 'Your son is down at the police station,' he told me."

From Gerry's point of view, the stor comes out somewhat differently.

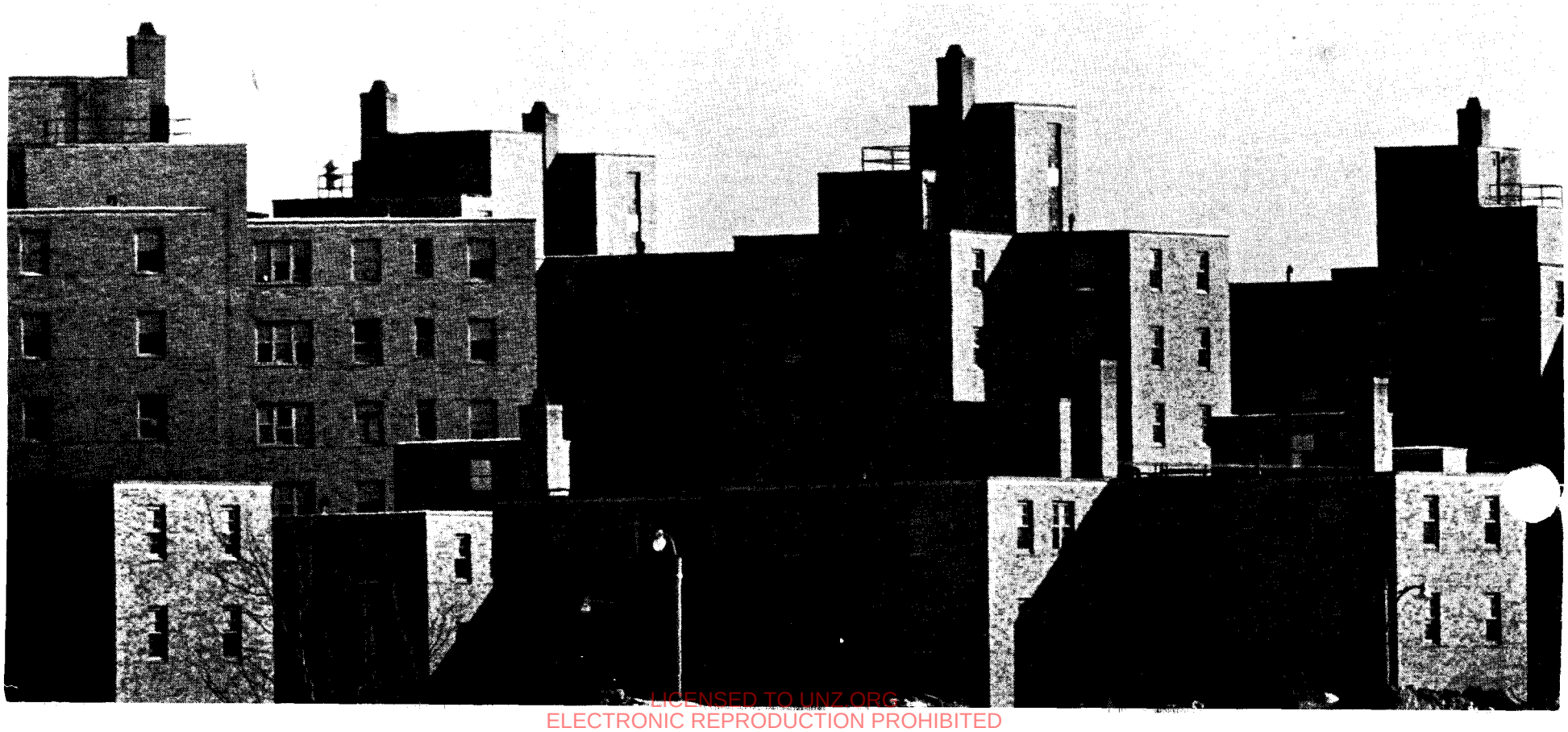
"It's always been hard for me to make friends, especially in the project. There was one kid I liked, but when his father got a raise in salary he had to move. I'm shy, I guess. Anyway, some kids showed me how easy it is to steal things, and I sort of went along with them. Once I got a pump for a fish tank I was building. I like records—especially rock 'n' roll—but we didn't have any. I tried to get a friend of mine to help me steal some, but he wouldn't.

"Then, on Good Friday, this friend came over and said he was ready to steal the records. We went to Jordan Marsh's, but I suddenly got butterflies in my stomach. I didn't want to touch anything. 'There's nothing worth taking here,' I said. 'Let's get out of here.' But he insisted we stay. To discourage him, I took a look around and made sure they didn't have a certain record, *Runaway*, that was popular at the time. 'Well,' I said, 'if they had something like *Runaway*, maybe I'd do it, but they don't.' You know what happened then? He went right over to a big wall rack and *found* that record!

"Well, there was nothing left to do but go through with it. I stuck twelve records under my jacket and headed for the door. A store detective was watching us from the phone booth, and as soon as we got outside he grabbed us."

People who know the Cooks feel that the arrest was the best thing that could have happened to Gerry. Louis Maglio, who runs Boston's Citizenship Trainir Program, an unusually successful prot tion program for boys who get int trouble, believes that "Gerry would have been a real hell-raiser."

In Juvenile Court, Justice John J. Connelly made Gerry enroll in the training program as a condition of his probation. There, for two hours each day after school, the boy did physical training, took special studies, learned woodworking, watched educational movies, took part in dramatics and singing, and went to summer camp—things he would never have dreamed of doing at Columbia



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Point. His school record improved, his attitude changed, and he found a friend in Lou Maglio.

"I like my father, but I've never been with him much," said Gerry, "and I've never been close to my mother. Down at the north end, where we used to live, she always seemed to be in church. And at the project—well, there was nobody you could look up to. But with Mr. Maglio it was different. He sort of depended on me *not* to get into trouble. He had so much faith in me, I couldn't let him down."

After a year, Gerry was off probation. He got a job as an errand boy in a downtown pharmacy, where he now earns $25 a week working after school and on weekends. "I don't think I'll get into trouble again," he said.

Beaten up by mistake

But one thing hasn't changed; Gerry still hates the project. "There's nothing to do here," he said one evening. "I was against moving in from the start. All you can do is sit around in the hallways. When someone chases you out of one, you go and sit in another. Then when you get bored, you can try stealing hubcaps or throwing milk bottles or breaking light bulbs in the hall. There's not even any place within a mile where you can go and have a Coke."

Although there are six or seven gangs at Columbia Point, Gerry has stayed fairly aloof from them. This hasn't always paid off; one night he was ambushed and beaten up by members of one gang because they *thought* he was someone from another gang they were looking for.

Gerry's sour feelings about the project are not shared by the entire family. His youngest sister, Virginia, a shy girl with soft blue eyes, says she likes living there. "We didn't have much of a house where we lived before. Here it's warmer and safer. And you don't have to worry about the banister coming off." Yet she adds, "Of course, I miss my old friends. The Italians in the north end were a whole lot friendlier."

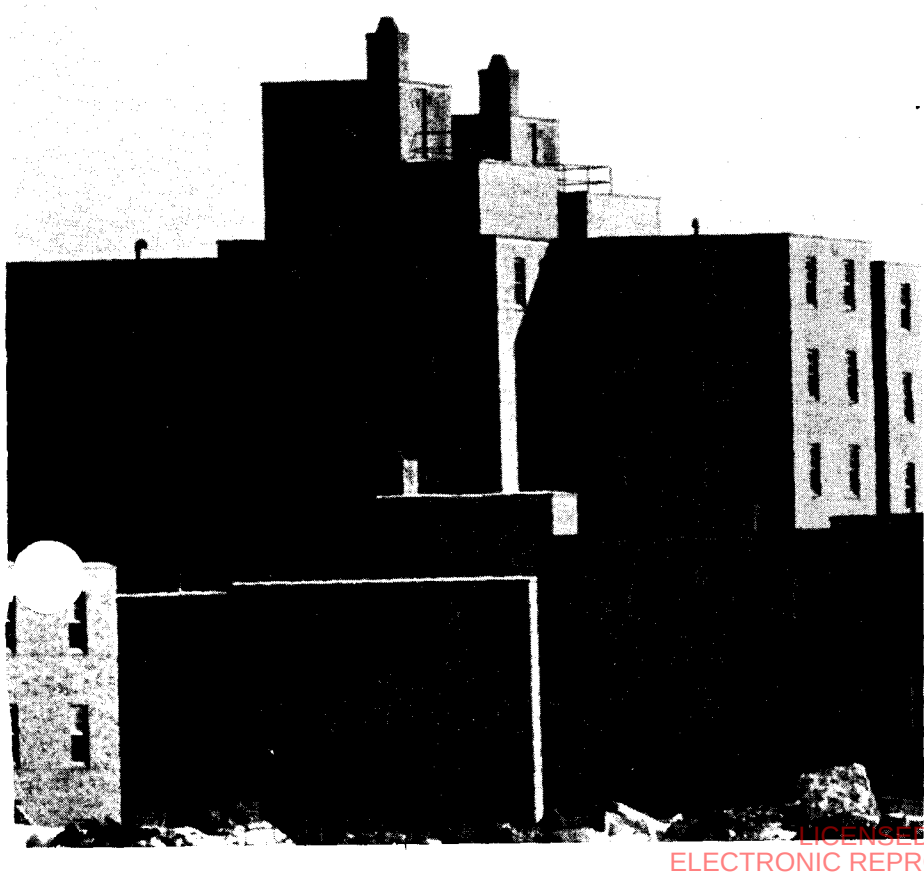
Paul, Gerry's young brother, says that he doesn't "mind" the project, except that "everything is so far away." Florence, of course, was happy to get away, and Pat said she will leave as soon as she can. "I don't see why it can't be better," Pat insisted. "I don't see why there *has* to be a social stigma about living in a project, why people *have* to raise their eyebrows. Once I met a boy in school, and when I told him I came from Columbia Point he said, 'I didn't know any *nice* people came from a project!' "

It is significant that Columbia Point has become a regular beat for the Army's military police and the Navy's shore patrol. Because of the prevalence of wives without husbands, much has been made of Columbia Point's reputation as a center for prostitution. Local police will tell you that this reputation is exaggerated. Few women, they say, have tried supplementing their income in this way. On the other hand, many have picked up boy friends out of loneliness, and one neighbor of Mrs. Cook's used to have all-night parties for visiting servicemen. "Soldiers and sailors know that if they knock on enough doors in the place, sooner or later someone will let them in," Florence says.

One of the things Mrs. Cook objects to most about the project is that people of ambition and leadership, people who could be an example for others, are soon weeded out. Their incomes rise and they must leave. Those left behind are largely the failures, the unsuccessful. "They don't seem to care," she said. "They're beaten down." But in spite of these drawbacks, the project is an anchor which Mrs. Cook would not quickly toss overboard. And to understand how she feels, one must know something about her earlier life.

As a child, she was brought up by parents much older than usual (her mother married at 38, her father at 48). Her father was blind, and her mother was a nurse. They had little money, but it was a fairly happy childhood. "Summers we used to go to Birch Island in Maine," she said. "We went barefoot all the time. We swam, we boated, we fished. I wasn't good-looking, and I didn't dress well. I managed to go to Boston Teachers College, but I was a goony-type bird. I *wanted* to dress up and go places, but I knew it would never happen to me.

"When I was twenty-three my life changed. I visited a neighbor who worked in a Howard Johnson cocktail lounge and I met Wilbert. He was the



Here is the project's playground—with asphalt lawns, barbed-wire hedges. Looking for all the world like San Quentin or Alcatraz, Columbia Point rises like a penal institution from the flat, rat-infested land.

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"Once I told a boy where I live

Afraid to go out at night, the Cooks try to find amusement in their tiny apartment.

first man I'd ever had a date with, and we got married. He was an engineer and had been married before. We were happy the first few years, and then something went wrong. I don't know . . . he just didn't seem interested in me anymore.

"From then on, we lived in a series of dilapidated houses. We were always cold. Once we had to burn the furniture in the fireplace to keep warm. After my fifth child I had a breakdown—physical *and* mental—and spent a year in Boston State Hospital. When I came home, my husband suggested I get another apartment and he'd follow. I found a cold-water flat for $35 a month, but he didn't come.

"Several years ago things hit a low point. We had no money and no food, the rent was past due and the lights had been turned off. A friend told me about welfare. I borrowed carfare to get there, and they gave me twenty-one dollars to buy food. Then they arranged for me to move into the project. The court ordered my husband to pay us a regular allowance. We now get $160 a month from him, and another $85 from Mothers' Aid. At least we have the necessities and aren't hungry anymore. We even have two extra bed sheets so that there's something on the bed while the others are being washed."

Because the project has provided many of the basic needs they so long lacked, Mrs. Cook tends to overlook the things that upset other residents—the fortress-like atmosphere, the isolation, the lack of facilities. There are, for example, no laundries, no tailor shops, no stationery stores, no restaurants, no library, no supermarket, no Protestant or Jewish church (a Catholic church was built recently), and no complete elementary school. Until a few months ago there was not even a public telephone.

"Of course, I do miss the warmth of life in the north end," said Mrs. Cook. "Somehow it seemed more human. I felt safer there too. Here I'm afraid to go out at night. You hear too much about muggings, knifings and rumbles."

Mrs. Cook's worries about safety are far from unusual. In talking with other families, I found almost all of them admitted they lived with a kind of low-key, but constant, undercurrent of apprehension. And this seems to apply to most big housing projects. As I was writing this report, for example, residents of similar developments in New York City were demanding extra police protection.

While Columbia Point does not have a crime or delinquency record worse than that of other comparable sections of Boston, its residents do not *feel* as secure. "I think we're afraid because we don't know our neighbors," Mrs. Cook said. "In other neighborhoods you knew the people, you knew what to expect. Here you don't know *what's* going to happen."

Mrs. Cook feels so strongly about this that she won't let her daughters go out or come home at night. "If one of them is visiting a friend or baby-sitting somewhere," she said, "I tell her to stay overnight. I'm never easy in my mind if any one of the children is out after dark."

Her feeling that a cloud of uneasiness hangs over housing projects is well founded, according to Lou Maglio, whose delinquency work has given him considerable insight into the problem.

"Crime may not show up any worse statistically," he says, "but I'm sure it *seems* worse to the people who live there. For one thing, people can't lock hallway doors and open them by buzzers. There is just too much traffic, too many people. Then, too, high-rise apartments have self-operated elevators, which slums don't have. There are unwatched hallways, roofs and cellars available for trouble. And there's certainly more vandalism, because people don't have the same community feeling about where they live."

Columbia Point's management has so far seemed helpless in the face of these problems. There used to be coin-operated washing machines in the basements. But youngsters broke them open and stole the coins, and the management abandoned them. "It would have been easy to install machines that used some kind of tokens or slugs instead of coins," Mrs. Cook says, "but nobody even *tried* to work out a solution." Now she has to wash her clothes in the kitchen sink. "It's better than carrying it all on the bus to a launderette," she said. "That would have been really wild."

If the project managers took the easy way out with the washing machines, they did the same thing with the landscape. When the Point opened eight years ago, it had bushes and trees and grass. But after some young vandals had ruined the plantings, everything was torn up and replaced with asphalt. "Paving the whole place makes about as much sense as ripping up Central Park and cementing it over just because there have been some muggings," said Richard Hurt, a Boston *Globe* reporter who made a study of the project and wrote a penetrating series of articles about it. "But nobody tried to work out anything else."

Another of Columbia Point's unsolved problems is the dump. When the project opened eight years ago, it was promised that the dump would be closed; this was not done. After she moved in, Mrs. Cook noticed the dump trucks racing up and down the main street of the project. She worried about the children playing there. As in most high-rise housing projects, there is no safe place to send Columbia Point kids to play out-of-doors. Columbia Point has a playground, but it is not properly maintained or supervised, and it is too remote. As Mrs. Cook said, "You can't mind a youngster from a seventh-floor window."

One day she was looking out the window when she saw a little girl trip on the edge of the sidewalk and fall back in front of an onrushing truck. The girl's head was crushed and virtually severed from her body. After that fatal accident, the project's mothers banded together and finally got the state legislature to pass a bill abolishing the dump, and it has now been closed.

There is one thing that Mrs. Cook loves about the project—its nearness to the sea. In the summer she and her family can go swimming. She also likes to fish for flounder and perch, at the end of the Point. "Once Virginia and I took our poles and walked over the dump to get to the water. The ground was covered with broken glass and old auto parts. Suddenly Virginia noticed a nasturtium growing right in the middle of all that rubbish. Can you imagine? I don't know how it got there. Maybe somebody threw a seed out with the garbage."

Mrs. Cook's two oldest daughters want to be doctors. Florence earned a four-year scholarship to Emmanuel College, but was prevented from taking it by a prolonged bout with mononucleosis. She is now studying nights. "I'm going to be a heart surgeon," she said. "It may take years and years, but I'll make it."

Pat also wants to be a doctor, but she is not sure her grades will permit it. Gerry has no definite plans. Young Paul knows he wants to be a composer. A born musician, he saved enough to buy an old violin by skimping on his lunches. He has taught himself to play the first two pages of a Beethoven concerto, although he has never been able to afford a lesson. "I plan to be another Paganini," he told me, "but I guess I'll have to take some lessons first."

Mrs. Cook does not think much about her own future. She knows she could never remarry because of her religion. What would happen if she met a man she loved and with whom she wanted to spend the rest of her life? "It would be like seeing a diamond necklace in Cartier's window," she said. "I might like it, but I know it could never be for me."

Mrs. Cook rarely sees her husband, although the children meet him from time to time. He says he would like to see his family out of the project, but he has done little to bring it about. He certainly does not want his wife living with *him*. "I have no quarrel with my wife," he told me, "but I can't live with her."

From Wilbert Cook's point of view his family is a "completely normal group." He feels that most of their problems have been caused by lack of money. "My wife," he said, "has no concept of how to run a budget, and I've never had much money to give her. Until I got my present job [he now works for General Electric], I was earning $100 a week teaching engineering. After I paid my expenses, the amount I could give them to live on was nil."

Wilbert Cook sees nothing unusual in his son's thefts. "Gerry simply got in with the wrong crowd," he said. "He easily led. He has brains of squash. The only difference between him and other youngsters in the project is that he got caught. Besides, where would he meet anybody decent in that dump?"

The best people get out

Cook's low opinion of Columbia Point is something on which many housing experts would agree. For the project has most of the bad features of public housing—too much isolation, too much anonymity—and in addition it has the evil inherent in all low-cost housing: the low-income ceiling. As soon as a tenant achieves it, out he goes.

"The able, rising families are constantly driven out as their incomes cross the ceiling figures," wrote Harrison Salisbury in his study of delinquency, *The Shook-Up Generation*. "By screening applicants for low-rent apartments to eliminate those with even modest wages, the new community is badly handicapped. It is deprived of the normal quota of human talents needed for self-organization, self-discipline and self-improvement. A human catchpool is formed that breeds social ills and requires endless outside assistance."

Many housing officials, conscious of the shortcomings, are so touchy that they want to talk only about projects just being built or still on paper. "Why do you want to write a story about Columbia Point?" Edward J. Logue, administrator of Boston's Redevelopment Authority, asked me. "That place never should have been built." Officials like him feel that any criticism of the housing program will make the public reject the whole idea.

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'nd he said: 'I didn't know any nice people came from a project.'"

On the other hand, some officials feel that criticism is good, that it will keep the same mistakes from being made over and over again. "There's no reason why any city, with the possible exception of New York, should go on putting up high-rise projects with all their built-in evils," said Mrs. Dorothy Montgomery of Philadelphia's Housing Association. "There's plenty of land in most cities. Yet we go on building these monstrosities."

Mrs. Montgomery pointed out one promising new trend in public housing which has been much praised but little practiced. Instead of bulldozing a run-down neighborhood and killing off its personality, a new theory holds that it is better to try to restore it, keeping the built-in warmth, security and community structure which the Cooks liked so much at Boston's north end. Instead of throwing up skyscrapers that have all the appeal of penal institutions, why not spruce up the old houses? In Philadelphia, where such an experiment was tried on a small scale, it was found that refurbishing old houses could be done for an average cost of $10,000 each, as opposed to $17,000 for building each project apartment.

Some buildings, of course, cannot be saved. And when it is necessary to tear down an area, experts such as Mrs. Montgomery believe that we need not only new buildings but new thinking as well, in order to preserve the things that were of value in the old neighborhoods. "As long as we're spending so much money to wipe out our rundown com-nities," she said, "there's no reason y we should end up merely with *vertical* slums instead of *horizontal* ones."

Meanwhile, the older developments—which still account for the majority of the half million low-cost housing units in the country—need not be as bad as they are. There is no reason why sensible adjustments cannot be made on income ceilings. There is no reason why Columbia Point, for example, could not be humanized by the introduction of small businesses in each building. Not only would this be a convenience for the tenants but storekeepers would automatically police hallways and entrances as they do in many slums. Such shops would also offer a meeting place for tenants, as well as some much-needed employment for neighborhood youngsters.

In the case of Columbia Point, token-operated laundries could be reintroduced in the basements, as Mrs. Cook suggests. Maintenance could be better. There is also no reason why the project's under-financed Community Center, now doing an able but limited job in offering youngsters a place to go after school, could not be expanded. As it is, according to the center's director, Chandler Sharp, too many youngsters, whose parents both work, find themselves locked out of their apartments until dinnertime. It is not surprising that they commit vandalism, use the elevators for toilets, or behave like one imaginative teen-ager, who installed his girl friend for a week in a love nest on top of an elevator shaft.

till, despite conditions, not many ject families would return to the old slum. "After all," says Florence Cook, "where else could I get all this for eighty-one dollars a month? THE END

Paul dreams of being a violinist; Pat dreams only of getting away.

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EDITORIAL

John XXIII: "The pope of unity"

The death of Pope John XXIII was more than the passing of the head of a church. In the profoundest sense it was the departure of a very great Christian and a very great human being.

In the long history of the papacy, the four and a half years given to John XXIII as pope were a brief span. Coming to the throne of St. Peter's when he was nearly 77, John was expected to mark time and content himself with being a transitional pope. Yet there can be no doubt that his was one of the most memorable of all papal rules and that his reign has left an indelible mark.

The key to Pope John, we believe, was his simplicity and his Christian humanity. He was an improbable figure of a pope, an Italian sharecropper's son who became a parish priest and remained one at heart throughout his life. As pope he took the world for his parish. He went beyond the Vatican walls to visit churches, orphanages, jails and schools. He chatted with Vatican employees and permitted the public to watch when he strolled in the garden beneath the dome of St. Peter's.

He received more leaders than any other pope, welcoming such diverse guests as the sovereign of the Greek Orthodox Church, the archbishop of Canterbury, the moderator of a Scottish kirk and a Shinto high priest. He granted an audience to Nikita Khrushchev's daughter and her husband, *Izvestia* editor Aleksei Adzhubei, gave her a rosary and promised to pray for her family. (His conciliatory attitude toward the Russians caused some critics to blame him for the unexpectedly large Communist vote that was cast in the recent Italian election and others to excoriate him as "the Red pope.")

Pope John was inspired by a deep concern for the family of man, by a devotion to "the common good of the entire human family," as he expressed it. He came to the papacy when the forces of the anti-Christ were rampant throughout the world. By word and deed he gave the Christian faith a new impetus as a vital force. "It is the church that must bring Christ to the world," he said, and he applied Christ's precepts in detail to that world.

"Peace on earth, which men of every era have most eagerly yearned for, can be firmly established only if the order laid down by God be dutifully observed," he said in his *Pacem in Terris* encyclical last April. "The progress of learning and the inventions of technology clearly show that, both in living things and in the forces of nature, an astonishing order reigns, and they also bear witness to the greatness of man, who can understand that order and create suitable instruments to harness those forces of nature and use them to his benefit."

The first requisite of earthly order, Pope John said, is "the order which should exist between men. Any human society, if it is to be well ordered and productive, must lay down as a foundation this principle—namely, that every human being is a person, that his nature is endowed with intelligence and free will. By virtue of this, he has rights and duties of his own, flowing directly and simultaneously from his very nature, which are therefore universal, inviolable and inalienable. . . .

"Every man," he said, "has the right to life, to bodily integrity and to the means which are necessary and suitable for the proper development of life. . . . Every human being has the right to respect for his person, to his good reputation, the right to freedom in searching for truth and in expressing and communicating his opinions, and in pursuit of art, within the limits laid down by the moral order and the common good. . . . Every human being has the right to honor God according to the dictates of an upright conscience and therefore the right to worship God privately and publicly." These rights, he said, are "inseparably connected . . . with just as many respective duties. . . . For example, the right of every man to life is correlative with the duty to preserve it; his right to a decent standard of living, with the duty of living it becomingly; and his right to investigate the truth freely, with the duty of seeking it and of possessing it evermore completely and profoundly. . . .

"There is an immense task incumbent on all men of goodwill," Pope John said, concluding the encyclical, "namely, the task of restoring the relations of the human family in truth, in justice, in love and in freedom: the relations between individual human beings, between citizens and their respective political communities, between political communities themselves, between individuals, families, intermediate associations and political communities on the one hand and the world community on the other. This is a most exalted task, for it is the task of bringing about true peace in the order established by God." Coming at a time when men were groping to find their way, this was a noble restatement of an active and living faith.

Pope John's greatest work undoubtedly was the convening of the Ecumenical Council, known as Vatican II, the first such council in nearly 100 years. With that revolutionary step he set out to modernize his own church and signaled a beginning toward the elusive goal of Christian unity. For that historic labor of love, he became known as the "pope of unity." It is devoutly to be hoped that his successor will continue this great work.

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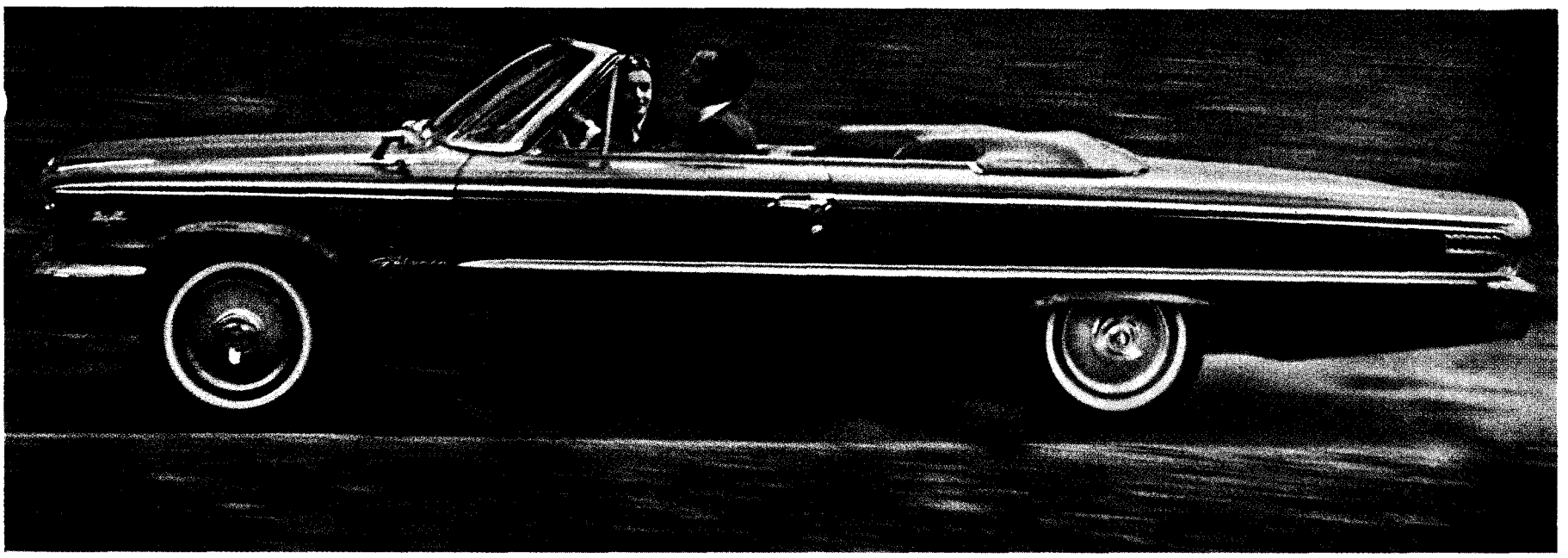

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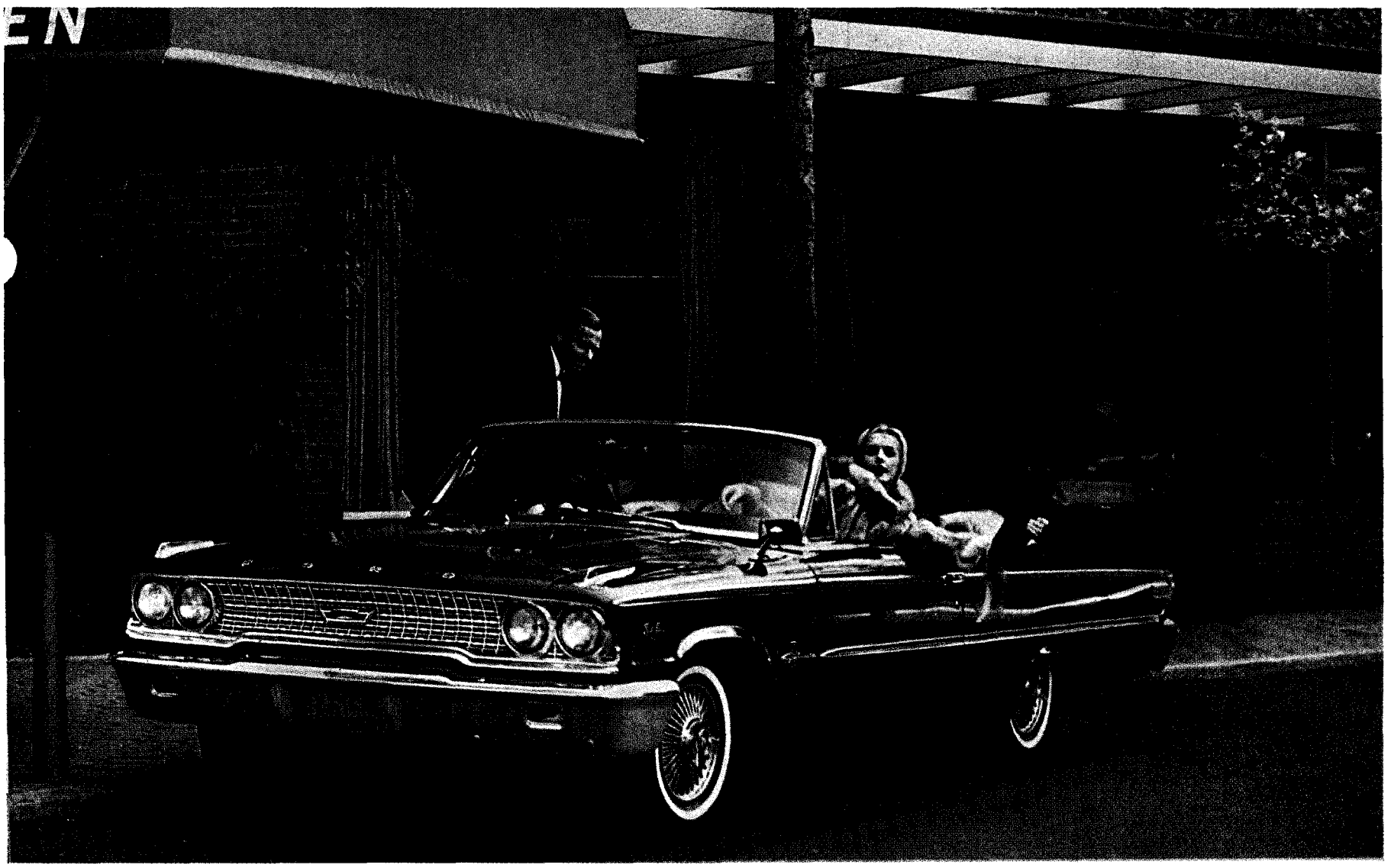

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